North Hastings Review.

$1.50 a Year — "PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW" — $1.50 a year

39TH YEAR—NO. 1 — Madoc, Hastings County, Ontario, Thursday, January 4, 1917 — POSTAGE PREPAID

Flash Light of Nominations

...in the Town Hall, Madoc, Friday at ...0 p.m., Clerk Casement announced ...e meeting open for nominations for ...eive, Councillors and Public School ...ustees. The following nominations ...re received: Reeve, T. H. Thomp...n, Joseph Burns, E. C. Tufts. For ...ouncillors, Atkins, Whytock, Burns, ...arl McCoy, Robertson, Ross, Blair, ...afoe, Hart and McGhee. Trustees. ...J. Smith, Jas. English, B. O'Harra. ...At 8.30 o'clock nominations were ...losed and R. R. Casement, Chairman, ...alled on E. C. Tufts to address the ...eeting. Mr. Tufts thanked the ...electors for past favors and spoke ...favorably of the work of the various ...committees during the year, also ...thanked the voters for electing the ...our Councillors. He considered them ...a capable, earnest and independent a ...body of men as could be gotten to...gether in the village of Madoc, and it ...was a real pleasure to sit with them in ...Council during the past year.

...In a thoughtful and businesslike ad...ress of about 45 minutes Mr. Tufts ...carefully into the different parts ...of the municipal work for the past ...year.

First, taking up the electric light ...and power question which had had a ...most successful year under the able ...management of Councillor D a f o e ...which showed a net balance to credit ...electric light of $1950 at the end of ...the year.

Mr. Tufts referred to Councillor At...kins as an ideal chairman for streets ...and sidewalks. He had spent during ...the year $230 on streets and $1345 on ...crossings and walks in a manner which ...had been a credit to himself and the ...Street Committee.

Mr. Tufts had no apology to make ...for the very high rate (an advance of ...9 mills) this year as it was a known ...fact that the village was very much in ...debt on current account at the begin...ning of 1916, which had been accumu...lating for a number of years and he ...was pleased to see that Councillor ...Wright, Chairman of Finance, had ...the backbone enough to raise the rate so ...as to pay off all indebtedness on cur...rent account. In fact he had rather ...overshot the mark as the present rate ...leaves a balance to credit to next ...year's account of $1335.

In referring to County matters he ...said he had the pleasure of being a ...member of the Bridge Committee and ...of making a tour of the different ...bridges had passed over a large part of ...the county roads and said that this ...was the greatest problem which faced ...the county to-day, the upkeep of the ...county roads system. Mr. Tufts gave ...a detailed statement of new bridges ...built. There were 3 in Madoc town...ship, 1 in Thurlow; 2 in Tyendinaga, a ...new pier in Rawdon, new steel on one ...in Huntingdon and repairs to Robin...son's bridge in Madoc township at a ...cost of $9222.

He made reference to a number of ...questions affecting the county, partic...ularly that of the settlement of the Canadian Pacific Railway to a right of way across the County House property, a settlement which had been delayed for a number of years and had been adjusted this year by the C.P.R. paying the county $900 for the right of way.

Another question of long standing was the matter of the county portion of payment for sewers built around the county property by the city. The original amount asked for by the city was $912, which with interest now amounted to over $1400. A settlement was reached this year by the county paying the city $650.

He also spoke in glowing terms of the County House and its very able management. He gave a detailed statement of receipts and expenditures, number of inmates, etc. He considered it a splendid institution where the old and infirm may spend their remaining days in comfort.

Mr. Thompson on being called to speak said that he was pleased to see the large attendance and showed that the electors have become awakened and are taking a deeper interest in municipal affairs which speaks well for the future of Madoc. He congratulated Tufts on his speech. He said that if he were given prophesy he would say that Mr. Tufts was destined to become a great politician. He had spoke ½ of an hour. He had evaded every detail in which the electors of Madoc are vitally interested viz: the rise in taxes, the old debt and who was responsible for this debt. Mr. Thompson said that he appeased before the electors to-night in a very different position from what he did last year. Last year he was trying to convince the electors of a deficit. He charged that 1915 Council was trying to deceive the people by levying 23 mills when in reality they were borrowing in large sums of money from the bank over and above the 23 mills. He claimed that last year they were putting a mortgage on our properties without our consent. This year we have paid the first payment of that mortgage. Some of the town officials resented the statement with such expressions as "absolutely false" "you are a liar" etc. Mr. Tufts also interrupted but afterwards steadying his nerves said to himself "Thompson has unearthed the plot". "It would be good policy for me to plead ignorance, which he did. Thompson asked the electors "did you ever know Tufts to plead ignorance before or since"? Now Tufts has had a year to get his nerves more steady and he has decided this question as to whether I was right or not in a more forcible way than any speaker could present it to you from the platform. He has touched the pockets of the electors with no uncertain sound in fixing the tax rate at 34½ mill—a raise over 1916 tax of 11½ mills on the municipal rate. He challenged him to say that this increase of 11½ mills was to wipe off a debt incurred before 1914 as had been reported on the streets. To this challenge Mr. Tufts made no reply. Mr. Thompson said that he left a surplus in 1913 of over $1300. In addition to this surplus a refund was received from the G. T. R. of $3,300. The increase of 11½ mills on our village assessment of $3779.17 gives the council of 1916 an additional sum of $4251.56 making a total of $8,873, wasted or unaccounted for

Mr. Thompson then turned his attention to County affairs. He said that during the four years 1910 to 1914 that he represented our village the County levy had increased $1274.04. During this year when Mr. Tufts was our representative the County rate had raised $468.90 and had now reached the enormous sum of $3101.04. Compared with $1,827 in 1913 which was the last year he represented the village in the County Council.

Mr. Tufts told the County Council when asking for a refund of $380 that Madoc council of 1915 had spent on the county road $200 more than the $380 he was asking. The County granted Mr. Tufts only $304, claiming that if the County had spent the money, the Government would have refunded them 20%, thus the village lost 20% $200 and also the interest on the money and as they deducted the $380 asked for from the $500 grant due the village in 1916. The village received only the partly sum of $120.

A case similar to this occurred when the Marmora Township Council spent some $300 above their appropriation on the Deloro road mine and on asking the County Council for a special grant to meet this over expenditure it was granted without a dissenting voice and there was no deduction from the next years appropriation.

Mr. Tufts next referred to the much talked of O'Brien's bridge, one pier of which cost the county $13315.99, while the construction of the whole bridge at Moira lake cost the county less than $11,000, the Government paying 33⅓% of the cost of the lake bridge while the Government makes no allowance for repairs as with the case of the O'Brien bridge.

While I was in the council the engineer received 3% of the cost of the bridge, but on the repairs to the O'Brien bridge he was paid 5%. The first cost of O'Brien's bridge was $22,-000, while repairs to the one pier cost $13,000 and Mr. Tufts moved a vote of thanks to the committee in charge of the work. I do not find fault with the engineer's fee or with the work of the committee, but just wish to draw attention to the unfair criticism of the engineer and the bridge committee in the past.

Mr. Thompson critised the action of Mr. Tufts with regard to a petition which had been placed in his hands re. the giving of patriotic money by the County Council. This petition Mr. Tufts said authorized him to vote for $50,000 if necessary but when later on two motions were made, one for $2,500 per month and the other for $2,00 per month, Mr. Tufts spoke and voted for the lesser sum.

Just a few words more about our municipal affairs. Mr. Tufts in his speech last year said in that soft mellow voice, "It ill becomes Mr. Thompson to criticise the men who give their time and best thought to the interests of the municipality." When at the same time he, Tufts, had been canvassing and had got some to promise to support him, and in doing so had criticised the 1915 Reeve beaind his back more strongly than I did from the platform. I believe what we have to say should be said from the platform.

Now, I want to say that if the past three years is a sample of Mr. Tufts best thought, as a citizen of Madoc and as a ratepayer it is not good enough for a representative of this municipality either in the capacity of councillor or Reeve. As a municipal officer, Mr. Tufts has been a complete failure. Mr. Tufts possesses characteristics I do not possess, nor do I envy them. Notice the soft mellow voice he has spoken to you in. He can transpose that voice to suit any occasion. To-night he is soliciting sympathy and notice the sanctimonious face while speaking. By years of experience and practice, Mr. Tufts has become an artist along this line. I ask the ratepayers to judge the sincerity of that sanctimonious face.

Mr. Tufts has spoken about the electric light as his hobby. I wish to review some of the work he has done along this line. Mr. Tufts was chairman of the electric light committee when the present system was installed. Mr. Cross was solicitor. Now, Mr. Cross had a by-law drawn up that filled one page of the Review and it was the most jumbled up affair I ever read. I am told it was drawn up by the Seymour Power Plant, a firm of Toronto lawyers by the name of Smith, Carey & Chase. Mr. Cross interrupted by saying "It is absolutely false". The bill presented to the council by Col. Orr for printing the by-law alone was $280.00. Mr. Tufts jumbled this up like he has the present settlement with the Medical Health Officer. I took the pains to go to Stirling and find out what they paid for the printing of their by-law, which was not as large, but answered the same purpose as ours. I took a witness with me, the manager told me he did the job for $50, but I must be honest, he also told me he did it too cheap, he should have had $70.00 for the job. Can Mr. Tufts explain this to the Electors. The by-law reads that the Seymour Power Co., is to deliver the power to us or reduce it to 220 volts. I would like Mr. Tufts to explain to the Electors where he got his authority to buy the transformers on Mr. O'Flynn's corners. If he can show where the by-law gives him any authority to buy them, I will pay for the transformers, but he loaded them on the town when the Seymour Power people should have done the reducing. Now, he tells us to-night that there is no hope of changing to 110 volts for a long time. Now, why has someone blundered. Who is that someone? Mr. Tufts bought power transformers, 220 volts and there is no tap for 110 volts on our transformers, when if he had understood his business he could have bought them tapped for 220 volts and 110 volts. Now when Mr. Tufts was chairman of electric lights and the town paid $300.00 yer year for the care of the sub station the outside parties using was to pay a porportionate share of the upkeep of same, this was found to be very unsatisfactory. Mr. Gilleapie paid his share. The Canadian Sulphur Ore Co. paid theirs. Mr. Cross's Co. had been billed for their share when he (Thompson) was in the council but had not been paid in then, and I have never seen in a financial statement where they have paid it since. Mr. Cross interrupted by calling out very loudly "Your a liar".

Mr. Thompson asked the Chairman what was his duties as Chairman? What was he there for? Was it to keep order or just to sit there? Mr. Thompson proceeded to outline the Chairman's duties in a way that will not be forgotten by the Chairman for some time and received great applause from the audience.

The Seymour Power Co. offered to take over the care of the Sub-Station, the town to pay $75.00 per year. Mr. Gellispie and the Engineer, Mr. Smith, were consulted and both advised the council that was a good deal and we accepted the offer, which has proven to be an excellent deal for the town. Mr. Thompson took credit for drawing up and putting through the Council the present by-law for the collection of rates and inspection, etc. Mr. Thompson had put the house rate at 4c per watt. Mr. Tufts amended the by-law by lowering the commercial rate and raising the house rate to 5c per watt. Every man in business had it in his house so it was like taking the money out of one pocket and putting it in the other, but it was a direct raise on the laboring man who had lights in his house. The rules and regulations governing the by-law were left just the same.

Mr Thompson said he had heard that there was some criticism's regarding the sale of the electric light plant although none to his face and he thought here was the place to thrash it out. The plant was sold for $1,200. He thought if any one wanted to buy it they would have no trouble in buying it for the same money, plus the repairs. The present fire hall was rented for $75.00 per year and is very convenient. The firemen have everything by themselves and are responsible for same, besides there is an extra room for storehouse, but the point I want to make is this, Mr. Tufts was in the council at the time of the sale was on, the committee that sold it sanctioned the sale in every detail in the council.

Mr. Tufts in his criticism last year of the electric light when I was in reference to an account of $28.00 for poles that was left unpaid. I see by the 1914 statement that this account was not paid until March, very likely it was never presented until then and after the 1914 council had paid this big bill and all other liabilities on the first of April when the bank failed they had a balance to their credit of $1097.18 so you see I left the electric light in a very healthy financial condition.

Mr. Thompson referred to the Armouries which he said we all take great pride in and referred to the part he had taken in securing the same for Madoc. He referred to the purchasing of the grounds by the committee, and said some had used it against him that he had made money by the sale of two of the lots to the committee appointed to purchase the grounds. Mr. Tufts said he had never said that. Mr. Thompson said some of Mr. Tufts friends had Mr. Thompson said his brother had sold the two lots to the east for $100.00 each. Mr. D. Phillips the centre lot for $125.00 and Mrs. Seymour the corner lot for $150.00. The committee first secured options on these lots for the above figures and he, Thompson advised the committee to close the deal and if the deal did not go through with the Government he would take all the lots at the option price. He also had given Mr. Wallbridge $50.00 to start a subscription to buy the lots.

Mr. Thompson referred to the memorial opening of the Armouries in a humorous way which was received with great applause by the audience. He referred to the part he had taken in securing the Summer Model School for Madoc this last summer. He stated that no one was in a better position to know of the overcrowded condition of the school at Sharbot Lake than Mr. Tufts was, as his son had attended it the last year. But Mr. Tufts had never made a move and did not know anything about it going to be established here until the report came out. He also spoke of the Model School and the part he had played in securing this school for Madoc. He got the county grant raised from $150 to $500. He claimed he took for him-

(Continued on page 4)

The Review Numbered Among the Many

Owing to conditions caused by the war, all kinds of publications find themselves confronted by a serious situation, brought on by the decided advance in the cost of paper. This has become so serious that many journals have been forced to increase their subscription rates, while others have reduced the size of their publications, as it is absolutely impossible to go on in the old way without great loss.

After serious consideration we have decided to issue the Review at an increase of 50c., the subscription price being $1.50, taking effect on January 1st. During the past three months we have been publishing an all home print which, we believe, has met the approval of all our readers. In doing this we are enabled to give more room to local happenings and better service to our advertisers. Many compliments have been rendered us regarding our better service. For the extra 50 cents it is our intention to devote our time and energy to making a more newsy sheet than heretofore. Rather than reduce the size of the Review, which would have been the case for one dollar, we are now giving four pages extra of home print for the small sum of 50 cents more. We feel confident that our readers will appreciate this even at the rate of one cent a week extra. Surely for the sake of a cent a week you will not say, "Stop my paper." Again we ask our subscribers to help us out of a difficult situation by accepting the increase in price. During the past the patronage of all has been appreciated and what strides have been made for the best interests of the town and country have from all appearances been appreciated by our readers.

ELECTRIC LAMPS

The following prices are now effective.

10, 15, 25, 40 W., 115 v. tungstens,	40c
60 W., 115 v. "	45c
25 and 40 W., 230 v., "	55c
60 W., 230 v., "	65c
100 W., 230 v., "	$1.15
8 and 16 C. P. Carbon,	30c
32 C. P. Carbon.	35c

Special Prices on Contracts.

We also have round frosted lamps.

John Burkitt
Electrician
Phone 61 — At Kincaid's Store.

The Canadian Bank of Commerce

Capital $15,000,000 — MONEY ORDERS — Rest $13,500,000

Issued by this bank are a safe, convenient and inexpensive method of remitting small sums of money. These orders, payable without charge at any CHARTERED BANK in Canada (except the Yukon Territory) and subject to the ruling premium on New York exchange in the principal cities of the United States, are issued at the following rates

$5 and under	3 Cents
Over $5 and not exceeding $10	6 "
" $10 " " $30	10 "
" $30 " " $50	15 "

This Bank has also unexcelled facilities for making remittances abroad at reasonable rates

One of the chief points of advantage of Bank Money Orders over other orders is the fact that the purchaser can ascertain at once by inquiry at the bank if his order has been cashed by the proper party, and in case of loss a duplicate can be obtained without delay.

All Bank Drafts, Express Orders and Postal Orders must, of course, bear one war stamp, the cost of which in all cases, is paid by the purchaser.

Madoc Branch — A. Y. Snider, Manager.

Ford

Prices to Aug. 1, 1917

The following prices for Ford cars will be effective

Chassis . . .	$450.00
Runabout . .	475.00
Touring Car .	495.00
Coupelet . .	695.00
Town Car . .	780.00
Sedan . . .	890.00

f. o. b. Ford, Ontario

These prices are positively guaranteed against any reduction before August 1st, 1917, but there is no guarantee against an advance in price at any time.

Frank Smith, Madoc.

THE DOMINION BANK

Capital Paid Up $6,000,000 — Reserve Fund $7,000,000

Depositors in this Bank are assured of efficient service.

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED

MADOC BRANCH: G. P. LYND, Manager.

Building Material

of All Kinds.

We are pleased to quote our prices and show goods.

The Houston Co. Ltd.
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Madoc Sash & Door Factory

If you are thinking of building this spring be sure and get our estimates. We always carry a good stock of lumber of all description.

JOHN ROBERTSON

Members of ... Killed, Including the Brother of the Duke of Devonshire — Viscount Crichton's Child Heir.

THE two years of war have placed many little boys in direct succession to important titles and estates in Great Britain through the death upon the battlefield of the father or elder brother. A boy, four years old, has succeeded to a peerage, the grandson of the Earl of St. Aldwyn, better remembered as Michael Hicks-Beach, Chancellor of the Exchequer.

A boy of nine has been the sixth Earl of Erne since December, 1914. The validity of his title, however, was not established until last June. His father, Viscount Crichton, one of the most popular men in English society, disappeared during the fighting in Belgium in November, 1914, and he was reported officially as missing. His father, the Earl of Erne, died the following December, and at that time Viscount Crichton was reported to be a prisoner in Germany. His small son became known as Viscount Crichton and the father as the new Earl of Erne. It was finally discovered where Viscount Crichton's body had been buried in Belgium. It was exhumed and identified, and the nine-year-old son was legally pronounced to be Earl of Erne.

A great-grandson of the fourth Earl of Erne is the 14-year-old baronet who has succeeded his father, Sir John Milbanke, who was the sixth baronet of an ancient Scotch house dating from Mary, Queen of Scots. Sir John was killed in the Dardanelles.

There is a two-year-old Lord Petre, who succeeded his father last October; when Lord Petre, an officer in the Coldstream Guards, died of wounds.

General the Earl of Longford, reported wounded and missing at the Dardanelles last September, recently was been officially reported dead, and this makes his 14-year-old son Earl of Longford. A younger son, 11 years old, becomes Lord Silchester, the heir to the earldom. Sir Charles Michael Robert Vivian Duff, the third baronet, is nine years old.

The sixteenth baronet of the name was Sir Stewart-Richardson, ruling from 1630, is twelve years old. Sir Ian Hay Stewart-Richardson who has succeeded his father, Sir Edward, the fifteenth baronet, captain in the Black Watch, who was killed during the second month of the war. This boy baronet's fortune is small and his ancestral home in Scotland was sold a few weeks ago. His mother, Lady Constance-Richardson, a cousin of the Duke of Sutherland, continues to earn the family living by dancing in the music halls.

Lord Killanin, the second baron of an Irish title conferred upon a Lord Chief Justice of Ireland, Michael Morris, belonging to the ancient Galway clan, has a two-year-old heir to succeed him.

Baron de Ramsey's heir is his six-year-old grandson, the son of Captain C. C. Fellowes, who was killed a year ago, and whose widow is the daughter of Lord Inchiquin. Viscount Monck's heir is his eleven-year-old grandson, the son of Capt. Charles Henry Stanley Monck, who was killed in France early in the war. Baron O'Neill's heir is his nine-year-old grandson, the son of Captain Arthur Edward Bruce O'Neill, M.P., who also was killed in action shortly after the war began.

The barony of Kesteven has become extinct, the third baron having been killed in action and leaving no direct heir. Several other peerages will become extinct, unless a law is passed by which they can be inherited in the female line.

The Earl of Aylesford's heir is his grandson, eight years old, who has assumed the title of Lord Guernsey. Following the death upon the battlefield of his father. The Marquis of Bath's heir-presumptive is his seven-year-old son, who has become Viscount Weymouth since his elder brother, who bore that title, was killed a few weeks ago.

The Duke of Wellington's second son, Lord Richard Wellesley, has given his life to his country on the battlefield, as has also the younger brother of the Duke of Devonshire, Lord John Cavendish. The Duke of Abercorn's younger brother, Lord John Hamilton, has been killed, and Lord Bernard Gordon-Lennox is the third son of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon. But the Duke of Leinster, young bachelor and a semi-invalid, the premier duke of Ireland, and at the head of the famous house of Fitzgerald, is the only one among the dukes who has lost his heir-presumptive.

Thrown by Chargers.

Napoleon's favorite charger, Marengo, whose skeleton is preserved in the museum of the Royal United Service Institution, threw his master on two occasions; once so heavily that the Emperor remained unconscious for nearly an hour. King George's ancestor, William the Third, met his death from a fall upon his horse. The animal, a one-eyed steed, stumbled over a mole-hill with fatal results to its rider. Afterwards the Jacobites used to toast "Master One-Eye (that being the horse) and the Little Gentleman in Velvet (that being the mole," William I., too, though not unseated, was by his death through his horse stumbling over some hot ashes at the siege of Mantes. King George II. had a narrow escape from death at the battle of Dettingen, through his horse falling with him, and the queen with him.

... to "honor them in the breach" if not regularly controlled.

As the evenings are drawing in, to say nothing of the fact that the clocks have been put back an hour, the police regulations for keeping blinds down after lights are lit are necessarily once more to the fore. The other evening M. Laurent during his nocturnal ramblings noticed that in several quarters the rule was being infringed, so he took occasion at the next weekly convocation of the city Police Commissaries to draw his subordinates' attention to the fact.

"Gentlemen," he remarked, "probably owing to the fact that we have been spared visits from enemy aircraft for some time, there seems to be a tendency to relax the regulations about lighting in the streets and houses. I fear we may one day have a disagreeable awakening, and we—that is to say, I—will be blamed if there are accidents. Last night, for instance, as I was passing along the quays, I noticed that the windows of a well-known restaurant were brilliantly lighted."

Then, turning to the Commissary in whose district the restaurant is situated, he asked for explanations.

"Monsieur le Prefect," was the answer, "I am fully aware of the slight infraction in question, but as Monsieur X., Minister of ———, happened to be dining there with some friends, I did not feel it incumbent on me"—

The Prefect did not press the point and turned to another colleague. "Can you explain, Monsieur, why in a certain restaurant of the Champs-Elysees quarter, in your district, the windows were yesterday flashing like beacon lights?"

"M. Y., former Minister of ———," rejoined the Commissary of the quarter referred to, "was giving a dinner to some shareholders, so I naturally hesitated"—

"I understand," put in M. Laurent. "At the same time there can be no reason why a bar, such as I remarked yesterday in the ——— quarter, should make light of my regulations." But the Commissary he had turned to had his answer ready:

"The Under-Secretary of State for ——— was holding an informal meeting with some of our leading manufacturers."

"Very well," remarked M. le Prefect, "but can you explain what joyful occasion the Hotel X., overlooking the Seine, was celebrating last Thursday, for from various reports floods of lights were pouring from its windows across the river?"

"The only occasion I can think of," replied the official in whose jurisdiction the hotel lies, "was a banquet offered to Monsieur le Prefet de Police."

Brilliant Irishman Dead.

Irish Nationalism has lost one of its most brilliant younger leaders by the death—he was killed in action on Sept. 9—of Professor T. M. Kettle, professor of economics at the Irish National University.

It is reported that the first time he came to London was when, in 1906, East Tyrone sent him to Westminster as its M.P. But he very soon had a circle of admirers extending very wide of St. Stephen's. To a full share of native Irish eloquence and wit he united an extensive academic knowledge, and his speeches in the House of Commons, though full of the cause he espoused so sturdily, yet sparkled with a genial satire and a whimsical humor that made him friends in every part of the House. He left Parliament in 1910 to take up the university professorship.

Son of a farmer, who was also a pioneer of the land movement in Ireland, he was born in 1880. When the war broke out he answered Mr. Redmond's call to enlist with enthusiasm. He threw up his chair at the university and obtained a commission, and his appeals to his countrymen were the most rousing made during Mr. Redmond's recruiting campaign. He had no sympathy with shirkers, and his condemnations of the German atrocities were among the most caustic and scathing indictments of kultur that the world has heard.

Wonders of Science.

A camera man, working for the educational department of a film company, met an old farmer coming out of a house in one of the middle states and explained his presence on the place thus:

"I have just been taking some moving pictures of life on your farm."

"Did you catch any of my laborers in motion?" asked the old man curiously.

"Sure I did."

The farmer shook his head reflectively and then said:

"Science is a wonderful thing."

Cloudy Ammonia.

To make cloudy ammonia, get twopennyworth of rock ammonia, break up, and put into a jug, adding also just a very little flaked soap. On to this pour a pint of really boiling water, and then stir till the ammonia and soap are dissolved. When slightly cooled, bottle, and keep tightly corked.

Expert Diagnosis.

The physician had been called in haste to see a small negro who was ill. After a brief examination the doctor announced: "This boy has eaten too much watermelon."

"Oh, doctah," expostulated the parent of the ailing one, "dey ain't no sich t'ing as too much watahmillion. Dat niggah jus' ain' got 'nough stomach.

Honduras' Cotton Future.

Experiments have indicated to Honduras that it may become an important ... producing nation.

... politics, h... people in England. Furthermore, General Sir Reginald Pole Carew has been declared the handsomest man in the British army. And "Polly Carey," as he is often referred to, is as popular as he is handsome, while he has a splendid record for service behind him.

He is one of Robert's men, accompanying "Bobs" on his march to Kandahar. In the Boer War Sir Reginald earned distinction.

He is rather fond, by the way, of telling the following story illustrating the energy of the British soldier. A German attache in the South African war was amazed at the spectacle of the British soldiers, after a fight, staggering into camp, but rushing instantly after a football which was thrown on the veldt. Said the attache to Sir Reginald:

"Well, you are the most extraordinary people in the whole civilised world. I have been with your men all day. I know what they have done. I know they have had scarcely anything to eat or drink, and I know of no other troops in the world that would not have been lying down asleep."

Lady Pole Carew is the eldest daughter of the famous yachtsman and sportsman, the Marquis of Ormonde, and shares her father's love and enthusiasm for the sea. She is also a great lover of foreign travel, and some time ago made a tour of the world. It is fifteen years ago since she married Sir Reginald. Caring little for society life, she divides her time between Antony House, her Cornish home, the gardens of which she has made famous, and her beautiful estate in Tipperary.

He Didn't Know.

"John," said Mrs. Atwood, thoughtfully, "everybody in society appears to think an awful lot of genealogy these days."

"Jennie what?" exclaimed John, as he looked up from his evening paper.

"Genealogy," repeated Mrs. Atwood.

"What's that?"

"I don't exactly know," replied Mrs. Atwood, "but I think it's a tree of some kind. At least, I heard some ladies refer to it as a family tree."

"Well, what of it?" he asked.

"Why, it seems to be a sort of fad, you know, and every one who is any one has to have one, I suppose."

"Buy one, then," he said, irritably. "Buy the best one in town and have the bill sent to me, but don't bother me with the details of that affair. Get one and stick it up in the conservatory, if you want one, and if it isn't too large."

"But I don't know anything about them."

"Find out, and if it's too large for the conservatory, stick it up on the lawn, and if that ain't big enough, I'll buy the next garden in order to make room. There can't be any of them fly any higher than we can, and if it comes to a question of trees, I'll buy a whole orchard for you."

Still she hesitated.

"The fact is, John," she confessed at last, "I don't just know where to go for anything in that line. Where do they keep the family trees, and all such things?"

"What do you suppose I know about it?" he exclaimed. "You're running the fashion end of this establishment, and I don't want to be bothered with it. If the florist can't tell you anything about it hunt up a first-class nurseryman and place your order with him."

A Sporting Offer.

Melbourne Inman, the famous billiard player, who has recently joined the Volunteers, was touring in the Antipodes a little while back, and found himself stranded at Perth, Western Australia, with two days to wait for a boat.

Strolling up to the principal hotel in the place, and making first, as was his wont, for the billiard-room, he found it deserted save for the marker, a likely-looking youth of seventeen or thereabouts, who promptly invited him to have a game.

"No, thanks!" replied Inman.

"Oh, come now, be a sport! I'll give you fifty in a hundred."

"No, thanks!" came the answer once more, repeated this time with considerable emphasis. "I'm Inman, the champion!"

"Oh, well, sir, if that's so I can only give you thirty in a hundred!" was the quite unexpected reply of the juvenile marker.

The Reason.

At the Caledonian banquet in London a Scotsman who had settled in the metropolis made a speech in which Scotland and all things Scottish were so fulsomely praised that an Englishman who sat next him said when he had finished:

"If Scotland is all that you Scotsmen say it is why don't you stay there instead of coming here?"

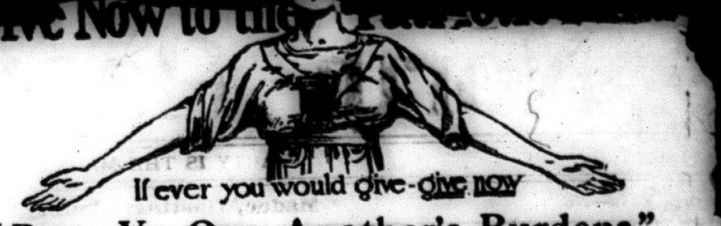
"Weel," answered the Scotsman. "Ah'll tell ye hoo it wis wi' me. When Ah wis in business in Fife Ah fand a' the fowk wis just as cliver as meesel', an' Ah cudna gar the two en's meet. Sae Ah came' awa' sooth, an' sin' syne, mon, Ah've been daein' rate weel."

Tainted Meat.

If meat gets just slightly tainted in hot weather before it is cooked, cut off the tainted part, and wash the remainder of the joint in strong vinegar and water, sponging it all over with it. Such a joint should always be roasted. Boiling or stewing accentuates the tainted flavor.

An Indiscreet Hungarian.

A young Hungarian reservist who told a little gathering of Serbians at Steubenville, Ohio, a few days ago, that they would have to kneel to the Kaiser after the war, was taken to the local hospital with three knife wounds and a perforated lung.



"Bear Ye One Another's Burdens"

'Tis an old saying—sometimes a hard one—but worthy of all acceptation.

Take a present-day illustration. British Columbia—out there under the setting sun—is helping to bear Ontario's burdens. She has sent to the front—that shell-torn front in France—a larger proportion of her manhood than has Ontario.

Therefore it comes to pass that we in Ontario are being asked to help in bearing British Columbia's burdens by helping its soldiers' families. It's a fair, a just, request. We all are in the same boat. We must bear one another's burdens. And if one Province, not rich in money, makes heavy calls on the Patriotic Fund, the richer Provinces ought help out their poorer neighbor. Under a plan of each Province caring only for its own, the Province sending no men would spend no money. It would neither Fight nor Pay.

Ontario will need about six million dollars in 1917 for the families of its own soldiers. The Canadian Patriotic Fund is asking for that sum as a minimum below which the richest Province in the Dominion will not go. But, as a matter of fact, the Fund hopes Ontario will do still better—will bear another's burdens by helping out gallant British Columbia.

How stands the Western Province? It will require, in 1917, two million dollars for the families of its boys at the front. That is one-third of Ontario's requirements. But Ontario has probably more than seven times the population. British Columbia asks no favors. With only about 350,000 people—not rich in this world's goods, but rich in pluck and good red blood—it is undertaking to raise One Million Dollars for the Canadian Patriotic Fund! That equals $2.86 per head. Ontario, if it raise six million, will be giving about $2.38 per head.

But the Western Province will still be short One Million Dollars. Where is this sum to come from? Eastern Canada. And Ontario, if it wishes to help, can do so only to the extent to which its gifts to the Fund exceed Six Million Dollars.

A lot of money, isn't it? Yet less than British Columbia is giving, if measured on a per capita basis, and far less if measured by ability to pay. There will be no difficulty in securing the Six Millions if three courses are followed:

Three Courses

1. If all County Councils make reasonably large grants to the national Fund.
2. If all towns, whether separated from their counties or not, will undertake campaigns for voluntary subscriptions.
3. If all citizens, in town or country, contribute fairly according to their means.

As to No. 1. The County Councils are beginning well. Simcoe has decided to largely increase its grant. For 1917 it will be the generous sum of **$120,000.** Victoria, another county patriotic to the core, has doubled its grant, jumping it from $2,500 a month in 1916 to **$5,000** in 1917. The majority of the County Councils will decide at the January sessions how large their grants will be. Public opinion will have great influence on the Councils. Every county ratepayer, sympathetic towards the Fund, should write or speak to his representative on the Council, endorsing a liberal grant. The small tax of three mills on the dollar raises a sum that constitutes a handsome contribution.

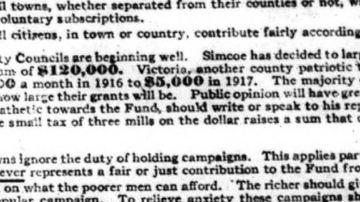
As to No. 2. Many towns ignore the duty of holding campaigns. This applies particularly to towns which pay a county tax. Yet this tax never represents a fair or just contribution to the Fund from men of moderate or large means. Practically it is based on what the poorer men can afford. The richer should give much more, and they can be reached only through a popular campaign. To relieve anxiety these campaigns should be held in January or February. Will not patriotic men and women in every town take up this duty? They can get all information as to organization and methods by writing to the Canadian Patriotic Fund, Ottawa. And the Fund will assist them also with a campaign of advertising.

As to No. 3. Patriotism of the individual is the basis of the Fund. Everything is built on it. If he will not make some sacrifice for the sake of the mothers, wives and children of the men at the front, the Fund suffers, and they suffer with it. The average family on the Fund requires $200 a year from it. It is the duty—it should be considered the Privilege—of every Canadian stay-at-home to ask himself: For how many weeks, at $4 a week, must I, in self-respect and in gratitude, take care of one of these families? If my county taxation for this purpose means that I am taking care of only one family for one week when I could do more, am I doing the right thing?

The answer to these questions will be found when he sits down and mails his extra gift to the Treasurer of his local Fund, or to

THE CANADIAN PATRIOTIC FUND, OTTAWA.

Ontario is being asked to assure the Canadian Patriotic Fund that it can depend on having six million dollars in 1917 for the families of Ontario's soldiers.



Four million of these dollars must be secured from individual subscriptions. If there is no Branch of the Fund in your town or county send your subscription direct to the Head Office, Canadian Patriotic Fund, Victoria street, Ottawa.

11

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PELHAM NURSERY Co.
Toronto, Ontario.

guy's influence to help keep him straight. That's their game, and they'll play it—be sure of that. It sounds reasonable enough, too, for sinners have repented before now. And the long lost father coming back to his child is the one sure thing to win applause from the gallery—you know that."

Captain Cy nodded.

He stopped, rose and, striding over to the window, stood looking out.

"How does she feel about it herself?" asked Peabody.

"Her? Bos'n? Why, that's the hardest of all. Some of the children at school pester her about her father. I don't know's you can blame 'em—young ones are made that way, I guess—but she comes home to me cryin', and it's 'Oh, Uncle Cy, he ain't my truly father, is he?' and 'You won't let him take me away from you, will you?' till it seems as if I should fly out of the window. The poor little thing! And that puffed up humbug Atkins blowin' about his Christianity and all! I've seen heathen Injuns, who never heard of Christ, with more of His spirit inside 'em. There! I've shocked you, I guess. Sometimes I think this place is too narrer and crimped for me. I've been around, you know, and my New England bringin' up has wore thin in spots. Seem's if I must get somewheres and spread out or I'll bust."

He threw himself into a chair. The lawyer clapped him on the shoulder.

"There, there, captain," he said. "Don't 'bust' yet awhile. Don't give up the ship. If we lose in one court we can appeal to another, and so on up the line. And meantime we'll do a little investigating of friend Thomas' career since he left Concord. I've written to a legal acquaintance of mine in Butte, giving him the facts as we know them and a description of Thomas. He will try to find out what the fellow did in his years out west. It's our best chance, as I told you. Keep your pluck up and wait and see."

The captain repeated this conversation to the board of strategy when he returned to Bayport. Miss Dawes had walked home from school with Bos'n and had stopped at the house to hear the report. She listened, but it was evident that something else was on her mind.

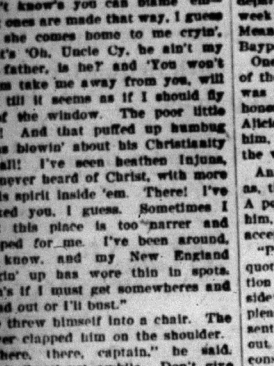
"Captain Whittaker," she asked, "has it ever struck you as queer that Mr. Atkins should take such an interest in this matter? He is giving time and counsel and money to help this man Thomas, who is a perfect stranger to him. Why does he do it?"

Captain Cy smiled.

"Why?" he repeated. "Why, to down me, of course. I was gettin' too everlastin prominent in politics to suit him. I'd got you in as teacher, and I had Lonzo Snow as good as licked for school committee. Goodness knows what I might have run for next, 'cordin' to Heman's reasonin', and I simply had to be smashed. It worked all right. I'm so unhealthy now in the sight of most folks in this town that I cal'late they go home and sulphur smoke their clothes after they meet me, so's not to catch my wickedness."

But the teacher shook her head.

"That doesn't seem reason enough to me," she declared. "Just see what Mr. Atkins has done. He never openly advocated anything in town meeting before. You said so yourself. Even when he must have realized that you had the votes for committeeman he kept still. He might have taken many of them from you by simply



"DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP."

coming out and declaring for Mr. Snow, but he didn't. And then all at once he takes this astonishing stand. Captain Whittaker, Mr. Tidditt says that the night of Emily's birthday party you and he told who she was by accident and that Mr. Atkins seemed very much surprised and upset. Is that so?"

Capta'n Cy laughed.

"His lemonade was upset. That's all I noticed special. Oh, yes! And he lost his hat off goin' home. But what of it? What are you drivin' at now?"

"I was wondering if—if it could be that for some reason Mr. Atkins had a spite against Emily or her people or if he had any reason to fear her."

"Fear! Fear Bos'n? Oh, my, that's funny! You've been readin' novels, I'm afraid, teacher, though I didn't suspect it of you."

He laughed heartily. Miss Dawes smiled, too, but she still persisted.

"Well," she said, "I don't know. Perhaps it is because I'm a woman and politics doesn't mean as much to me as to you men, but to me political reasons don't seem strong enough to account for such actions as those of Mr. Atkins. Emily's mother was a Thayer, wasn't she? And the Thayers were out more about them while they lived there."

Asaph Tidditt pulled his beard thoughtfully.

"Well," he observed, "I was kind of cal'latin' to go to Orham next week on a little visit. Seth Wingate over there—Barzillia Wingate's cousin, Whit—is a sort of relation of mine. Seth's been Orham town clerk about as long as I've been the Bayport one, and he's lived there all his life. What he don't know about Orham folks ain't worth knowin'. If you say so I'll pump him about the Thayers and the Richards."

So it was settled that Mr. Wingate should be subjected to the "pumping" process when Asaph visited him. He departed for this visit the following week and remained away for ten days. Meanwhile several things happened in Bayport.

One of these things was the farewell of the Hon. Heman Atkins. Congress was to open at Washington, and the honorable heeded the call of duty. Alicia and the housekeeper went with him, and the big house was closed for the winter.

And on the day following Mr Thomas, the prodigal father, also left town. A position in Boston had been offered him, he said, and he felt that he must accept it.

"Position offered him! Um—ya-as!" quoth Dimick, the cynical, in conversation with Captain Cy. "Inspector of sidewalks, I shouldn't wonder. Well, please don't ask me if I think Heman sent him to Boston so's to have him out of the way and 'cause he'd feel considerable safer than if he was loose down here. Don't ask me that, for, with my strict scruples against the truth I might say no. As it is, I say nothin' and wink my port eye."

The ten day visit ended, Mr. Tidditt returned to Bayport. On the afternoon of his return he and Bailey called at the Whittaker place, and there they were joined by Miss Dawes, who had been summoned to the conclave by a note intrusted to Bos'n.

"Now, Ase," ordered Captain Cy as the quartet gathered in the sitting room, "here we are, hangin' on your words, as the feller said. Don't keep us strung up too long. What did you find out?"

"Well," said Mr. Tidditt, with a glare at Bangs, "I asked Seth about the Thayers and the Richards bein' the very first night I struck Orham. He remembered 'em.

"Folks used to call John Thayer a smart young feller, so Seth said. They used to cal'late that he'd rise high in the seafarin' and shipownin' line. Maybe he would, only he died somewheres in California 'long in '54 or thereabouts. 'Twas the time of the gold greatness out there, and he left his ship and went gold huntin'. And the next thing they know he was dead and buried."

"When was that?" inquired the schoolmistress.

"In '54, I tell you. So Seth says."

"What ship was he on?" asked Bailey.

"Wasn't on any ship. Why don't you listen instead of settin' there moonin'? He was gold diggin', I tell you."

"He'd been on a ship, hadn't he? What was the name of her?"

"I didn't ask. What difference does that make?"

"Wasn't Mr. Atkins at sea in those days?" put in the teacher. The captain answered her.

"Yes, he was," he said—"that is, I think he was. He was away from here when I shipped out, and he didn't get back till '61 or thereabouts."

"So that was all you could find out, hey, Ase?" asked the captain. "Well, it's at least as much as I expected. You see, teacher, these story book notions don't work out when it comes to real life."

Miss Dawes was plainly disappointed.

"I wish we knew more," she said. "Who was on this ship with Mr. Thayer, and who sent the news of his death home?"

"Oh, I can tell you that," said Asaph. "'Twas some one born doctor out there, gold minin' himself, he was. John died of a quick fever; got cold and went off in no time. Seth remembered that much, though he couldn't remember the doctor's name. He said if I wanted to learn more about the Thayers I might go see— Humph, well, never mind that. 'Twas just foolishness, anyhow."

But Phoebe persisted.

"To see whom," she asked—"some one you knew, a friend of yours?"

Asaph turned red.

"Friend of mine!" he snarled. "No, sir, she ain't no friend of mine, I'm thankful to say—more a friend of Bailey's here, if she's anybody's; one of his pets, she was, for a spell; a pet of his, you might say—anyhow, he prescribed for her. 'Twas that deef idiot, Debby Beasley, Cy; that's who 'twas. Her name was Briggs afore she married Beasley, and she was hired help for Emily Thayer when Mary was born and until John died."

Captain Cy burst into a roar of laughter. Bailey sprang out of his chair.

"De-Debby Beasley!" he stammered. "Debby Beasley!"

"She was that deef housekeeper Bailey hired for me, teacher," explained the captain. "I've told you about her. Ho, ho! So that's the end of the mystery huntin'. We go gunnin' for Heman Atkins, and we bring down Debby! Well, Ase, goin' to see the old lady?"

Mr. Tidditt's retort was emphatic.

"Goin' to see her?" he repeated. "I guess not! Godfrey scissors! I told Seth, says I, 'I've had all the Debby Beasley I want, and I cal'late Cy Whittaker feels the same way.' Go to see her! I wouldn't go to see her in she was up in paradise a-hollerin'

CHAPTER XV.

"MRS BANGS," said the schoolmistress as if it was the most casual thing in the world, "I want to borrow your husband tomorrow. I want him all day, too, because I'm thinking of driving over to Trumet, and I need a coachman. You'll go, won't you, Mr. Bangs?"

Bailey, who had been considering the advisability of asking for a second cup of tea, brightened up and looked pleased.

"Why, yes," he answered, "I'll go."

Mrs. Tripp ventured a blated question concerning the teacher's errand at Trumet. The reply being noncommittal, the widow cheerfully prophesied that she guessed 'twas going to rain or snow next day. "It's about time for the line storm," she added.

But it did not storm, although a brisk cold gale was blowing when after breakfast next morning the "horse and team," with Bailey in his Sunday suit and overcoat and Miss Dawes on the buggy seat beside him, turned out of the boarding house yard and started on the twelve mile journey to Trumet.

In Trumet Center, which is not much of a center, Miss Dawes alighted from the buggy and entered a building bearing a sign with the words "Metropolitan Variety Store, Joshua Atwood, Prop'r, Groceries, Coal, Dry Goods, Insurance, Boots and Shoes, Garden Seeds, Etc." A smaller sign beneath this was lettered "Justice of the Peace" and one below that read "Post-office."

She emerged a moment later, followed by an elderly person in a red cardigan jacket and overalls.

"Take the fust turnin' to the left, marm," he said, pointing. "It's pretty nigh to East Trumet town hall. Fust house this side of the blacksmith shop, about two mile, I'd say. Windy day for drivin', ain't it? That horse of yours belongs in Bayport, I cal'late. Looks to me like— Hello, Bailey!"

"Hello, Josh!" grunted Mr Bangs, adding an explanatory aside to the effect that he knew Josh Atwood, the latter having once lived in Bayport.

"But, say," he asked as they moved on once more, "have we got to go to East Trumet? Jerushy! That's the place where the wind comes from. They raise it over there. Anyhow, they don't raise much else. Whose house you goin' to?"

He had asked the same question at least ten times since leaving home, and each time Miss Dawes had evaded it. She did so now, saying that she was sure she should know the house when they got to it.

The two miles to East Trumet were warm than the twelve which they had come. The wind fairly shrieked here, for the road paralleled the edge of high sand bluffs close by the shore, and the ruts and "thank-you-marms" were trying to the temper. Bailey's was completely wrecked.

"Teacher," he snapped as they reached the crest of a long hill and a quick grab at his hat alone prevented its starting on a balloon ascension, "get out a spell, will you? I've got to swear or bust, and 'long's you're aboard I can't swear. What you standin' still for, you?" he bellowed at poor Henry, the horse, which had stopped to rest. "I cal'late the critter thinks that last cyclone must have blowed me sky high, and he's waitin' to see where I light. Git dap!"

"I guess I shall get out very soon now," panted Phoebe. "There's the blacksmith shop over there near the next hill, and this house in the hollow must be the one I'm looking for."

They pulled up beside the house in the hollow. A little story and a half house it was, and, judging by the neglected appearance of the weeds and bushes in the yard, it had been unoccupied for some time. However, the blinds were now open, and a few fowls about the back door seemed to promise that some one was living there. The wooden letter box by the gate had a name stenciled upon it. Miss Dawes sprang from the buggy and looked at the box.

"Yes," she said, "this is the place. Will you come in, Mr. Bangs? You can put your horse in that barn, I'm sure, if you want to."

But Bailey declined to go in. He declared he was going on to the blacksmith's shop to have that wheel fixed. He would not feel safe to start for home with it as it was. He drove off, and Miss Dawes, knowing from lifelong experience that front doors are merely for show, passed around the main body of the house and rapped on the door in the ell. The rap was not answered, though she could hear some one moving about within and a shrill voice singing "The Sweet By and By." So she rapped again and again, but still no one came to the door. At last she ventured to open it.

A thin woman with her head tied up in a colored cotton handkerchief was in the room vigorously wielding a broom. She was singing in a high cracked voice. The opening of the door let in a gust of cold wind, which struck the singer in the back of the neck and caused her to turn around hastily.

"Hey!" she exclaimed. "Land sakes! You scare a body to death! Shut that door quick! I ain't hankerin' for influenzy. Who are you? What do you want? Why didn't you knock? Where's my specs?"

She took a pair of spectacles from the mantelshelf and set them on the bridge of her thin nose.

"I beg pardon for coming in!" shouted Phoebe. "You are Mrs. Beasley, aren't you?"

"I don't want none," replied Debby, with emphasis. "So there's no use your wastin' your breath."

After some strenuous [illegible] the visitor managed to [illegible]

(To be Continued.)

The Fighting at Yser

Was a Homeric Battle

That Saved the Coast

YPRES has obscured Yser. For many the mighty fighting of British men about the Flanders town in the autumn of 1914 has dimmed the vision for the fighting, as mighty and as splendid, that held the line on either flank. Who of us knows really well the story of French valor that held obdurate against all assaults the grim fronts of Arras? How many know, even in essence, the history of that superb Belgian remnant that beat the rules of war, that held where it should not have held, and that, along the charnel reaches of Yser, staunched the German passion for the Channel coast as effectively and as marvellously as did our own men?

Yet the story of those Belgians is as marvellous as our own Ypres story, so that now when the second anniversary of this Thermopylæ of the marshes has passed, it is perhaps fair for us to consider and appreciate some of the marvels done by a handful of brave men in the flurry and mud of the first wild months of Armageddon.

The Belgian army that fell back to the coastal regions after Antwerp had capitulated was a handful, and a battered handful. Eighty thousand men were there, but 48,000 of these alone had the means to fight. They had suffered savage blows, they had endured comfortless conditions, they lacked food and water, ammunition and equipment, their clothes were a mockery of covering, they had endured the bitterness and depression of unrelieved defeat. They fell back mournfully, leaving their homeland in the hands of the Germans, and as they retired the Germans, outnumbering them three to one, came after. There was no opportunity to reorganize in the face of that pursuit until they came to safety and connected up with their Allies. That point of safety seemed to be the line of the Yser. Here, the tired men thought, we will reorganize, we will re-equip, and rest our wounds. Here at the Yser they received the order "Hold on for 48 hours. Reserves are not up yet. Hold on."

The "Ragged Army" turned and held on. There were 48,000 tired men, equal, one would say, to holding a front of ten miles. The front they were asked to hold on October 15 was 25 miles long. Nieuport and the sea was on their left, the vital bridge-heads of Schoorbakke and Dixmude were in the centre, the tenuous left wing stretched out in the mud along the Yser to Zuydschoote. Against that front 150,000 Germans and 500 guns hammered to break a road to Dunkerque and the coast. "Once in the positions in which I will place you," commanded the heroic Belgian King, "let your eyes be turned only in front of you and consider as a traitor to the country the man who shall utter the word retreat before the formal order is given." Heroic king, heroic Belgians, the order was obeyed to the letter.

For forty-eight hours the Belgians were to hold on; they held on for two weeks. Six thousand French marines fought an epic fight at their shoulders in Dixmude during the first week; a French division helped to fill the gaps during the second. That was all the aid they got. For twelve days beyond the two ordained, a handful of men already badly spent held back all the power, the passion, and eagerness of Germany. Trenches there were none; in shallow and extemporized ditches, behind crazy walls, lying huddled beneath meagre piles of sandbags that hellish bombardments from guns of all calibres rent to rags, the tattered battalions held staunch. Enormous assaults were launched at them, enormous assaults were broken and beaten. Physically at their last gasp, the Belgian few yet expended their last forces of spirit and courage and strength in resisting the power that should have crushed them, of holding inviolable the vital, coastal wing of the Allies. It was a stubborn and incredible battle strung over a range of days. October 16 saw the first of the pressure, October 31 came before the Germans knew they had lost.

There is anxiety with the Germans by this time. If these obstinate Belgians were not removed, time would bring up its reinforcements, and the road would be irrevocably lost. The battle through the days raged with vehement intensity. The assaults were piled up all along the line. Exhaustion was telling. It was no longer possible or human to resist. So the waters are called in to Belgium's aid and the waters rise. The Germans were now exhausted, also, and their fighting became enfeebled. They put out one effort, took Ramscapelle, and were flung from it in headlong fashion, and waters and fatigue then drowned the dying embers of battle.

Twenty thousand Belgians went down in that bitter but Homeric encounter. A "Ragged Army" went in, and but rags of battalions came out. But it had held the left. The coast was ours, the flank was strong. So Yser stands with Ypres, so Yser stands with Arras. Yser, Ypres, and Arras a new, a triple Thermopylæ that saved Europe in the West.

At the French Tribunal.

Doctor—"Why were you rejected?"

Applicant (smiling)—"For imbecility."

"What do you do for a living?"

"Nothing; I have an income of sixty thousand francs."

"Are you married?"

"Yes."

"What does your wife do?"

"Nothing; she is richer than I."

"You are no imbecile. Passed for general service." — London Daily

IN DAMP WEATHER.

Precautions to Be Taken by the Housewife.

A little while ago two young housewives were condoling with each other over the prolonged season of humidity and dampness.

"We can't get a single bureau drawer closed," said one. "And last night when I wanted to get out the very best table linen I own for an unexpected dinner guest, we couldn't get the linen drawer open, and instead of showing off my best, we had to use paper napkins."

"We're in a worse state," said the other. "Finally after much pulling I got a bureau drawer all the way out, and now I keep it propped up on two chairs because I can't get it in again."

Summer dampness is really hard to guard against. It is sure to come every year. The weather is too warm to permit fires which might restore the house to a comfortable dryness, and as the dampness is only temporary not very much can be done to furniture or inside fixtures. It is a temptation to have the spreading drawers and doors planed off a little, but to do so is a mistake for the return of heat and dry weather will cause them to shrink back to their normal proportions. If they are planed off now they will let in most unpleasant draughts and dust later.

Perhaps no one thing about damp weather is more distressing than the condition it inflicts on the salt cellar. If the salt cellar or shakers are emptied after each meal and thoroughly dried in a warming oven, and refilled just before the next meal, the salt will still be moist and sticky when it is used. One of the hotels at the seashore where dampness is inevitable keeps inverted water glasses over the salt dishes. Of course it is a little bit inconvenient to lift up a glass whenever yo wish to get a spoonful of salt, but the results do make for dryness. Grains of uncooked rice can be mixed with salt used in shakers with rather satisfactory results.

Probably the fact that there is much greater humidity in England than in this country in part accounts for the fact that open cellars are always used there and that "salt shakers" are regarded as a decided Americanism. The obvious advantage of shakers is that in them the salt is kept free from dust and contact with the air, but in times of dampness one is tempted to use the English cellars, from which salt may be taken by means of a salt spoon so much more easily than it can be shaken out when it has absorbed a good share of moisture.

Looking for Shirkers.

The dragnet of military authorities to catch men attempting to evade military service was a few days ago extended to Marylebone Station, one of the great London terminals. As the passengers poured out from incoming trains military and civil police sorted the crowds, and passing men obviously over military age marched the suspects into a corral. When batches of thirty were collected in the corral they were marched through the streets guarded by constables to the police station. Top-hatted city men they were for the most part and many were able to satisfy the authorities at once as to their right to be at large. These were allowed to go to their offices. Others who were not carrying their papers were allowed to telephone their offices and homes, and during the morning relief parties with the necessary papers arrived at the police station. At noon there were still about fifty men detained, some in the policemen's canteen, others in the waiting-rooms, and one by one these were released as they satisfied the authorities by their names and addresses. Others were taken and the local police communicated with. If the particulars were found correct these were also released pending inquiries.

The morning trains to Marylebone bring many city men to work and many protests were raised against the delays caused. Several newspapers publish articles declaring against these methods, which The Star and Daily News liken to German Zabernism.

Pewter-Nosed Shell.

Lt. R. C. Edmunds is home from the front. He brought with him an interesting series of battle-front souvenirs, including a German steel helmet, gas respirator, and an assortment of shell parts. A significant feature of the display is the new pewter-nosed shell, which the Lieutenant says was being freely used by the Germans when he left France. It was taking the place of the steel and brass-nosed shells, and is evidently the result of necessary economy in the use of the harder and more precious metals.

Lieut. Edmunds is a Huntsville boy, who gave up a position at the Ottawa Mint to enlist as a private. His promotion was earned in the trenches. He was wounded in eight places by shrapnel, and is home on furlough. Mrs. Edmunds accompanies him.

When the "Corpse" Walked.

Sir John Henniker Heaton used to preface a favorite story of his by explaining how, at Monte Carlo, when the body of a suicide was found in the grounds attached to the Casino, the officials always put money in his pocket so that it should not be said that poverty through gambling had caused his death.

One day a man rose from the tables muttering "Ruined! Ruined!" went outside, let off a revolver, and fell to the ground.

The officials pushed banknotes into his pockets at once. Soon after the corpse got up and returned to the rooms, using the official money in a further attempt to break the bank.

Invites Tenants Out.

"If any of you go to Canada I hope you will give me a call. You will find a hearty reception awaiting you," said the Duke of Devonshire to a gathering of his tenants at Penrith vicarage.

BELOVED BY JACK'S WI[illegible]

Lady Maud Warrender's Wonderful Voice.

"As a sailor's wife I want to help and comfort other sailors' wives who are in trouble," said Lady Maud Warrender, wife of Sir George Warrender, Naval Commander-in-Chief at Plymouth. And Lady Warrender has spared no effort to do what she can on behalf of the dependents of the men who are so silently and splendidly protecting the sea-girt island.

If fate had not made her what she is, Lady Warrender would have shone as a prima donna. As it is, she is one of the most brilliant musicians of the day, the Royal Family being among the most sincere admirers of her talent. Lady Warrender is never happier than when giving her services on behalf of deserving charities. At Devonport, where she lives at Admiralty House, she goes regularly to the meetings for sailors' wives at the Royal Sailors' Rest, and sings to the women all sorts of homely songs, in addition to helping in the organization and development of schemes for their benefit.

"She is a lady in the real sense of the word," is the remark one often hears among the women of Devonport. "We love to listen to her singing."

Lady Warrender has had many distinguished audiences. There was an occasion when she sang in St. Paul's Cathedral before a specially invited audience. On another occasion she sang with Mme. Melba in a duet, while frequently she has given selections at Sandringham and Buckingham Palace. But no company appreciates her talent more than the sailors' wives at Devonport, while Lady Warrender herself has confessed that she desires no better audience.

There was an element of romance about her marriage with Sir George Warrender in 1894. One of five sisters, including the beautiful [illegible]ess of Mar and Kellie and Evelyn Baring, Lady Maud Ashley, as she then was, elected to marry a junior officer in the navy. The match was purely a love one, for her husband was without any brilliant financial prospects. Then a series of unforeseen occurrences altered the young couple's fortunes, and 15d to Captain Warrender's succession to the family baronetcy. Lady Warrender found herself suddenly transformed into mistress of Bruntsfield House, one of the most charming places near Edinburgh. Since then she has never failed to use her wealth and position for the benefit of any good cause that appealed to her.

Not to Be Pitied.

In a letter to the Rev. Alex. White of Renfrew, Lance-Corp. Oliver Denman of Sault Ste. Marie, who recently received the Distinguished Conduct Medal for rescuing an officer under rifle fire, on the western front, says in part:

"I'm glad you write so optimistically. I like letters like that. I hate the 'pity-you-poor-boys' stuff. We aren't to be pitied, rather to be envied, by the unfit and too old. What wouldn't some of the old boys give to be able to lift their way through a recruiting station and be on the way to this row? Not that the pace and manner of living doesn't soon eliminate the weak; it does.

"The survival of the fittest, the law of the primeval, is the law of the land. But although physical strength is a great boon mental strength is the mainstay. Control of nerves, imperturbability under terrific shocks and sudden surprises are worth more than tons of muscle. Samson, with all his muscles, couldn't get out from under the falling buildings. 'Get out from under'—that's the main thing. You hear the drone or whine of a shell coming, then its 'get out from under,' and heavy muscles will not avail if you haven't got perfect control.

"Believe what Kitchener said: 'Three years.'"

Roumania in Line.

Roumania's action in prohibiting the sale and consumption of alcoholic liquors follows the lead of many of the European countries now at war, including Russia, France, and Great Britain.

Russia, the first belligerent country to place a ban on alcohol, abolished the liquor traffic by Imperial decree at the outbreak of the war. As a result of this prohibition the sale of intoxicants in Russia fell within a year and a half from nearly a billion roubles to approximately four per cent. of that sum. The four per cent. consisted largely of the sale of liquors for medical purposes.

In Great Britain restrictions were placed on the sale of liquor in the munitions areas. The sale of intoxicants in licensed houses is permitted for only four hours a day, and six months' imprisonment and a fine of $500 is the penalty for contravening the regulations.

In France wine shops are forbidden to sell any form of alcohol before noon. Sales to women and children are barred at any hour.

For Prisoners' Comfort.

The Duchess of Connaught's Prisoners of War Fund has now contributed nearly $20,000 towards providing comforts and necessaries for prisoners in the German camps. Recent contributions to the fund include $1,000 from Lady Hendrie of Toronto, and $200 from the Canadian Professional Golfers' Association.

Just Thought of It.

A certain English Lord Mayor who was often breezily unconventional in his speech was presiding at a dinner one evening, and as the second course was being served he suddenly jumped to his feet and exclaimed: "D—— it, gentlemen, we neglected to say grace!"

To Re[illegible]—$500 [illegible] one penny a head [illegible]

The War Office has [illegible] to the Lewisham [illegible] for soldiers statio[illegible] will mean $500 [illegible]

January Sale

of

WINTER GOODS

Felt Boots for everybody that wishes to keep their feet warm.

Heavy rubbers for men and boys.

Two Ladies' Cloth Coats with fur collars
" Men's " " " } Any or All at
" Rat lined Coats, Persian Lamb collars } Bargain Prices

Two pair of ladies' snow shoes and a large selection of men's mittens at greatly reduced prices.

A. Kincaid's THE BUSY CORNER

THE

North Hastings Review

IS PUBLISHED

THURSDAY MORNING

AT THE

REVIEW PRINTING OFFICE, MADOC, ONT

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—One dollar and a half per year; one dollar per year, if paid in advance, or within thirty days.

No paper will be stopped until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher. A notice to discontinue has been made. Subscribers wishing their address should immediately notify the publisher, giving old and new address. Subscribers outside the limits of the County of Hastings in advance.

ADVERTISING RATES.—Transient advertising, Legal Notices, Public Notices, Public Meetings, Municipal Advertisements, etc., inserted at the rate of 10 cents per line Nonpareil measure for the first insertion and 3 cents per line for each subsequent insertion. All advertisements of this class measured from rule to rule, and by the scale of solid Nonpareil, 12 lines to the inch.

Business advertisements of Estray Stock, Notices Lost, Found, or For Sale, Teachers Wanted, Situations Wanted, Help Wanted, To Rent, Business Chances, and others of a like character not exceeding 12 lines Nonpareil, inserted at the rate of 50 cents for first insertion and 25 cents for each week afterwards. Ads. of this class cannot be paid in advance.

Any notice, the object of which is to promote the pecuniary benefit of any individual or corporation is considered an advertisement and charged as such.

Notices of Births, Deaths and Marriages will be charged at the rate of 25c. per insertion.

A. H. WATSON, Proprietor

MADOC, JANUARY 4, 1917

(Nominations continued from page 1)

self some credit for securing the school and also for the healthy financial condition it was in.

Mr. Thompson spoke of the unsatisfactory state of affairs in the town and claimed that if he was informed right, the Magistrate, Mr. Casement, was out of his place. He had been informed that he was out hunting for business and evidence. How can a Magistrate judge impartially that takes part in working up a case? Mr. Thompson said that we lived by the business of the country people and the present Government was driving the people away. If a farmer came into town and the tail light on his car happened to be out, perhaps it was jarred out by going over some of the crossings, he was pulled up and fined. The people of Madoc are not looking for money from such source to swell the coffers and try to make the accounts balance. Mr. Thompson said as a citizen he was not satisfied with the treatment accorded Jos. Montgomery. A great many voices from the audience shouted, no body else is. He said we all know the Montgomery family. They worshiped here at the church on the hill. Old Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery were respected by everybody. The family spent all their money here, they paid their way and were a hard working family. I never yet heard of them trying to beat any body and after Walter was murdered, Joe was arrested. What was the charge against him? A normal charge of vagrancy. He was committed down under here in a cell that never was intended to keep anyone but a drunk over night or long enough to sober up. Joe. Montgomery was kept in this place for eight or ten days and then in his weakened condition was asked to sign a paper that he was satisfied to stay here in preference to Belleville jail. If we can believe the statement of the County Constable sent up to draw a diagram of the cell for the benefit of the Jury in Belleville, the conditions that prevailed in that cell were unbelievable. Mr. Thompson said if the true murderer of Walter Montgomery is ever found out, two men in Madoc will sweat, the Magistrate who committed Joe. Montgomery to that cell and the Reeve who allow such conditions to prevail.

Mr. Thompson condemned the Reeve for not being aggressive enough in extending a welcome to returned heroes and claimed that a committee of the town had to wait on him and drag him out at the eleventh hour to extend such a welcome. He also said that the flag on the town hall represented the citizens of Madoc and when the first boy from Madoc made the supreme sacrifice fighting for our liberties, fighting to make it possible for us to keep the flag moving on top of the town hall, it was not lowered at half mast and I am told that when he, Mr. Tufts was asked in the afternoon why this was not attended to, he said he had not the time. I want to say Mr. Tufts was not representing the citizens of Madoc.

Mr. Thompson referred to a special [illegible] claimed that Mr. [illegible] of $50.00 of the town[illegible] learn to finance the town, but had completely failed. Thompson said he had been informed that Mr. Tufts was trying to get his party to stand by him. He, Thompson had always voted Conservative in Dominion and Provincial elections but he had never been accused of being unfair in Municipal affairs. He had no quarrel with those that differed with him; in politics it is necessary to have two parties but the main thing is fairness. Has Mr. Tufts been fair to his own party? Some years ago, through Mr. Cross's influence, he was appointed a J. P. Later he was appointed census enumerator, a good fat job. You would have thought this would have satisfied him and he would have some thought of other members of his party but he moved into town and there was a Dominion election. He again was appointed Returning Officer. Who was getting all these for him? Did you ever know of a job since that he is not after? The rest of his party get the promises, Mr. Thompson said if he decided to stand for the Reeveship and was elected he would attend the Municipal Association and try and get them to ask the Government to change the Act. At present the borrowing powers of a municipality is based on its expenditures. In my opinion it should be on its receipts. If I can get this passed it will prevent any man or any body of men from again plunging the village into debt so that it will be necessary to levy 11½ mills extra in one year.

To the Electors of the Township of Madoc

I wish to extend to you my thanks for polling up such a splendid majority for the office of Deputy Reeve of your township. I can assure you that your interests will be my first consideration. Wishing you all a happy and prosperous New Year.

Yours very respectfully,
WM. HENRY KELLS.

Hart's School

The following is the Honour Roll for December.

Jr. IV—Thomas Feeney, W. Nixon.
Sr. III.—W. Evans.
Sr. II.—A. Tanner, P. Tanner, J. Nixon.
Sr. I.—M. Feeney, H. Huffman, H. Bouck.
Jr. I.—B. Evans, L. Laton, E Woode, B. McCaffrey.

I. J. Whytock, Teacher.

Stoney Settlement

Our teacher Miss Coulter has returned to her home and we are sorry to here she is not coming back again.

Mrs. C. Gunter and two children, Muriel and Clifford, spent Christmas with friends at Coe Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Roberts, received the sad news that their son, W. Roberts, who is at the front, is missing.

Miss Coulter had a Christmas tree for her scholars on Friday, December 22nd which was enjoyed by old and young.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Parks, of Rimington, spent Christmas with Mr. S. Spencer.

Much sympathy is felt for Mr. and Mrs. Joe Burr over the loss of their little daughter, Ethel, aged two and a half months

Eldorado

Beulah Wiley, who spent Christmas week with Mr. and Mrs. S. Fox, returned to her work Saturday.

The Christmas tree at Fox's was a unique success. The teachers, Misses Singleton and Scammill, rendered many helpful selections and deserve praise for the time they have spent in training the children. The superintendent, Wm. Holmes, spent many hours with the children and much of the success was due to him. The proceeds were $38.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Jones are taking in a wedding at Warkworth.

A quiet wedding took place at the home of John Empey on December 27th when their oldest daughter, Blanch, was married to Isaac Blakely, Rev. Thos. Wallace officiating.

Glad to see Mrs. M. Vandervoort is able to be out again.

Coughs

Hard coughs, old coughs, tearing coughs. Give Ayer's Cherry Pectoral a chance. Sold for 70 years.

Ask Your Doctor. Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass., U.S.A.

THE LAST JUDGMENT.

As It Is Hourly Depicted by the Clock of Beauvais Cathedral.

The clock of Beauvais cathedral is said to be composed of 92,000 separate pieces. One sees on the fifty-two dial plates the hour, the day, the week and the month; the rising and setting of the sun, phases of the moon, the tides, the time in the principal capitals of the world, together with a series of terrestrial and astronomical evolutions.

The framework is carved oak, eight meters by five meters, or twenty-six feet by sixteen and a quarter feet.

When the clock strikes all the edifice seems in movement. The designer wished to depict the last judgment. This wonderful work realizes the clock of Strassburg and is of modern construction. It is the work of a Beauvaisian, M. Verite, who was in the engineering department of the Nord railway and who died in 1887.

As the striking begins the cock crows, angels sound a trumpet at the four cardinal points, imitation of flames appears from the openings of little steeples right and left. A soul, that of the impenitent thief, appears before the Supreme Judge. It is condemned, "a l'enfer," and a demon armed with a pitchfork seizes it and casts it into the abyss. Next comes the soul of the just. The angels advance and conduct it to the realms of day, sacred strains being heard.—London Chronicle.

PERSIA'S SORROWFUL TREE.

It Blooms Only at Night and Appears Withered In Daytime.

In faroff Persia there grows a shrub which is called the sorrowful tree. Another name for this tree is the night jessamine or the sad tree. The reason why it is called the sad or sorrowful tree is because it blooms only at night.

When the first star appears in the sky the first bud opens on the wonderful tree. As the evening advances the buds open more rapidly until the tree is covered with a delicate bloom and it appears like one vast flower. The bloom is quite fragrant and the odor is like the perfume of the evening primrose. As the stars begin to grow dim and the dawn approaches the flowers begin to fade, and by the time the sun has risen not a flower can be found on the tree.

During the hours of daylight the tree appears to be withering as if it had been injured in some manner, but in reality it is simply regaining strength in order to put new blossoms on the following night.

This tree is held in high esteem by the natives of the country where it grows and is looked upon as a curiosity by florists throughout the world. When cut down these trees send up sprouts from the roots that will mature into a flowering tree in a very short time.—Apples of Gold.

Macready's Caustic Reply.

A scapegrace baron pawned the coronet he had worn at the coronation of Queen Victoria. Having a slight acquaintance with Macready, the tragedian, he wrote to the actor offering to sell the pawn ticket and suggesting that the redeemed item of headgear would be an interesting theatrical "property." Macready replied with characteristic sarcasm that if the thing had been owned by a nobleman of mark who had got into straitened circumstances he would have favorably considered the application. But he did not think his stock of "properties" would be improved by the addition of a gilded coronet that had been worn by a numskull and pawned by a profligate.

Lion Signs in England.

Lions have always been and are now very favorite signs in England—lions white, black, red, brown, golden, yellow-red being the most common. Probably the Red Lion originated with the badge of John of Gaunt, duke of Lancaster, who married the daughter of Don Pedro, king of Leon and Castile, and who adopted the lion rampant gules of Leon to represent his claim to the throne. Under Richard and John lions became the settled arms of England and were generally used by those who could find any claim.—London Mail.

To Make Red Ink.

Red ink is easily made by amateurs who follow this recipe: Get a one ounce bottle and see that it is perfectly clean and dry. Place in it one teaspoonful of aqua ammonia, gum arabic the size of two peas and add six grains of carmine. Fill up the bottle with clear soft water, and after standing a little while it will be fit for use.

Medical.

"The farmer said that one of his little pigs was sick, so I brought it some sugar."

"Sugar! What for?"

"For medicine, of course. Haven't you ever heard of sugar cured hams?"

A Modest Ambition.

"Working hard these days, I see."

"Yep."

"Trying to climb the ladder of success, eh?"

"Just high enough to catch up with the cost of living."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

His Biggest Mistake.

"What was the biggest mistake you ever made?"

"Thinking I was too foxy to make a big mistake."—Cleveland Leader.

Not a Representative.

Mrs. English—Is your husband a representative American?

Mrs. U. S. A.—No, indeed! He's a senator!—Life.

Bring Us Your Holiday Kodak Films.



Our finishing department will get the most from every exposure and we will gladly assist you to still better future results.

Full Stock of Kodaks and Supplies.

G. F. Maybee.

Hymeneal

A very pretty nuptial event was solemnized at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Sager, Queensboro, Wednesday evening, Decemler 27th, at 6 o'clock, when their only daughter, Miss Carrie, became the bride of Mr. Bruce Leslie, son of Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Leslie, formerly residents of Madoc township, but now resident at Glen Leslie, in the Peace River country.

Rev. W. Merrick, the family pastor, tied the nuptial knot. The happy couple were unattended. Little Miss Doris Barr, of Hamilton, made a charming flower-girl and Miss Marion Love added to the joy of the occasion by a beautiful rendering of the wedding march. The bride looked the very picture of joy and sweetness in her bridal gown of white silk with pearl trimmings.

After a honeymoon trip in which they will visit Belleville, Toronto and Hamilton friends, the young couple will leave about January 15th for their home at Glen Leslie, near Grand Prairie, Peace River District, where Bruce has large land holdings.

That the bride has a wide circle of friends was attested by the fine array of presents which she received. Among these were seven good-sized cheques. The groom's gift to the bride was a necklace and pendant, to the flower-girl a pearl ring and to the pianist a fountain-pen.

Their many friends unite in wishing them a long and happy life.

Springbrook

The members of St. Mark's Church, Bellview, gave an entertainment in the Orange hall here on the 21st. The program was good and the attendance large.

On the 22nd the S. School of Springbrook held their annual Christmas entertainment in the Orange Hall. The day was very stormy and did not promise a very large attendance and coming immediately after the Bellview concert, the prospect was not bright, still it was fairly successful, the receipts being $25.58.

Mr. Fitzgerald spent his Christmas at Ottawa visiting friends.

J. R. Tanner had almost a complete family reunion on Christmas day, the whole family except one son in Saskatchewan being at home.

Dr. Wellman has had an addition to his family, another son.

—Paper napkins, 4dozen for 10 cents at the Review Office.

The North Hastings

Board of Agriculture

Has arranged through the Provincial Department of Agriculture for a series of meetings on the following dates and places:

For 1917

Moira Town Hall,	January	11
Ivanhoe Orange Hall	"	12
Madoc Town Hall	"	13
Queensboro Orange Hall	"	15
Eldorado Town Hall	"	16

Afternoon and evening sessions at 2 and 8 p.m.

SPEAKERS:

W. C. Shearer, Bright, Ont.; T. W. Clark, Brantford; A. D. McIntosh, Dis. Rep. of Stirling, will address the meetings.

All speakers are live agriculture men and the subjects under discussion will be thoroughly discussed.

See large posters for further particulars.

Jas. Kincaid, President. Henry Kells, Vice-President.

F. A. Comerford, Secretary, Eldorado.

Just Arrived

Soldiers' Fine Dress Boots

These Boots are the same as last year both in quality and price.

Call in and inspect them for yourself.

G. C. MOON

We are CHAMPIONS

in the Clothing Game. If you doubt us drop in and try on an

ART TAILORED



Cold weather brings out the overcoats. Let yours be a good one.

ART CLOTHES
COOK BROS. & ALLEN LIMITED

Suit or Overcoat

GEORGE WEST

Vinol

$1.04 Per Bottle.

Vince's Popular Drug Store

TRY
The Ludbrook Shoe Store
For

Leather and Canvas Leggins, knee Rubber Boots, Rubber Boots with leather tops, also felt and felt lined boots for men, women and children.

The above goods will be sold at right prices.

—WANTED—A Maid for two people, Toronto. A small house, good home, light. Salary to begin with $12 a month and increase as circumstances warrant. Apply at this office. 43-tf

Cleaning, Pressing, Repairing

The undersigned is prepared to do French Dry Cleaning, Pressing and Remodelling of Ladies' and Gents' Garments at reasonable prices. Upstairs, one door north of Rior-don's Drug Store.

MISS S. BAKER



What's the Use of Missing So Much Pleasure that you Could Have ?

YES, you can live without music and brightness and happiness and friends. But why should you, when these things cost so little and mean so much ?

Lots of people, who said they "could do without an Edison Phonograph," before they owned one, now say they "could not do without it"—it has brought so much pleasure into their lives.

The appeal of the New Edison is universal. To those who love good music—to those who enjoy most the old airs—to those who prefer instrumental music—to the younger set and even to the children—the New Edison is a daily source of pleasure and recreation.

Great singers—famous actors and entertainers—bands, orchestras and instrumentalists—are ready to entertain you when you will.

And the prices for Edison Phonographs and Edison Records are so moderate—the variety is so great—that there can be no question as to our ability to suit you. What's the use of missing so much pleasure ? Get 54

The NEW EDISON
DIAMOND AMBEROLA

THE J. M. GREENE MUSIC CO. LIMITED, MADOC, Ont.

HOME NEWS GOSSIP

Mr. Harry Stinston is the guest of Miss C. Nicholson.

The strength of the 254th Battalion is now about 250 men.

—For Sale.—Piano, good as new, worth $325, for $150. John Reeves.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Latimer, of Peterboro, spent the holidays in town.

Lieut. Duffin has returned after an absence on ten days' duty elsewhere.

—Royalite Oil, 20c gal. delivered to any part of town. G. A. Rollins.

Miss Keitha Heyworth, of Toronto, has been spending the holidays here.

—Wanted—Lands carrying minerals. J. C. Fowle, Mining Engineer, Madoc.

Mr. Arthur Horton, of Toronto, has been the guest of Miss Mary McGhee

Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Sherwin, Hillier, spent a few days with friends at Ivanhoe.

Miss Mary Dougan is visiting her brother, Mr. Albert Dougan at Ivanhoe.

Mr. Harry Connor and family, of Marmora, spent a couple of days in town.

Mr. Seawood, of Stittsville, is now engaged on the staff of the Dominion Bank.

Mrs. Jeffrey, of Toronto, is the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. O'Flynn.

—The Electric Vacuum Cleaner now 30 cents per hour. Phone 61. John Burkitt. 1-3

Mr. T. H. Thompson, Reeve of Madoc, is absent this week judging cheese in Napanee.

Mr. and Mrs. A. MacGregor and son, Gordon, of Napanee, spent the holidays in town.

Mr. E. Sandford, of Minneapolis, is the guest of Mrs. Bowen and other Madoc friends.

Miss Lizzie Henthorne, of Peterboro, was a New Year's guest of her sister, Mrs. A. McBain.

—Wanted—Elm and heading for cheese boxes. Custom sawing in spring. G. R. Jones. 1-3

Mrs. Walter Dingman and two children, of Neepawa, Man., are renewing acquaintances in town.

Mrs. A. Ludbrook, of Deseronto, spent New Year's the guest of her son, W. S. Ludbrook, in town.

Mrs. A. Moon, who has been ill, intends spending the next two months with her sisters in Madoc township.

Mrs. Clarke and Miss Cora, of Belleville, have been the guests of the former's daughter, Mrs. J. E. Minns.

Mrs. Frank Kelly, accompanied by her niece, Miss Dora Rath, spent the past week in Tweed, guests of friends.

—Regular meeting of Oakdale Rebekah Lodge on Friday, January 5th. Installation on Friday, January 19th.

The total strength of the Madoc Platoon of the 254th Battalion up to the time of going to press is 30 strong.

Mr. Ross Farrell, of Belleville, spent his vacation visiting his grandmother, Mrs. C. Harris, and other relatives in Madoc and vicinity.

—Found.—On the street in Madoc about Dec. 22 a child's white Muff. Owner can have same by applying at this office and paying for this advt.

Miss Mabel McKnight, nurse in training at the General Hospital, Toronto, spent Christmas with her sister, Mrs. A. Dougan, Ivanhoe.

Miss Martha Hart has been visiting friends in Campbellford and Stirling. She was accompanied home by her friend, Miss Ida Sharpe, of Campbellford.

The skating rink opened again for the season on Saturday night with a good attendance. The rink is again under the supervision of Mr. Bruce Embury.

—Reduced rates at the Ludbrook Studio are in full swing. Now is your opportunity to get a 15 per cent. reduction on all half and cabinet size, including a nice selection of beautiful folders. Don't neglect this opportunity.

Make sure you sign your National Service Card this week.

The 254th Band are making a tour of the northern part of the county this week.

Services in St. John's church will be as follows on Sunday, January 7th, 1st Sunday after Epiphany, 11 a.m., Holy Communion and sermon; 2.30 p.m., Crookston; 7 p.m., evening prayer and sermon.

Miss A. Pritchard, of Ithica, N.Y., on her return journey from visiting friends in the north, spent a couple of days in Madoc, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. H. Price.

Messrs. D. W. Bird, Albert and William were suddenly called to Standish, Mich., to visit their brother, John T., who has been very sick but is now much improved.

Mr. Ernest Reid, who has been in attendance at the Dental College, Toronto, for the second term, spent the holidays with his parents at Springbrook, also renewing acquaintances in town.

—Miss Cross will entertain the M. W. Patriotic League on Tuesday, Jan. 9th, at 3 p.m. Afternoon tea will be served. All are welcome.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Kelly, Mrs. Kelly, sr., Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Huffman, Misses Carrie Love, Ethel and Sylvia Richmond and Stella Bowen spent New Years at the home of Mr. F. Bouck, Alexandria factory.

To enable the farmer to secrue larger returns for his labour, greater convenience and comfort, such as he should have is the aim of The Farmer's Weekly Sun, the most helpful farm paper published in Ontario. You can do your part by becoming a subscriber. The Sun is essentially the paper of the Ontario Farmer. He will find its market report invaluable.

In the contest for the Deputy Reeveship of Madoc township on Monday W. H. Kells defeated F. A. Comerford by a good majority. The vote taken on the Statute Labor question was carried by a small majority in favor of the old system.

The following was sent to a Madoc friend :—Bramshott Camp, Dec. 9th, 1916, Remains of Madoc Platoon,—We undersigned had the pleasure of tasting your cake and candies. Returned filled with holly, all agreed—fill up again. Sgts. G. and L. Bassett, Corps. W. McCoy, W. Vincent, W. Hart, W. Hawthorne, Ptes. W. Taylor, C. T. Allt, R. Campbell, C. McCaw, R. F. Brady, J. R. Brady, M. Weese, R. West, K. Whytock.

Mr. W. H. Tummonds, of London, Eng., a returned soldier, accompanied by his wife, arrived in Madoc last week, where they intend to make their home. Mr. Tummonds has opened up a veterinary office on Durham street, over Clark's produce store, and is prepared to attend to all cases pertaining to diseases of horses. Mr. Tummond's is a graduate of Ontario Veterinary College, Toronto, and comes highly recommended as a competent Veterinary Surgeon. During his career as a soldier he served as a Lieutenant with the Imperial Army in Gripley, Egypt and France.

The first session of the Town Council for 1917 will take place in the Council Chamber on January 8th. There will be some interesting subjects taken up by the newly elected city dads. With the number of industrial proposals it is to be hoped that the new Council will give all matters pertaining to the interests of the town their due consideration. There never was a time in the history of Madoc when a Council can give so much assistance to bringing and developing business matters as has been proposed during the past week.

Correction

In our report of Councillors elected by acclamation for Madoc township in last week's issue the name of Jas. Kincaid appeared as one of the Council. We have been informed that this was an error and the name of Harry Jones, of Eldorado, should have appeared.

Madoc Women's Institute

The December meeting of the Madoc Women's Institute was held at the Armouries on Decemuber 29th with an attendance of 15. This was largely a business meeting and reports were given from the different departments of the Christmas market. All bills presented were ordered paid. Mrs. Christie reported three boxes sent to sick and wounded soldiers. An appeal for socks for French soldiers was received pleading a scarcity of woollen yarn. This was laid over for the time. It was moved, seconded and carried that Mrs. Connor, Mrs. T. Tumelty and Mrs. Watson be appointed Sock and Yarn Committee. The delegate's report of the Convention in Toronto was postponed until next meeting. Mrs. Blue kindly invited the members of the Institute to meet at her home in January, Mrs. W. Waytock to assist.—Secretary.

—Waxed paper for wrapping parcels to soldiers and Christmas gifts can be had at the Review office for 7c. a package.

For Coughs and Colds

try Nyal's Syrup of Tar and Cod Liver Oil Compound.

A valuable remedy for Coughs and Colds, Bronchitis and all imflamed and irritated conditions of the throat and bronchial tubes

W. R. Rierdon, Druggist, Madoc
PHONE 73

Up-to-Date Machine Shop

Having one of the most complete and up-to-date Machine Shops in Hastings County, I am now prepared to do machine work of all description, such as repairing Sawing Machines, Gasoline Engines, Threshing Outfits, Threading Bolts, Pipes, etc., and in fact anything that needs expert workmanship and up-to-the-minute machinery.

Give Us A Call And Be Convinced

We also cater to the Autoists and have a full line of Auto Accessories on hand. Our Bowser Gasoline Tank is always ready to supply your wants.

AGENCY FOR THE McLAUGHLIN MOTOR CAR

P. H. NAYLER

Machine Shop and Garage Phone 88 Opposite Bine's Hotel, Madoc

The New Year is with us again.

Because of the External Hope which it brings with it, we wish all our Friends and Customers a Happy and prosperous New Year.

Although many families have their boys far from them and facing danger, we can unite with each other and with them in best wishes for the season and we sincerely hope that the Prince of Peace may soon banish war and grant us Everlasting Peace.

Vandervoort Bros.

M. VANDERVOORT, Mgr.
Eldorado, Ont.

Active Service Wrist Watches

These fine Wristlet Watches have proven their reliability under the most trying circumstances. They can be had in Gold Filled, Silver or nickle cases. Some are fitted with luminous dials, figures and hands, which show the time on the blackest nights.

In Silver Cases, $7.00 to $11.00
Nickle Cases, $6.00 to $9.50
Gold Filled Cases, $8.50 to $13.

Geo. Maybee

Bring McIntosh's Right to Your Door

What could be more convenient for the people of Madoc than the telephone, which virtually brings the McIntosh store right to your door ? Simply telephone your orders to No. 16 and the goods will be delivered to you promptly.

No need to make a special trip down town, for you can shop quite as satisfactorily by phone. You know the quality and value of McIntosh's goods. You know the wide range there is to select from. If your purchases are not entirely up to your expectations, return them and your money will be refunded immediately.

You run no risk of disappointment or loss when you shop at McIntosh's.

Watch this space for our Special Sale after stock taking.

McINTOSH BROS.

We
SUIT
All Parties

With our Made-to-Measure tailoring we have a large assortment of winter woollens for your approval

When it comes to having your clothes

Cleaned and Pressed

try

D. W. RUTLEDGE



SKUNK

TRAPPERS—Get "More Money"

for Skunk, Fox, Muskrat, Raccoon, Mink, White Weasel, Fisher, Bear, Marten and other Fur Bearers collected in your SHIP YOUR FURS DIRECT to "SHUBERT'S" house in the World dealing exclusively in RAW AMERICAN FURS a reliable, responsible—safe Fur House with an unblemished reputation existing for "more than a third of a century," a successful record of sending Fur Shippers prompt, SATISFACTORY AND PROFITABLE returns. Write for "The Shubert Record" the only reliable, accurate market report and price list published.

Write for it—NOW—it's FREE

A. B. SHUBERT, Inc. 25-27 WEST ALLEN ST. Dept. 2345 CHICAGO, ILL.



SCHOOL days are anxious days for parents as well as for children.

At the most critical time in their lives girls, and boys, too, are subjected to the enormous nervous strain which examinations and excited ambition entail.

To many children this means nervous breakdown, with weakness of the digestive system, headaches, fainting spells, and a run-down condition, which makes them fit subjects for coughs, colds and contagious diseases.

The blood has become thin and watery, and the nerves are being starved, as is evidenced by weakness of the optic nerve and the necessity of wearing glasses

The rational treatment for this condition is Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. While gentle and natural in action, this food cure is wonderfully potent in restoring strength and vigor to the exhausted nervous system.

Experience with many thousands of cases has proven that this restorative treatment is just what pale, weak, nervous children need to build up their systems and to help them back to health and vigor.

Mrs. H. Houston, Highland Grove, Ont., writes: "While attending school my daughter became weak and very much run down. She was frequently troubled with bad fainting spells, and nothing we tried seemed to do her any good. We were advised to try Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and did so with most satisfactory results. I am pleased to tell you that after using five boxes of the Nerve Food she was completely cured, and has had no return of the fainting spells."

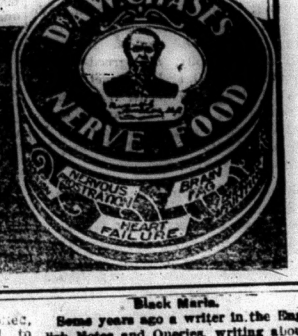
This statement is certified to by Mr. Hamilton Houston, J.P.

50 cents a box, 6 for $2.50, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

Do not be talked into accepting a substitute. Imitations disappoint.

532

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food



BRITAIN'S INVENTIVENESS.

Neutral Military Critic and Exploded German Legend.

Colonel Gabalonsky, of Switzerland, in an article on the destruction of four zeppelins in England, writes: "The bubble of German superiority in the technique of war has burst. German submarines have gained no successes, except in assassinating helpless non-combatants. In actual warfare the counter measures taken by the English have been far more wonderful and far more effective than anything which the Germans have done with their submarine vessels. In hunting and destroying German submarines the British naval authorities have displayed inventiveness and resource.

"Now it is the turn of the zeppelins. The English have been slow to move in this matter, but let us remember that during the last two years they have been so busy making guns and aeroplanes for the front that they have had no time to think of their own home defence against airships.

"In this sense their neglect to take these measures against zeppelins earlier in the war does them honor, because it sprang from a determination to send every available man, every available gun, every available flying machine, every shell to the front, instead of diverting any of these to the protection of England's own population. In this way the people of England, the stay-at-homes, contributed their 'bit' to the [illegible] of fighting Germany.

"But now things are changing. The output of guns and munitions hase increased and the stock of men has grown, so that measures can now be taken against zeppelins without injuring other war interests. The result we see. Zeppelins are brought to earth time after time, and their inherent worthlessness for real warfare is exposed.

"The one really new invention during the war is the 'tank,' and that stands to the credit of England. Let us get rid of the superstition that the Germans excel in inventiveness."

Woman Betrayed Spies.

A powerful sensation has been produced in Holland by the unearthing of a cleverly organized system of German espionage in that country. For many months past it has been a cause of perplexity that the movements of neutral ships, leaving Rotterdam were speedily made known to German patrols and that so many [illegible] quence have either been torpedoed or captured.

[illegible] mainspring of the system has been located. A German named [illegible]er, who was formerly British consul at Maasluis, has been [illegible] handing out information to [illegible] man, also a German, called [illegible]

This Hansen was able to [illegible] route of many ships to [illegible] Allies.

[illegible] destructive trea[illegible] multiplied, and they were compelled to add to their confederates, among whom was a woman, who, while trying to obtain information one day at Rotterdam about the passenger list of a steamer, the Batavier, aroused suspicion. She was shadowed immediately, and the lair of the nest of spies was eventually discovered.

The result has been that the ramifications of the system have been traced, and show that from one end of the country to the other Dinkzwager and his spies have been in constant communication with the Germans night and day for many months.

The Man Who Had Faith.

At Bourges, a sleepy French provincial capital well to the south of Paris, a captain of the French general staff reported at the local headquarters, writes Barton Blake in The Outlook.

This happened two years ago—late in August, 1914.

The captain of the general staff fell in with a group of officers, who were ignorant of the exact course of events. Their sole source of information was the official communique, and in those days things were happening fast.

The captain from headquarters acquainted his comrades with the situation as he saw it. In dark colors he painted a picture of the battle of Charleroi, of France invaded, of the lack of heavy artillery, and of reserve munitions, of the army of the republic in full retreat, of Paris menaced.

"What about the great general headquarters?" asked one of the disheartened officers at Bourges.

"At the end of their rope."

Another silence, then——

"And what does the boss say?" someone enquired.

"Joffre?" asked the captain of the general staff. The captain spoke in a frightened voice, as if he was uttering words of madness:

"Joffre? That man still believes that we'll win out!"

Where Men Are Cheap.

When earth embankment can be placed by man power at a cost of 3½ cents per yard it is evident that there is little use for excavating machinery in Chinese railway construction, even if that machinery cost no more in China than it does at the point of manufacture. Accordingly, in building the Canton-Hankau Railway, which according to the Engineering Record will be, in point of population served, one of the most important trunk lines in the world, mechanical equipment is used only where absolutely necessary, as on bridge work. On one of the larger bridges four caisson piers were sunk with air locks which contained their own hoisting engines, and the air compressors and boilers required for this work were the only plant used on the entire section.

Black Maria.

Some years ago a writer in the English Notes and Queries, writing about the name "Black Maria" as applied to prison vans, quoted from a periodical, presumably English, named the Million, as follows:

"During the old colonial days Maria Lee, a negress, kept a sailors' boarding house in Boston. She was a woman of gigantic size and prodigious strength and was of great assistance to the authorities in keeping the peace, as the entire lawless element of that locality stood in awe of her. Whenever an unusually troublesome person was to be taken to the station house the services of Black Maria, as she was called, were likely to be required. It is said that she once took at one time and without assistance three riotous sailors to the lockup. So frequently was her help required that the expression 'Send for Black Maria' came to mean 'Take the disorderly person to jail.' It is easy to see how the name became fixed to the prison van."

Size of the Roman Empire.

According to the historian Gibbon, the Roman empire "was above 2,000 miles in breadth, from the wall of Antoninus and the northern limits of Dacia to Mount Atlas and the Tropic of Cancer; that it extended in length more than 3,000 miles, from the western ocean to the Euphrates; that it was situated in the finest part of the temperate zone, and that it was supposed to contain above 1,000,000 square miles."

According to this, the Roman empire was considerably smaller than the United States, the area of which (leaving out Alaska and the islands) is nearly 3,000,000 square miles, or almost twice as big as was the empire of the Caesars.

Airships and Altitude.

There are two ways of measuring altitude in a flying machine. One is by triangulation from the ground, which is an involved operation, requiring the services of several trained experts in the calculation of angles from different points on a measured distance on the earth's surface. The second and usual way is by means of a barograph, which is a form of aneroid barometer that records altitude by means of atmospheric pressure. The latter method is not as exact as the former, but is more expeditious and is approximately correct.

Shop Talk.

"That Auger is a sharp fellow," remarked the Hammer to the Saw, "but he runs around an awful bit."

"Yes," replied the Saw slowly, gritting his teeth. "And what an awful bore he is!"—New York World.

Stefansson Describes Work That He Will Do In the Arctic Regions

VILHJALMAR STEFANSSON, the Arctic explorer, has written Rear-Admiral Peary a detailed outline of his plans for 1916-17 in order that Peary may give the Canadian Government the benefit of his advice if it should be deemed necessary to send a rescue expedition. The letter is dated "Cape Kellett, Banks Island, January 11, 1916."

Stefansson first reviews the rescue plans for 1914-15, and defends the Canadian Naval Service, saying:

"The chief reason for writing the present communication is that the attitude of the Naval Service towards the rescue proposals of 1914-15 seems to have been interpreted by some of my friends as showing a want of care on the part of the Naval Service for our welfare and a callousness of what was considered our dire distress. I should like to have this impression removed if possible. I consider myself as having ample evidence of the opposite, for they have looked after our interests with a constant, considerate thoughtfulness, much being what could be expected as a mere matter of official routine. The attitude of Mr. Hazen and the Government generally has been most satisfactory to me, and even members of the Opposition, such as Mr. Oliver, have concerned themselves actively about our welfare. Mr. Desbarats, under whose direct personal supervision the expedition is managed, I believe to be a friend of mine personally, and I am sure of his friendliness towards the expedition as an organization. He is, too, a man in whose judgment I have a good deal of confidence, and to whom I would willingly trust the planning of any rescue expedition should one become necessary.



VILHJALMAR STEFANSSON.

Stefansson's letter then continues:

"Our plans then are to finish the geographic program of the Karluk if we can. Essentially stated as a problem to be solved, we want to try to settle the question of whether there is a considerable land mass between Alaska and the Pole east of 150 degrees west longitude. From the point of view of work to be done I consider we should try to explore the area lying west, north-west, and north of the known Parry Islands as we can go. I now put the limits at 145 degrees west and 83 degrees north.

"If we should be able to complete this spring the work outlined above and should we then be able to connect with the Bear we would try to return south (home) the fall of 1916. But completing the Karluk program is the primary consideration this year; the fall of 1917 we shall, however try to come home in any event, and shall come by the Atlantic or Pacific route according to convenience. The northern section of this expedition will return home this year, and if we can we shall send home some members of the northern section also, who are not particularly needed. The details of this will depend on various things, but especially on ice conditions. A whaling ship may possibly touch here, so we can ship the men out that way, or either the Star or Sachs may take them out.

"If we have to stay a second year, as now seems likely, we would that year (1916-17) devote all our energies to the region west and north of our new land. That year, if not this, I hope to approach so near Macmillan's farthest, coming from the west, that we can demonstrate the presence or absence of Crocker Land."

Red-lined Heroes.

Whether good boys are committed to reformatories and industrial schools or not, good boys certainly come out of these institutions, as is shown by their splendid record of war service. Up to March last 30,000 such old boys were known to be in His Majesty's forces, and of these thirty-two have been "mentioned in despatches," four have been awarded the Victoria Cross, sixty-nine the D. C.M., eight the Russian Medal of St. George, three the French Medaille Militaire, one the Croix de Guerre, and nineteen have received commissions in the army.—London Chronicle.

Camel Riding in Egypt.

An officer of an Egyptian Camel Corps, now invalided home, tells a story current in Cairo how Lord Kitchener once described camel riding. "It's like a game of cup and ball," said he. "You throw the ball into the air and try to catch it in the cup. Well, when you ride a camel the brute plays cup and ball with you and misses nearly every time!"

FOR SPORTS.

Correct Garb For the Tennis Courts This Season.

Awning stripes have spread over into pongees and corduroys. This skirt, worn with a comfortable, short sleeved blouse of white linen, is made of wide striped black and white corduroy, the gaudy pockets being cut horizontally, with diagonal lids. The belt takes three novelty black and white buttons.



PLAY WITH ME?

ABOUT VEILS.

Up to Date Notes About This Feminine Accessory.

There seems to be a new fad in veilings almost every week. At least there is some novelty veiling displayed in the shops, whether it "takes" in the popular fancy or not.

For one thing, there is oriental veiling, sold by the yard. It is made with a plain, thin mesh at the top, and the lower half is a heavy figured mesh. Supposedly the heavy mesh covers the lower part of the face and the thin mesh covers the eyes.

Then there are tea veils—tiny veils, semicircular in shape—that cover the eyes and leave the mouth uncovered, so that one could drink tea while wearing such a veil, if need be. These come in various meshes, with border or all over designs. They are also made in lace.

Striped chiffon for automobile veils is a novelty. It is, of course, in keeping with all things in awning stripes. In pale violet and white it is especially pretty.

Touring veil is the name applied to the chiffon automobile veil with an inset of isinglass to cover the face. These veils are comfortable to wear on a long and dusty trip. There are holes for ventilation; but, even so, they are a bit warm. However, compared to the dust and wind sometimes encountered on a long motor trip, the warmth and security behind the isinglass are welcome.

Chenille dots, big ones, decorate a veil with square mesh that is very smart in appearance. The dots form a border design.

Round veils of lace that are spread over the entire hat, to fall in flaring ripples about the face, are much worn this summer. They are useless, of course, in keeping stray locks in place or adding to the general neatness of the appearance. But they help produce the flaring silhouette and are considered smart.

The woman who wishes a veil to keep the hair in place does well to buy veiling by the yard, in taupe, dull blue, violet, brown or black, with fine mesh and a loose all over design or a simple border.

Table Covers.

Chintzes and French cretonnes come in charming colors and in odd conventional designs. When squares or runners of these materials are bound in heavy gold galloon, no smarter effect could be asked for. Strips and squares of heavy crash bound with linen of a plain color or with a linen border buttonholed on are practical and good looking for camp or bungalow verandas.

The blue and white Japanese toweling is fresh looking and equally serviceable for summer table covers. The blue and white or red and white barred linen toweling, when finished with a white cotton fringe, makes smart covers for wicker tables when out of door teas and lunches are served.

Accuracy.

Irate Father—"It's astonishing, Richard, how much money you need."

Son—"I don't need it, father; it's the hotel-keepers, the tailors, and the taxicab men."—Tit-Bits.

RHEUMATISM W[illegible] MOST SEVE[illegible]

Dreadful Pains All The Time Until [illegible] Took "FRUIT-A-TIVES".



MR. LAMPSON

Verona, Ont., Nov. 11th, 19[illegible]

"I suffered for a number of yea[illegible] with *Rheumatism and severe Pains in Side and Back*, from strains and heavy lifting.

When I had given up hope of ev[illegible] being well again, a friend recommended "Fruit-a-tives" to me and *after using the first box I felt so much better* th[illegible] I continued to take them, and now am enjoying the best of heath, thank to your remedy".

W. M. LAMPSO[illegible]

If you—who are reading this—[illegible] any Kidney or Bladder Trouble, suffer with Rheumatism or Pain In Back or Stomach Trouble—give "Fruit-a-tives" a fair trial. This wonderful medicine will do you a world of go[illegible] as it cures when everything else fa[illegible]

50c. a box, 6 for $2.50, trial size, [illegible] At dealers or sent postpaid on rece[illegible] of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited Ottawa.

Wooden Sailing Vessels.

"It will be very interesting to s[illegible] how long the boom in the construction of wooden ships, particularly Canadian Atlantic ports and on the Pacific coast generally, will last. At the close of the war in Europe," comments the editor of Fairplay. "From Nova Scotia it is stated that there is a marked revival in this particular industry, and that at present there is in hand about double the tonnage which was under construction in the recent year. Several new yards have been opened for wooden shipbuilding, and, although the cost of construction is 40 per cent. more than it was five years ago, there is a steady demand for vessels to run in the high freights now ruling and in the prosperity of the fishing industry. A similar story comes from the Pacific coast. There the Legislature of British Columbia is considering a bill for the encouragement of shipping and shipbuilding and proposes to guarantee 55 per cent. of the actual cost of inaugurating shipbuilding, ship repairing, and docking plants in the province, the guaranteed interest on bonds to be six per cent.

"In the States, too, the future of the windjammer is considered promising, but many owners there favor the auxiliary motor. Eight large schooners have been ordered for United States yards by a New York firm, and they are all to have oil engines as auxiliaries. What makes it more as if there is a future for the ship are the facts that they are being designed by competent naval architects and are being classed—some of them at least—for fifteen years by the American Bureau of Shipping.

"With motors they may have quite a respectable lease of life, but ordinary sailers there will not, I am afraid, be much room for them when the steamers are once more free to roam the seas."—New York Journal of Commerce.

End of the Story.

"Oh, if I were only beautiful," she sighed artfully.

"I wouldn't care if I were you," said. "You are very intellectual and you have a sweet disposition. Besides you are nice to your mother, and all that is much better than being beautiful."

And he was never invited to see her again.—Pall Mall Gazette.

Happy Boys.

"The Smithers twins are so much alike that their own mother can't tell them apart."

"That must be rather confusing."

"It is, but the boys don't mind. Their mother never dares to whip either of them for fear it might be the wrong one."—Exchange.

Important.

"My dear, what shall I buy you for your birthday?"

"Consult our jeweler. He knows pretty well what my tastes are."

"And did you tell him anything about the state of my finances?"—Kansas City Journal.

MOTHER SUPERIOR

Says Vinol Creates Strength

Rosary Hill Home, Hawthorne, N. J. —"I have used Vinol for many run-down, weak or emaciated patients with benefit. One young woman was so weak and ill she could hardly creep to my door for aid. I supplied Vinol to her liberally and in a month I hardly recognized her. She was strong, her color charming and her cheeks rounded out."—Mother Alphonsa Lathrop, O. S. D.

We guarantee Vinol to sharpen the appetite, aid digestion, enrich the blood and create strength.

J. Will Vince, Druggist, Madoc, has the best druggists in all Ontario.



Hair with Life and Lustre

Nothing responds so readily to a little care as the hair. We all—men and women—are irritated when our hair becomes brittle, dry and colorless.

ADONIS HED-RUB

is an invigorating hair tonic which keeps the hair in excellent condition and is cooling and refreshing to the scalp. Barbers have been using it for years. They find it makes the hair thicker, softer and brighter in color. Adonis Hed-Rub contains no sediment or grease.

50C AND $1 SIZES.

For sale at All Druggists
Sovereign Perfumes, Limited
146-184 Brock Ave., Toronto.

YOUR....
PRINTING

It pays to catch the best trade—the money-spending trade. You can't catch money spenders with penurious or cheap looking printed matter. You must use attractive work—not necessarily expensive—that will catch your customer's eye and cause him to read it. Try an ad. in the

REVIEW

The knack of printing is the result of artistic insight into the "Art preservative of all arts." With us printing is not mechanical—we treat it as an art should be treated. To have

NEAT, STYLISH,
APPROPRIATE
PRINTING

is rapidly becoming the demand of the average business and professional man. We wish to assist you in making your printing just what you need. We will quote prices willingly, and will gladly call on and give all the assistance we can to those requiring special work.

FIRE

YOUR HOME, YOUR STORE,

might easily have a total or partial loss—sound business methods demand that you be prepared for such a calamity, the good old

Phoenix Insurance Co.
of Hartford, Conn.

is time tried and fire tested. Since organization it has paid losses of $81,617.128.80

Assets - $15,345.365
Surplus - $ 9,056.106.

Policies cost $2.00 and upwards. Consult me.

A. H. WATSON, Madoc — Local Agent.



For the Home.

Every week in the year something is needed for the home, something to eat or to drink, some new furniture or new clothes. The list is endless and the worry of the housewife is almost as endless, unless she uses intelligence and system in her purchases.

The advertising columns are intended for such harassed housekeepers. They contain real news that will help to ease her burden and settle her uncertainties. Certainly the advertisers expect to make money. Are they not entitled to it if they make life more comfortable for thousands?

Read the advertisements, with discrimination and intelligence. They will solve many a vexed question.

COPYRIGHTED 1914 — BEKLE SYNDICATE

The Typhoon

A Story of Japan

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Wendell had been in Japan a week when he decided to leave Nagasaki and make his headquarters in a tiny fishing village.

The motive came upon Ray Wendell the very day he decided to leave Nagasaki.

It came in the shape of a typhoon. Toward noon there was a cloud before the sun.

Everything portable was fastened as tightly as possible, and then all one could do was to pray for deliverance from the whirlwind.

Even the foreign population living in the substantially built hotels and large private residences recognized the signs of approaching storm.

A yellow light seemed to brood over the city. Birds flew restlessly among the trees and shrubs in the gardens, and mothers gathered their little ones into the house.

In the bazaars the boxlike counters were quickly telescoped, the stock in trade vanished as magically and only the swaying signboards and paper lanterns were left to rustle warning.

Wendell, walking toward the ticket office to see about reservations for his journey to the fishing village of his dreams, paused for a moment and looked down the street to the very end, where the busy thoroughfare became a jutting wharf—a choppy yellow gray sea, not a sail in sight and the shipping in the harbor rocking uneasily.

All at once the typhoon came screaming down the wind like a thousand furies let loose.

Frail roofs were lifted like paper and sailed through the air like huge kites.

Wendell gasped for breath and clung to a pole. His hat vanished and became one of other myriad flying objects. Furniture, clothing, uprooted trees, signboards, flew past at dizzying speed. People struggling against the wind turned and went with it, many to destruction.

Wendell, pausing at a corner, turned it to get away from that dizzy glimpse of the sea. He lost all sense of locations.

Dogs dodged under his feet. Paper umbrellas, whose owners had neglected to furl them, were torn to shreds and went swirling through the air like huge paper kites. Signboards danced and clattered overhead.

There were shrill screams as women fled toward their frail homes. Clogs clattered on the pavements and there were tinkling crashes of porcelain as shop windows blew in and devastated the stock of some luckless merchant.

Amid the eerie ringing of temple bells sounded the hoarse notes of warning whistles in the harbor. The cries of flying jinrikisha runners were lost in the pandemonium of sound.

Wendell wondered what he should do. He could not find his way back to the hotel, yet he must find some place of refuge and find it very soon.

When the blighting wind had passed over the city there might follow its aftermath—the tidal wave. Very likely the shops in the harbor were preparing to meet the shoreward thrust of the mighty waters.

Wendell tried to hail a rikisha man He might get back to the hotel. But every vehicle was filled and his call was unnoticed. He addressed one or two fleeing passersby. He offered money to be guided to the hotel. But his offers were ignored. The wind tore the words from his lips, and no matter which way he turned he met absorbed, fear set faces or fleeing blue cotton backs.

"I will go with the wind," he muttered savagely, and with this resolve in mind he swung around the next corner and with the wind at his back felt himself impelled with great velocity.

The street he was now on was free from shops and he could see glimpses of red tiled roofs among the cryptomarias in the gardens. Here the wind was tearing tiles from the roofs and lashing the trees to destruction.

Wendell saw a group of Japanese scudding down the street to some safety they had in mind. The street sloped sharply downward. Suddenly something flashed past the young American and he heard a girl's frightened cry.

It was a jinrikisha, with no sign of attendants, rolling wildly down the street. In the slight two wheeled vehicle sat a girl, gowned in white, with ruddy brown hair blowing back from her face—a white, staring face. She thrust out appealing hands to Wendell, and then the jinrikisha had borne her down the steep incline.

In an instant Wendell was after it, the wind that propelled the flying vehicle speeding his going. He had not dreamed that he could speed so swiftly, his feet barely touching the ground.

Strange things flew past him—lighter objects—and he feared for the girl's safety.

It was growing darker now, and there was an ominous hush.

The wind seemed to pause in its blowing as if catching breath for greater effort.

In that momentary stillness Wendell reached the flying jinrikisha and, passing it, caught up one of the poles of its shafts.

"It's all right now!" he called back

THE TOWN OF HENRIETTA

By F. A. MITCHEL

If one desires to see how fast the world is moving on let him spend a few weeks in a town that has stood still. In Henrietta—named for the Queen of Charles I. of England—the same social forms are in vogue that were current in 1800. And even then there was a semblance of the formality that existed in Baltimore when Miss Patterson married a brother of the great Napoleon. In introducing a friend to another the introducer would say, "I have the honor of presenting my friend Miss So-and-so of the old Virginia family of So-and-so's, who were prominent in the colony during the reign of Charles II." Indeed, there was no one in the place whose ancestors were not loyal subjects of one of the Stuart kings except a family of Stackpoles, who were tabooed because the founder of the family in America had been a fugitive regicide.

One morning a young couple arrived in Henrietta, evidently a bride and groom, and within an hour after their arrival had rented one of the houses that had been long vacant owing to the shrinkage of the population. The groom, nineteen years old, was a dignified young fellow for his age, the bride a rosebud three years his junior. He said very little, she a great deal. She was a regular chatterbox. She appeared to consider every one on earth her bosom friend. She would speak to any one on the slightest provocation and not trouble the person addressed to do any of the talking. So smiling, so unaffected, indeed, so charming was she that it is difficult to understand how, even in Henrietta, she could have been snubbed. But she was.

To such a person, outspoken in friendliness, a snub is like Jack Frost touching the petal of a flower. At first the little woman did not understand it, but when she had been frozen by several Henrietta ladies she began to wilt—that is, when she came in contact with any more of them she curled up like the sensitive plant.

Now, the Stackpole family, whose ancestor had been instrumental in cutting off the head of its sovereign, had always lived outside the charmed circle of Henrietta society. Consequently they could sympathize with one whose refinement entitled her to be in it, but who was not permitted to take her place there. At any rate, they called on the bride and invited her to tea. Then she fell ill, and they carried dainty things to her. They even insisted on taking her and her husband to their home, where they could make them more comfortable.

The little bride gladly accepted the invitation, and her husband was pleased to have her do so, especially since he dreaded to have her remain in such dilapidated quarters. As for himself, he remained where he was except when in attendance upon his wife. Of course everything the couple did was known and discussed. When it was learned that the groom had declined for himself the Stackpole invitation the most aristocratic lady in Henrietta remarked, "I believe that young man has royal blood in his veins."

One day a letter came for the bride and groom, and as soon after the young wife was able to travel the birds flew away. Many speculations had been rife as to where they had come from, and as soon as it was known that they had gone inquiries were made at the postoffice by one of the social magnates as to the postmark. When told that it was the seat of the federal government a tremor passed over the town.

For some time after the war Washington was tabooed by Henrietta as unworthy of notice. But when the first families of the south began to send their prominent sons to congress, the cabinet, the supreme court and other important positions Henrietta began to hunger for Washington. What if that young couple were the children of—perhaps a congressman? But the announcement that the letter was from the capital was a ripple beside a tidal wave when one of the Stackpole family was known to have received an engraved card stating that the Secretary of State and Mrs. —— would be pleased to see certain members of the Stackpole family at their residence in —— circle on a specified evening. There had been no such upheaval in Henrietta since the beheading of Charles I., when the town was a settlement in the primeval forest, as took place at this invitation. Nor was it lessened at Mrs. Stackpole senior's declaring that the groom who had lately been with them was the son of a senator and the bride the daughter of a cabinet officer. The youngsters had stolen away—almost from the nursery—to run away and be married.

The Stackpoles' attendance at a function at the house of the secretary of state wiped away the stain of regicidal blood. All Henrietta besieged them on their return to hear an account of the festivities, and the ice having been after three centuries broken, it did not again congeal.

Henrietta's last aristocratic maiden citizen died a few years ago, and the place has the appearance of the first settlement in America—Jamestown. A part of the church remains and some of the houses, but they are occupied by citizens of African descent. The bride and groom who sojourned there have settled down as elderly persons of social prominence in the capital.

Sir Gilbert Parker Has New Novel

It has always occasioned Canadians a certain feeling of pride to know that one of the few British novelists possessing a knighthood is Sir Gilbert Parker, a son of the Dominion. Every year, when he publishes a new story, the people of this country turn to the book with interest, especially when the scene of it happens to be Canada. Although Sir Gilbert Parker has occasionally strayed beyond Canadian borders for the scenes and the people of his stories, he has easily found his way back to the undoubted delight of his readers and presumably to his own satisfaction. He has written of England, of Egypt, of South Africa, and of other parts of the world, but it is of Canada alone that he is a master. If his novels and his stories have any lasting vigor in them it is because their origin and his are the same.

Ever since the days of the first popularity of "The Pomp of the Lavilettes" and "When Valmond Came to Pontiac," Sir Gilbert Parker has found his best and most frequent literary resource in the old-fashioned story of adventure. World politics and the problems of imperialism are not his forte, as he clearly manifested not long ago in "The Judgment House." He is thoroughly at home in describing those human passions that find their outlets in physical action. Tempests of the soul are also his to command, but they receive full value from his pen only when they are allied to tumults of the body. A census of the fights in fiction between men, and with women often involved, would disclose the fact that they are his favorite means for the expression of human turmoil. And there is no denying that from his earliest to his latest story they are very good fights that stir the reader's blood and draw forth his admiration for the descriptive skill of the novelist.

The most recent contribution of Sir Gilbert Parker to our literature is "The World for Sale." In this novel he sets his scene in the newer part of Canada which is so rapidly becoming the powerful heart of the British Empire in the West. The story starts with a reckless young woman running a dangerous rapids at low water in her canoe. She faints and is brought ashore by the hero, an efficiency expert in charge of the development of the district. The place is a spot in the North-West, where an old slow town and an enterprising new town face each other across a river. There is trouble of all kinds between them due to differences of race and of religion as well as industrial rivalry, which the hero tries to keep down. He is opposed by a dastardly and disreputable French Canadian. More trouble arises through their rivalry for the girl. She is the daughter of the chief of all the gypsies, who has come into the wilderness because he has promised that his daughter shall not belong to his people. He is followed up, however, by the son of the man he deposed, a wholly disreputable scamp, who insists on the observance of the child marriage between himself and the girl. She will not have him and the old man turns him out, whereupon he joins forces with the French Canadian. In a riot the hero is blinded, the girl nurses him, but he will not ask her to marry him till he can work for her. Then the girl is kidnapped by the gypsy, but is rescued in time. The hero recovers his sight, the old gypsy dies, the girl renounces her people and marries the hero.

It is true that this story will not add greatly to the laurels of Sir Gilbert Parker, but it is Canadian and good Canadian novels are not nearly so plentiful as we might wish them to be.

Quebec's Cotton Industry.

The textile industry, especially the manufacturing of cotton goods, has a big place in Quebec. At the big Valleyfield mills at Magog and Three Rivers plants are operating to full capacity. Many of them are wholly engaged in filling contracts for war materials. One remarkable exception was the Canadian Connecticut plant at Three Rivers, which, with its 1,200 hands, is working overtime producing its accustomed line of cotton lawns. One manufacturer explained that, without the aid of a single war contract, the cotton mills of Quebec would be kept engaged to their utmost capacity in supplying the ordinary demands of the Canadian market, and as proof of his statement he drew attention to the fact that Canada's imports of all lines of cotton goods, both from Britain and the United States, and particularly from the latter country, had increased from thirty to one hundred per cent. during the past six months, as compared with the same periods in the past two years. Cottons are substituting more and more the silk and linen fabrics, which have been cut off from America in such large measure as a result of the war.

Lawyers Enlist in Navy.

True patriotism was exemplified in Ontario by the enlistment of two young men in the Royal Canadian Volunteer Naval Reserve. The men were Stanley M. Scott and G. Jackson. They are both promising young lawyers. The former is a son of Judge Scott of Perth, and he left his law practice in Lindsay, where he was practising as a member of the firm of Stewart and Scott. Mr. Jackson was practising law in Parry Sound. Mr. Scott had qualified as an officer in the A.S.C., but as he failed to obtain a commission, he was willing to enlist as a common seaman. It is seldom that an example of true bravery and patriotism comes to light, and this shows what the educated young men of our country are doing for their country.

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MEN WITHOUT GOLD.

People Who Have Refused to Accept Profitable Notoriety.

Many recipients of the coveted V. C. have in the past had tempting offers from music-hall managers to go on the stage and tell their tale and "fight their battles o'er again." A few have succumbed, but the rule has been refusal.

The famous Jack Binns of wireless fame, who kept the S.O.S. signal going when the liner was sinking, might have made a fortune many times over if he would have consented to exploit his bravery. But he wouldn't. He said: "I'm a wireless operator, not a music-hall artiste. I'll stick to my job." And, to his lasting honor, he did.

At one of the big exhibitions in America the enthusiastic Scots built a replica of the birthplace of Bobbie Burns, the national poet. Then they sent a request to a certain old lady in Scotland, who claims descent from the poet, to come over and sit in the house as a bit of "real local color."

Needless to say, the golden bait was a fine one, especially to an old woman who had never been overburdened with "this world's gear." But she said "Na, na. I'm no gawn tae be stared at by a lot o' silly gowks wha tak' me for a new kin' o' wild beast. I reckon I'll stay in Auld Scotland." And that is what she did.

At the other end of the social scale Royalties who have seen trouble have often been importuned by publishers to pen their experiences. Sometimes the bait has been taken, with a consequent loss of caste.

Some years ago the present King of Spain's mother, Queen Christina, was offered a "king's ransom" by a Yankee editor if she would only consent to allow her son, then under age, to sign an article which would be written for him. She refused, of course.

A Traitor Duke.

The fact that the Duke of Cumberland, who retains his rank as a British peer, sent an enthusiastic congratulatory telegram to the Kaiser after the Jutland fight, expressing his immense satisfaction over "the great victory of the German fleet," again calls attention to the agitation afoot for depriving the Duke of his British honors.

Since the name of the Duke of Cumberland was struck off the roll of Knights of the Garter in 1915, Mr. Swift MacNeill, M.P., has asked more than once why this traitor, in open warfare against the sovereign and the people of the British Empire, should retain his peerage of Great Britain. Mr. Asquith has pointed out, however, that he does not think the time and energy of the House would be usefully employed by promoting the necessary legislation to deprive traitor dukes of their titles. It certainly seems scarcely worth worrying about when such big events are moving.

The Duke, who is a son of King George V. of Hanover, and brother-in-law to Queen Alexandra, is in his seventy-second year, and has for many years lived in retirement in his Austrian castle of Gmunden. The Cumberland jewels and the family plate, by the way, are famous. The plate is said to weigh over a dozen tons.

Upset Kaiser's Record.

The Kaiser and the Crown Prince have always been more or less at daggers drawn, and an amusing story of the Crown Prince's "cheek" on one occasion is told in London Tit-Bits. They were out shooting with a party. At the end of the day it was announced that, as usual, the Kaiser had "beaten all records."

The deer he had "shot" were laid before him on the ground in a long line. The photographers began to get busy. "Sixty-four head, your Majesty," announced the head keeper dutifully in the meanwhile.

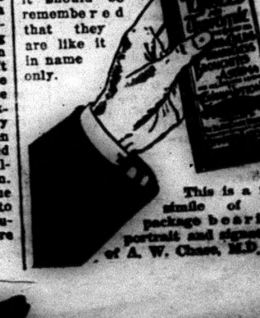
The Kaiser made no comment or contradiction, but suddenly the Crown Prince chimed in scornfully, "Sixty-four head? That's rather funny, considering you had only sixty cartridges, isn't it, father?"

"Father" became black with fury, but the mischief had been done; a good many of the party had overheard the remark, as the Crown Prince had meant they should.

Flattering to the Original

But Imitations Only Disappoint

There are many imitations of this great treatment for coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis and whooping cough. They usually have some sale on the merits of the original, but it should be remembered that they are like it in name only.



This is a fac-simile of the package bearing portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D.

Our Soldiers

(Continued from last week)

Some of the men here have their homes in Portsmouth. Two of them have brothers in the navy and they say that something of importance is to be expected in the sea shortly. Nearer and nearer the navy is approaching the Kiel canal defences, and whether it is to be an attack or whether they expect the enemy to attempt another raid or what I do not know. Of course you see the reports of the continual successes on the Western front. More is of course expected in the spring. I believe there are three or four million troops who will be put into the fight in the spring. Success and peace within the next 12 months is the belief of nearly every one here.

I must send you some English papers. They are cut so small that The Review would show up with any of them. Advertising is very light too.

Osler is training every night now for a field day soon. He runs a mile in about 6 minutes and a few seconds wearing army boots and then sprints 220 yards in about 27 seconds. He always trains with weights. He says he has raced Bobby Kerr 3 times but was always beaten by Kerr's start. He says he could jump nearly 7 feet on the crack of the pistol. Osler says he ran the 100 yards in 9 4/5 several times in Detroit. He is now 26 years old and has been running since he was 11. He always ran for the Detroit Y. M. C. A. before enlisting.

We have not received any pay yet this month and after coming off pass everybody is without the price of a postage stamp. Must go down to the track with Osler now so will close.

November 24th.

The first draft has been called for from the 155th. Last night a call was made for a draft of 100 men. 25 men from each company are going. 50 from C. Co. have already asked to be taken on. The draft leave for France on Monday. This should satisfy you that the charge that Canadian troops are given the status of only two-week recruits is an exaggeration. We have not been here a month and although we began to review the preliminary work it was only a review. Our physical drill instructor told us we were a rotten lot, but after eight days physical training for the Quinte Battalion has been discarded. The first lesson in bayonet fighting, which is supposed to take one week, was completed in two days, and with only two weeks' drill here a draft has been called to go to France at once. This is conclusive evidence that Canadian training in Canada is not by any means wasted. There is general satisfaction here among the troops over the reported resignation of Minister of Militia Hughes. They apparently have their own Camp Borden here. As soon as the personnel of the draft is announced I will write and give you the Madoc names. Buster is away at Aldershot and Bordon taking a general instructor's course, p. t., b. f., musketry, infantry training, etc. This will probably keep him busy in England till the end of the war unless he makes strong efforts to go to France.

Pictures are now appearing in the Daily Mirror of the tanks in action. This amazing mass of flexible machinery is the wonder of all who have seen it. It will smash through a stone building, crash through a forest, creep up and down over the trenches, cut its own way through wire entanglements and is continually pouring showers of shell and shot into the enemy who is till the present powerless to retaliate. Absolute supremacy in the air, increasing superiority in artillery power and millions of troops ready for the spring offensive; with the trenches which were the supposedly impregnable barrier to a British advance destroyed and passed; it seems inevitable that despite the advances against Rumania the Teutonic powers must collapse when they are called upon to bear the blows that will be hurled against them in the spring. The only successes the enemy can claim is the continued sinking of merchant and hospital ships.

I see that Belleville had some little wire-pulling in order to hold the 235th. It is to be hoped they are satisfied. M.P.s, ex-Ministers, Senators and G.S.O.'s are a pretty strong combination when pulling together. I saw a copy of the Ontario containing the account of the confusing orders received by that battalion.

The list is out now, F. and I. Osborne, W. Cleave and Alex. Moon from No. 9 platoon who leave for France Monday. When you get this they will doubtless be in France.

The weather lately has not been so bad but to-day there is rain again. We have to fall in now for a muster parade so perhaps we are to get paid. Well, we didn't get paid, just wanted to see if our correct numbers were in the nominal roll or not. I am writing this on both sides of the page to save postage. When you are begging stamps you want to manage with as few as possible. Fred Glover is taking a course in gas defence, the gas helmets and respirators together with the study of the two gases employed by the German, chlorine and phosgene. The latter is the newer gas and twice as deadly as the former. It is somewhat harder to handle. Its manufacture consists in passing chlorine over red hot coke.

Bramshott to-day is just an oozy mud. Everybody here says this has been a very wet and disagreeable season. Perhaps so, but hasn't every winter since the Canadians have been here been unusually wet. I almost believe the people try to make us believe that this weather is unusual. The best part of the English character seems to be their hospitality. One evening when Osler was running while I was waiting for him a woman came to the door of a nearby house and asked me if I would like a cup of tea. I told her not to trouble herself, that I was just waiting for a friend. She didn't say anything but in a few minutes brought it out to me. When Osler came she gave him a cup also. Another day some women at Haslemere gave the whole company (200) a cup of coffee.

France, Dec. 1st, 1916.

This, the first day of December, finds me somewhere in France, receiving the final training which will fit us for the firing line. When that time will be I have no idea. As you already know I volunteered for a draft, the first from our battalion late last Sunday night. Expecting to be in England a week or more I cabled you last Monday. Unexpectedly we left camp for France Tuesday and I had not received any reply to my wire.

I suppose I cannot give any account of our trans-Channel trip except to say we left one of England's largest ports in the evening and were in a French port the next morning. Of course we are in a base depot and are learning more in a day than we did at Barriefield in a month. Some things here are somewhat disorganized owing to the unavoidable nature of a camp in which uncertain numbers of troops are quartered for indefinite periods of time. The weather here is warm.

About two hours after I arrived here I met Phil Rogers who you know enlisted in the C.M.R.'s. I also met Russel Connor. Russel is looking better than I ever saw him since he enlisted. He is just out of a convalescent hospital where he was recovering from a sprained back. He has seen some four months' fighting and says he would sooner shoot a "boche" than a snake. Yesterday I met Ross Ketcheson. I just shook hands with him as our battalion marched out of camp. I am now in a unit that has been tried in serious fighting and has made good, the 4th Canadian Mounted Rifles. I hear there are fine trenches where the Canadians now are.

Later.

To-night is the last mail that can possibly reach you before Christmas so I am writing a few lines though news is scarce, that is news passed by the censor. The weather here is very similar to Canada in October when October is fine. Of course owing to our proximity to the sea the air is damper. We are becoming gradually acclimatized. We are sleeping in tents here and drill from about 7.45 to 4.15. This includes the time on marching to and from the training camp. Our training here is under the direction of soldiers from the front. All the training here consists of practical work that will be invaluable when we reach the trenches. We learn more about actual warfare here in a day than was ever taught at Barriefield in a month.

Some of the 155th boys have gone up the line. Cleave is the only Madoc boy. Frost the only Tweed boy. I have seen several Madoc boys—Russel Connor, Ross Ketcheson and Phil Rogers. Tom Rogers from Gilmour, is another Hastings boy I have met here. Russel and I have been together quite a lot and he is still in camp. Ross has gone back up the line.

We have lots of fun with the French money here. Everything in France is the decimal system and the money table is 100 centimes 1 franc, 5 centimes equal 1 Canadian cent. The money is nearly all paper notes and to have a 50 centime rate you think you have something—its value is 10 cents. There are nickel and copper coins much lower in value than the 50 centime note. It is generally dirty, crumpled and torn and is called by Canadians "wooden" money. We must be here six days before a pass will be issued. I expect to get one this week.

With best wishes for a merry Christmas and a happy New Year. I am quite well and do not regret being here.

PTE. C. R. WATSON.

National Service

What can we do to help win the war? This is the the questions that thousands of Canadian men and women have been asking themselves. The answer is supplied by the National Service Commission with its invitation to the men of Canada to enrol themselves by voluntary registration. The cards that are sent out to every man between the ages of sixteen and sixty-five will furnish the information that the Commission needs in order to turn to account in the best way all the resources of the country. Canada needs the services of every man, to carry on her agricultural, mineral and manufacturing industries, as well as to fight her battles in France and Flanders. No one is superfluous, and therefore no one is exempt from the duty of enrolment. With a complete inventory of the man-power of the Dominion in their hands, it will be a comparatively easy task for the commission to point out where available workers may be sought to supply deficiencies elsewhere in agricultural and other basic industries and the process of adjustment will be speedy and effective. Without an inventory, such adjustment will be slow and imperfect. The lesson of the last two years of the war will have been lost if we do not respond promptly and unanimously to the appeal. Germany and her subject nations are united and organized, and they can only be defeated by union and organization as complete and more powerful than their own. Canada has sent her fighting men to beat back the enemy in France and Flanders, but she has a great army of workers at home whose exertions are needed no less to help win the war. In these days, idleness is a crime, but misplaced or inappropriate labour is hardly less an offence against the cause for which our country is fighting. We are asked to enrol ourselves for national service. The man who refuses or neglects to do so enrols himself among the enemies of his country. The issue is plain. Are we for our country or against it in this tremendous struggle? Let our registration cards answer the question.

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HELPING BLIND SOLDIERS.

Member of the Princess Pats Able to Return to Business.

Lance-Corp. A. G. Viets, P.P.C.L.I., is one of the Canadian soldiers who have sacrificed the precious possession of sight in the service of the Empire. Mr. Viets joined the Princess Pats in Calgary, and was one of the original immortal band who went into the trenches on Jan. 6, 1915. He had a premonition of the catastrophe after two months, when a shell, exploding directly in front of his portion of the trench, filled his eyes with sand and sent him to the hospital for two weeks. On May 2 he left the trenches for the last time in the arms of Jack Munroe, former miner, former prize fighter, and former mayor of Elk Lake, wounded by a mortar bomb. He emerged from a long term in hospital with the light of day extinguished for all time.

At St. Dunstan's Hostel for Blinded Soldiers and Sailors in London, Viets met Lieut. E. A. Baker, of the 6th Field Company, Canadian Engineers, who had also lost his eyesight in Flanders. For several months they studied together the Braille alphabet and other devices which give to the sightless a measure of independence. Together they became associates of the Canadian Free Library for the Blind, and since their return to Canada have been elected members of the board of directors of that institution.

Mr. Viets is a native of Digby, Nova Scotia, where two of his ancestors—father and son, United Empire Loyalists—were successively rectors of that little town in the days of its first settlement. There is in the possession of the family of the writer of this note the manuscript of a sermon preached—for the first time—in Trinity Church, New York, by Rev. Roger Viets, some time about 1770, and frequently thereafter, by father and son in Trinity Church, New York; Trinity Church, Digby, and Trinity Church, St. John, N.B. It might very appropriately be preached any current Sunday, for, in the old rector's quaint phraseology, it is inscribed "Sermon for the Twenty-first Sunday Past Trinity," and its subject is "Gratitude."

There is no want of that feeling about such men at Viets and Baker. They are grateful that the catastrophe which took away their sight left them their strength, their whole bodies, their reason, and they are thankful for the work of such men as Sir Arthur Pearson, who have done so much for them—and for others less resourceful than themselves. They are grateful for the fact that there are still Canadians who are willing to do what they have done, and they are anxious that this feeling of gratitude shall suffuse the nation, for whose liberty and every other valuable possession they and thousands of heroes have sacrificed their all, and shall make its presence known. Lance-Corp. Veits has joined the staff of a large insurance company in Toronto, and in spite of his blindness his studies at St. Dunstan's Hostel have made it possible for him to undertake duties in the business world.

Mother's Day Strenuous.

5.30—Rise, start fire.
6.30—Father has breakfast.
7.00—Start father to office, helping on coat, etc.
7.30—Minnie and Frank have breakfast.
8.00—Start Minnie and Frank to work, finding sidecombs, hat, gloves, etc.
8.30—Mildred and Henry have breakfast.
8.50—Start Mildred and Henry to school, finding caps, books, lunch, etc.
9.00 to 11.30—Fix furnace, make beds, clean rooms, sweep parlor, cook, wash dishes, feed hens, get lunch.
12.00—Lunch for Minnie and Frank.
1.00—Start Minnie and Frank back to work.
1.30—Wash dishes, mend clothes, entertain father's mother, press Frank's suit and neckties, feed chickens, fix furnace, discussion with gas and coal man, prepare supper.
4.30—Mildred and Henry home from school. Get Henry a change of clothes, get lunch for Mildred and Henry, help Mildred with studies, start Henry for movies.
5.30 to 7.30—Suppers for father, Minnie, and Frank.
8.00—Get Minnie and Frank dressed for evening, fixing hair, tie, dress, etc.; also get father dressed and started to lodge, finding everything for him.
8.30—Wash dishes, lock up chickens, wind clock, etc.
9.00—Put Mildred and Henry to bed.
9.30—Retire after getting lunch ready for father, Minnie, and Frank.
—Life.

Bohemians Want Freedom.

The Bohemians of Winnipeg held a meeting recently at the Polish Sokol Hall under the auspices of the Bohemian National Alliance of Canada to discuss recruiting. Mr. Jaroslav Cisar, of New York, representing the Bohemian National Alliance of America, told a large audience of his countrymen that "the place for every eligible Bohemian on this continent is in the Canadian army."

"We want the world to know that we are in a state of actual revolution against our Austrian oppressor," he said. "We want our independence, and we want to prove our will to freedom by [illegible] We want the world to [illegible] any peace in Austria [illegible] given us."

He said further that the Bohemian political programme was the destruction of Austria and the creation of an independent Bohemian state. He paid a warm tribute to Bohemians who have enlisted in the army, many of them having come for that purpose from across the line. The alliance passed a motion to help the recruiting among Bohemians by all legal means.

The Drink He Got from Mrs. Hopper's Private Bottle.

In "Samuel Rogers and His Circle" is this anecdote about Richard Porson, the famous classical scholar and professor of Greek:

When Hoppner, the painter, was residing in a cottage a few miles from London, Porson one afternoon suddenly arrived there. Hoppner said that he could not offer him dinner, as Mrs. H. had gone to town and had carried with her the key of the closet which contained the wine. Porson declared, however, that he would be content with a mutton chop and beer from the next ale house and accordingly stayed to dine.

During the evening Porson said, "I am quite certain that Mrs. Hoppner keeps some nice bottle for her private drinking in her own bedroom, so pray try if you can lay your hands on it." His host assured him that Mrs. H. had no such secret stores; but, Porson insisting that a search should be made, a bottle was at last discovered in the lady's apartment, to the surprise of Hoppner and the joy of Porson, who soon finished its contents, pronouncing it to be the best gin he had tasted for a long time.

Next day Hoppner, somewhat out of temper, informed his wife that Porson had drunk every drop of her concealed dram. "Drunk every drop of it!" cried she. "Heaven above, it was spirits of wine for the lamp!"

Black Fridays.

In England the term Black Friday was first applied to Dec. 6, 1745, the day on which news reached London that the pretender, Charles Edward, had reached Derby. Again on May 11, 1866, when the failure of a large English discounting institution brought on a most disastrous panic, the day was called Black Friday. On the day of the suspension the Bank of England raised the rate of discount 9 per cent. Wild speculation in gold in New York and other cities culminated in a monetary crash on Sept. 16, 1875, that swept thousands of firms and individuals into financial ruin and caused a commercial depression that extended into the eighties of the last century; hence the origin of the term Black Friday in the United States.

New Advertisements.

Advertisements under this head, one inch space,—50c first insertion, 25c. each subsequent insertion. 75c. per month after first month.

Tenders

Tenders will be received by the undersigned until February 1st, 1917, for a contract for hauling ore from the Henderson talc mine to Geo. H. Gillespie & Co., Ltd., mill and to the G.T.R. station, Madoc, to be loaded upon cars, for 12 months commencing April 4th, 1917. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

Dated at Madoc January 2, 1917.

1-4 CROSS & WELLINGTON

Farm for Rent

The undersigned offers for rent the following property, consisting of 150 acres and being the north-east quarter of lot No. 6 and the south-east quarter of lot No. 7 in the 7th concession of Madoc township, in the County of Hastings, and is situated 2½ miles north-east of Madoc village. There are about 90 acres under cultivation. The remainder is pasture with plenty of running water and all the buildings are in good repair. Apply to

DR. A. A. McKENTY.
1-8 370 George st., Peterboro.

R. B. K. of I.

The Annual Meeting of the Royal Black Chapter, County of Hastings, will be held in the Orange Hall, Stirling, on Tuesday, 16th of January 1917, at 10 o'clock a.m. The Executive and Sir Knights of every Preceptory affiliated with this County Chapter are requested to attend. 1-2

ROBT. WOOD, C.M. THOS. A. McMULLEN, C.R.

Farm and Chattels for Sale

In Prince Edward County, 300 acres—soil principally clay loam, an excellent stock, dairy and grain farm, well fenced, and with exceptional water privileges, 50 acres timbered, mostly maple, 200 acres suitable for machinery, 65 acres now seeded down, 90 acres under cultivation, 75 acres in pasture, 12 acres of young orchard, all best varieties of fruit, 26 acres of fall grain sown. Ample modern buildings all in good repair. A large stock of good horses, high-grade Holstein cattle and pigs. Every kind of machinery required, practically new and in working order, and there is much more than is usually found on a farm but all very useful; county road; rural mail, telephone also canning factories, cheese factory, church and school conveniently close by. The general situation and furnishing of this farm would be hard to beat anywhere in the whole Province of Ontario and can be bought, together with the chattels, at a very reasonable price and on easy terms. Address

W. H. WILLIAMSON
1-8 Picton, Ont.

For Sale

Blacksmith shop, good house and lot close to church, post office, grist mill and cheese factory. Also 60 acres of land, hen house, pig pen and good bank barn with water in stable. To be sold separate if so desired. Apply to

JNO. WILSON.
52-3 Halloway, Ont.

Strayed

from the premises of the undersigned, lot 3, 7th con., Madoc, on or about the 19th day of december, one large white sow. Any information regarding her whereabouts will be thankfully received.

ISAAC BROADWORTH.
52-2 Madoc, P. O.

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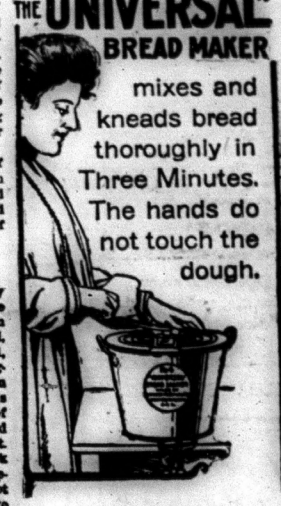
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Second block west of the Dominion Bank.

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Size No. 8
$3.25 Cents.

M. W. Connor & Son
Hardware Merchants,
Phone 8, Madoc.

Notice to Creditors

In the matter of Ann Ward estate, late of the Township of Tudor, in the County of Hastings, widow, deceased.

Notice is hereby given pursuant to R.S.O. 1914, chapter 121 and amending acts that all persons having claims as creditors or otherwise against the estate of Ann Ward, late of the Township of Tudor, in the County of Hastings, widow, deceased, who died on or about the 15th day of October, 1916, are required to send by post, prepaid, to the undersigned solicitor for the executors of the said estate on or before the 15th day of January, 1917, their names, addresses and descriptions and a full statement of the particulars of their claims (duly verified by affidavit) and the nature of the security, if any, held by them.

And take notice that after the said date the said Executors will proceed to distribute the assets of the said estate having regard only to the claims of which they shall then have had notice and the said Executors will not be liable for the said assets or any part the reof so distributed to any person or persons of whose claim or claims they shall not have had notice at the time of the distribution thereof.

Dated at Madoc 11th day of December, A.D. 1916

WILLIAM CROSS, Madoc, Ont.,
Solicitor for John Greaves and Wm. Dalton, Executors of the said estate. 50-4

60 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

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What's the use of being bald? What sense is there in deliberately allowing your hair to turn gray?

Do you want to look old before your time? Give up the thought; old age will come only too soon.

Look after your hair. PARISIAN SAGE will kill the dandruff germs, and is the only preparation, so far as we know, that is guaranteed to do so.

Man or woman, no matter how old you are, PARISIAN SAGE will make you look young.

Come in and get a large bottle to-day, it only costs 50 cents, and your money back if it does not cure dandruff, stop falling hair, or itching of the scalp. It will make your hair luxuriant, bright and beautiful, and it is the most refreshing, pleasant and invigorating hair dressing made.

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Graduate of Queen's University, centiate of the College of Physic and Surgeons of Ontario.
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Graduate of Trinity Medical Co Post Graduate of Moorefield's Eye H London, Eng., and Central London and Throat Hospital.
Special attention given to diseases of Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat and fitti Eye Glasses.
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GRADUATE OF TORONTO UNIVERSITY
Late a resident Physician and Surgeon Toronto General Hospital.
Special attention given to the diseases women and children.
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Money to loan on farm property.
No commission, no valuation fee.
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J. WARING, V.S.
Graduate of Ontario Veterinary Co lege, Toronto; twenty-three years' e perience as a practitioner.
Charges moderate. Terms—30 da
Special attention to Veterinary D tistry.
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Licensed Auctioneer for County of Hastings
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Engineers and Contractors
All kinds of Building and Construction Work.
Plans and Estimates Furnished.
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Licensed Auctioneer
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Terms Moderate. Satisfaction guaranteed
Special attention given to Sales of Farm Stock and Implements.
Phone 88R21, Stirling, at my expense.
Post Office Address - Ivanhoe.

Madoc Lodge, No. 179, I.O.O.F.
Meetsin Oddfellow's Hall, Wilson Block, every Monday evening at the hour of 8 o'clock. Visiting brethren will always be cordially welcomed.
W. A. Reid, Rec.-Sec. G. C. Moon, Noble Grand
W. H. Kelly, Fin.-Sec.
Oakdale Rebekah Lodge, No. 134, meets First and Third Fridays at 8 o'clock in the Oddfellow's Hall

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North Hastings Review.

$1.50 a Year — "PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW" — $1.50 a year

39TH YEAR—NO. 2 — Madoc, Hastings County, Ontario, Thursday, January 11, 1917 — POSTAGE PREPAID

Events of The War in Brief

The war situation does not show any improvement this week. On the western and Italian fronts it is still a case of nothing doing and, while the Russians appear to have gained some slight success on the eastern front, this is offset by an ominous silence from British headquarters in Mesopotamia, coupled with a Turkish report of a British reverse in that theater of action.

The most serious aspect of the situation is, however, found in the Balkans. The German steam roller is still moving forward in Roumania, despite the strenuous resistance of Russians and Roumanians, and it becomes more apparent daily that Greece is merely waiting for the psychological moment to link up with the Teutons. That moment will come when, with Roumania crushed, German armies in the Balkans are left free to swing south and join hands with the Greek army. Already, indeed, a section of public opinion in London is calling for the withdrawal of the Allied Salonika forces because of fear of their destruction if they remain where they are.

On the face of the map the German position is stronger to-day than at any time since war began. But the map does not tell the whole story. Despite her successes in the far eastern field Germany is still held fast on the west and at home there appears to be no doubt the German people are starving.

Recruitment at Queensboro

On Tuesday evening last at Queensboro Orange Hall, a recruiting meeting was conducted under the auspices of The 254th Battalion at which their famous Band played numerous selections, followed by addresses from Lt. Cook and Lt. Coulter.

As a result of the meeting two recruits signed up. Pts. Robert Gordon, Norman G. Dyer, and J. F. O'Callaghan who had signed up previous to the meeting, were each presented with a Waltham wrist watch, by Mrs. Moore, Reeve of Elzevir and Limsthorpe. Following is the address and reply:

To Mr. R. Gordon

Your friends have assembled to meet you this evening, with mingled feelings of regret and pride. Regret that a third New Year finds the call for more recruits necessary and pride that so many are ready to rally to the call and defence of our Empire.

We congratulate you on this step you have taken and we confidently trust you will follow the best traditions of our former Canadians Continents, and fame like theirs.

We ask you to accept and wear this watch as a memento of this evening, and be sure wherever duty may call you, the best wishes of your Queensboro friends will always follow you.

Signed on behalf of this assembly.

Mr. O'Callaghan, on behalf of his comrades said "I wish to thank you from the bottom of my heart for your beautiful and most appropriate gifts along with your many good wishes. I regret I cannot command adequately the nature of our sentiments. How ever ladies and gentlemen, when we are many miles away and take a glance at the time it will immediately bring to our minds a fond remembrance of this evening and our many kind friends of Queensboro and vicinity."

Signed J. F. O'CALLAGHAN.

The people of Queensboro wish, through the columns of The Review, to thank the 254th Band for services rendered and Lt. Cook and Lt. Coulter for the able addresses delivered, likewise Mr. Thos. Burnside for the able manner in which he conducted the duties of chairman.

The Review is in Darkness and Seeks Light

We cannot understand the action of the electors on the vote in Madoc Township on the Statute Labor question. Some four years ago Statute Labor was commuted on the basis of 75c a day and the work was done by men with experience in road-making. Now, owing to the increase in wages the basis has been fixed at $1 per day, and a vote was taken to determine whether farmers would pay the $1 a day or do the work themselves. The result of the vote was a small majority in favor of each man doing a days work in preference to paying $1.

During the last few years the cry from rural Ontario has been the scarcity of farm help. Again and again we have been told that at the present prices of farm products farmers could make money if they could only get help to work the land.

Again and again the explanation for a poor crop here and there was lack of help and the reason given for slow recruiting in the farming districts was "Can't get help to work the farms". And now we find a majority of the electors in the Township of Madoc contracting to work on the roads in the month of June for $1 and board themselves. Will someone kindly give us light?

Detlor

Mrs. S. Smith has gone to Coe Hill to visit her mother.

Mr. Wm. Hennessy, of Montreal, has purchased from Alex. and Ed. Maguire the Maguire farm, near Detlor. Alex. Maguire arrived from New Liskeard about the 10th of December. The bargain was closed and Maguire Bros. left on Thursday for New Liskeard.

Mr. and Mrs. Swayne, of New Liskeard, visited in this vicinity last week, returning to Ormsby and then back to New Liskeard, via Toronto, accompanied by Mrs. E. Maguire, where they will visit, Mr. Maguire's and Mrs. Swayne's sister.

Our teacher, Miss J. Rankin, returns this week to resume her duties.

Ernie and Clayton Hennessy spent Christmas at Queensboro with their sister, Mrs. Herb. Crawford, prior to Mr. Hennessy's departure to Campbellford, having donned the khaki.

Rose Hennessy, their sister, is at New York taking her final course in training and intends, if the war is not ended at that time, to go overseas.

Glenn Barker, of Hartsmere, is staying at P. A. Bradshaw's.

A little farmer has stepped in to lighten the work at Wm. Smith's.

The annual school meeting was held on Wednesday. J. Brenner went out of the trusteeship and Wm. Turnbiffe was elected in his place. P. Bradshaw voted on and got the wood deal for M. H. Bradshaw, who was absent.

Letters from Our Soldiers

Witley Camp, Eng., Nov. 29th.

DEAR MOTHER,—I thought I would write you a few lines to let you know we arrived safely across and were not sorry when we saw land. Lawrence and Ernie have gone down town. I would have written sooner only you can't get stamps here just when you want them. I saw Jim McCabe Sunday. He is in the 157th. I saw a couple of lads I thrashed with last fall. I suppose it is snowing around home. Everything is as green as spring time here. What are the turned down soldiers doing from Coe Hill? There are about 50,000 Canadian soldiers or more over here. There are soldiers here from all over the world. None of the bunch have received any mail from home only Dick Ballard. We expect to be leaving for France next week. There are some of the Coe Hill lads gone, Herman Rusaw and Frank Bird. There are five of them and some Bancroft lads. They go in drafts from here. The Gorley lads are in the trenches. I saw Ed. Gunter over here and Obery Tivy in London. He is just out of the hospital having been wounded in the leg. B. Reid has gone to France. Some Old Chum and some cigarettes would not go bad. Tell us all the news and write soon.

PTE. C. P. CONLIN

Bramshott Camp, Dec. 1.

DEAR SISTER ROSELLA,—

We are leaving for France tomorrow. There are a bunch of our lads in the trenches now. We had some trip coming over. We were two weeks on the road. We left Barriefield on 14th of October. There was about 4 inches of snow there. Two battalions came across on the boat we came on. It was nothing to see submarines and whales. We have great camps. There are 40 or 50, and 30 of us sleep in one camp. We have some wild times here dancing. We have good stoves and lots of coal and are as comfortable as a bunch of chickens. Our good home will soon go to wreck when we get over in the trenches. We saw a lot of other lads that came across when the war first broke out. Harry Taylor wasn't wounded very badly. He is in the hospital down in London. We were all down there for a week and had a good time. Did you get any mail from us since we left. I wrote three or four. What is dad doing? Did he get any deer? We have not had any snow yet. Everything is different here. I suppose Ted has the car out before this trying it on the ice. Is he getting any fun? I suppose it will be quite a while before we get back there and maybe never. The war is going to last a long while yet. Ben Reid is in the trenches. I am going as a sniper. Won't I make things smoke? Wishing you all a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

PTE. I. B. CONLIN.

These few lines to you are tendered
From a friend so kind and true.
Hoping to be just remembered
When I am far away from you.

France, December 10th.

To-day finds me still in training in south-western France. Some of the boys have come over this past week and very little excepting our officers remain of the Quinte battalion. We have been drafted into three battalions. The first 95 men are in the 4th C.M.R. The rest who have till the present come to France are in the 2nd and 21st battalions. All C. and D. companies who came in this week's draft are in the 21st battalion. You remember that was a battalion mobilized in Kingston. Ted Hill was in it. Nearly all have gone the line but I am still waiting here. The ten days' training here was more beneficial than ten months elsewhere.

I suppose in Canada as here among the soldiers the political upheaval in England has caused considerable interest. All the soldiers are in sympathy with Lloyd George as they will of course welcome any steps which will tend to shorten and make decisive this struggle. In talking to many (Canadian and Imperial) there seems to be the feeling that a much more vigorous campaign will be possible with a firm government and united people behind the armies.

We are having rain nearly every day and I may eventually become accustomed to the climate. Russel Connor and his chum, Eddy Bates, of Stirling, went up the line last night. The boys coming over from England tell me that they heard there that Leslie Nickle had been killed. I have had no confirmation of this report but of course you know all about it. I have had no mail since leaving England. Mail is forwarded direct to our battalion and does not come here unless we fail to report within 14 days. I expect there will be some awaiting me when I report. I wish it were summer here instead of winter, however they say the rougher the weather the less fighting. From all I can hear barring some bad luck by paying attention to orders and being as careful as possible we should nearly all come through safely. Of course this is war, and we must all be prepared for anything at all times. I suppose you will be wanting to send things to me but I don't know that there is much you can send. It must not be perishable goods for perhaps months would elapse before delivery can be made. Chocolate and tobacco are all that I hear the other boys speaking of and I can manage without either. Of course

(Continued on page 8.)

Town Council in Session

Council met at 11 a.m. on January 8th for organization. All the members present. Reeve T. H. Thompson, Councillors W. Whytock, W. J. Atkins, W. K. Blair and C. R. Ross subscribed to the declaration of qualification.

The Reeve appointed the following Committees:—Streets and Sidewalks, Couns. Blair and Ross; Finance, Couns. Whytock and Atkins; Electric Light, Couns. Ross and Whytock; Public Property and Poor Committee, Couns. Atkins and Blair.

Moved by Couns. Whytock and Atkins that Council adjourn until tomorrow, January 9th, at 8 p.m.—C'd.

Council met on Tuesday, January 9th, 1917, at 8 p.m. pursuant to adjournment. Present—Reeve T. H. Thompson, Couns. Blair, Atkins, Whytock and Ross.

Communicatibn from Hospital for Sick Children ordered filed on motion of Couns. Atkins and Blair.—C'd.

Atkins—Ross—that 5 copies of Municipal World be ordered.—C'd.

Communication on public property reported on certain steps having been taken towards putting fire bell in order.

Whytock—Ross—that by-law appointing certain officers for 1917 be read a first time.—C'd.

Whytock—Atkins—that Council go into Committee of the Whole on By-laws.—C'd.

The Reeve appointed Coun. Atkins to the chair.

Thompson—Blair—that by-law appointing certain officers be read a second time when the following insertions were made by motion:

Thompson—Blair—that W. H. McBain be Clerk and Treasurer including all the duties performed by the Treasurer and Clerk at a salary of $275.—C'd.

Thompson—Blair—that R. McGhee be Village Constable and Truant Officer at a salary of $130.—Carried.

Ross—Blair—that R. O'Riordan be Street Surveyor for 1917 at $2.50 per day when employed, with the promise that he change his methods of hiring labor.—C'd.

Thompson—Blair—that R. O'Riordan be caretaker of Fire Hall at $48 for the year.—C'd.

Whytock—Thompson—that M. O'Riordan be bellringer and caretaker of Town Hall at $85.—C'd.

Blair—Whytock—that Geo. Johnson be Poundkeeper for 1917.—C'd.

Ross—Whytock—that B. Richmond be first stoker at $20.—C'd.

Whytock—Blair—that E. Morrison be second stoker.—C'd.

Ross—Thompson—that N. M. Maybee be Tax Collector for 1917 at $70.—C'd.

Whytock—Ross—that Council resume.—C'd.

Atkins—Ross—that by-law appointing officers be read a third time, passed in open Council, signed, sealed and numbered 315.—C'd.

Atkins—Blair—that a by-law to appoint a Medical Health Officer and one resident member of the Board of Health, also Sanitary Inspector, also a by-law to appoint a High School Trustee, also a by-law to appoint two Auditors be read a first time.—C'd.

Atkins—Whytock—that Council go into Committee of the Whole on By-laws.—C'd. Coun. Atkins in the chair.

Blair—Ross—that Dr. Dafoe be Medical Health Officer for 1917 at $50.—C'd.

Ross—Whytock—that M. Maybee be resident member of Board of Health for 1917.—C'd.

Thompson—Whytock—that R. McGhee be Sanitary Inspector for 1917 at $18.—C'd.

Ross—Thompson—that Chas. Whytock be High School Trustee for 1917-18.—C'd.

Ross—Blair—that Chas. McDonald and Alex. Cochrane be Auditors for 1917.—C'd.

Ross—Thompson—that Council resume.—C'd.

Atkins—Ross—that by-law to appoint M. H. Officer, member Board of Health and Sanitary Inspector be read a third time, signed, sealed and numbered 316.—C'd.

Atkins—Whytock—that by-law to appoint H. S. Trustee be read a third time, signed, sealed and numbered 317.—C'd.

Atkins—Ross—that by-law to appoint Auditors be read a third time, signed, sealed and numbered 318.—C'd.

Communication from W. Lockridge re woollen mill reserved for next meeting.

Atkins—Ross—that the following accounts be paid: R. R. Casement re Reeves $2.90, R. R. Casement re Johnson $1.80.—C'd.

Whytock—Ross—that W. Cross's bill for costs, 1915-1916, for $123.32 be paid.—C'd.

Whytock—Atkins—that Council adjourn to call of the Reeve.—C'd.

Crookston

Mr. Herbert Mitts and wife spent Sunday in Thomasburg.

Nurse Ryan spent Sunday at Fuller with Mrs. A. Mitts.

Harry Ryan and John Wallace, of West Huntingdon, spent Monday at the former's home in Crookston.

—See the new stock of stationery at the Review Office.

Ford

Prices to Aug. 1, 1917

The following prices for Ford cars will be effective

Chassis . . .	$450.00
Runabout . .	475.00
Touring Car .	495.00
Coupelet . .	695.00
Town Car . .	780.00
Sedan . . .	890.00

f. o. b. Ford, Ontario

These prices are positively guaranteed against any reduction before August 1st, 1917, but there is no guarantee against an advance in price at any time.

Frank Smith, Madoc.

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O. A. BOGERT, General Manager

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We are pleased to quote our prices and show goods.

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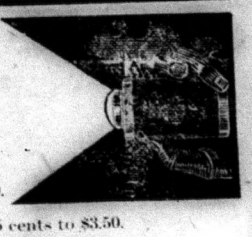
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JOHN AIRD, General Manager. — H. V. F. JONES, Ass't General Manager

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JOHN ROBERTSON

A Royal Gem

It Was a Bone of Contention

By F. A. MITCHEL

One morning I was aroused by telephone from my bed by my chief and directed to go to the house of a Mr. Ackley. I was to apply at the basement door, where I would be admitted by the gentleman himself.

I found a residence that indicated its occupant was wealthy. Mr. Ackley was waiting for me at the basement door. He gave me the points in the case.

Not long before, while traveling abroad, he had purchased a sapphire which had originally been in the crown of a Balkan sovereign. Whether it had been stolen or purchased by the person who sold it to Mr Ackley he did not himself know. He was told, however, that his majesty was in financial straits and had parted with it for ready money. At any rate, the king now desired to regain it. He had sent an agent who had bargained for it, offering a very low price for it, basing his offer on the theory that it was stolen property. Ackley preferred not to sell it at any price, but, not being willing to keep it from its original owner, offered to exchange it for a price equal to what he had paid for it, which, though less than its value, was considerable. This offer was declined, and the agent withdrew from further negotiations.

Not long after his withdrawal a Frenchman named Du Pierris brought a letter of introduction to Ackley from a gentleman the latter had met in Rome, a member of the court of Victor Emmanuel. Du Pierris proved so attractive to Ackley that he had invited the Frenchman to visit him in his own house. Du Pierris had become Ackley's guest, and Ackley had introduced him to society.

The Balkan sapphire Ackley kept in his own house in a safe where many of his valuables were deposited. One night while lying awake he decided to go downstairs for a bite and a glass of wine, as he often did when wakeful, hoping that he might thus regain slumber. On such visits to the larder he usually turned on the electric light in the hall after leaving his room, but on this occasion he saw a man's silhouette against the window at the other end of the hall. The safe was located midway between Ackley and this window. He paused and waited and watched. But he dare not turn on a light for fear of scaring the person away and could see nothing more of the figure. Presently he heard faintly a sound that resembled the closing of a safe door, then saw the silhouette between him and the window. The silhouette vanished, probably entering one of the rooms on the hall.

Ackley went back to his room and, after waiting awhile, stole down into the hall with an electric lamp, flashed it against the safe lock, opened the door and looked about for his valuables. The sapphire was gone.

Closing the safe as gently as possible, he returned to his room.

Only members of the family and guests slept on the floor in question. None of the family would steal anything, and the guests, excepting Du Pierris, were old and long tried friends. It suddenly flashed upon the host that the Frenchman was an agent of the former royal owner of the sapphire and that he had imposed upon Ackley's Roman friend and secured the letter of introduction in order that he might become intimate with him and steal the gem.

If this theory were correct the next move on the part of Du Pierris would be to get away with the gem, and he would not likely allow much time to elapse before doing so. Ackley decided to forestall him, so, putting on a gown and slippers, went downstairs to the telephone booth and called up our office, where he had before applied for detective service.

Such were the facts given me by Mr. Ackley, who added that so far as fixing the theft on Du Pierris was concerned that was very simple. If he were the thief he would either disappear without bidding his host goodby or he would offer an excuse for departing immediately. To this I assented. I asked Mr. Ackley for a description of the stone, for I might have to leave him at any moment to follow Du Pierris. It was of that variety of sapphire called asteria, or star stone, the color being a reddish violet, with an opalescent luster. Mr. Ackley had scarcely given me this when we heard a step descending the grand staircase as of some one treading softly. The steps were of wood and uncarpeted or we would not have heard it. Ackley put his finger to his lips and, moving noiselessly to the door of the room, peeped. Then he turned and by a meaning look assured me that it was our quarry. But before any action could be taken Du Pierris had opened the front door and passed out. Ackley hurried me to a window, and I saw a man with a pointed beard and waxed mustache hurrying away, carrying a suit case.

There was no time for another word between us. I hurried to the front door and when I saw the Frenchman turn a corner ran after him. I kept him in sight till he entered an unpretentious hotel. Not daring to follow him in at once, I waited about the entrance, saw him write a name [illegible] a key and start [illegible] boy offered to [illegible] the owner kept [illegible] then went in [illegible] the name, Fran[illegible] South Carolina.

The problem [illegible] was duplex. I [illegible] with which to follow [illegible] to Europe and I [illegible] the possibility of his [illegible] the sapphire to a confederate. The former of these two matters must be attended to at once. I shut myself in a telephone booth, called up Mr. Ackley and informed him of what had occurred. He at once sent me by messenger an envelope containing [illegible] funds for immediate use and a letter authorizing me to draw on him for further necessities.

The Frenchman remained in his room till 8 o'clock, then came down stairs, walked with deliberation to a newsstand, bought a morning journal and went into the breakfast room. A number of persons were now about, and I did not fear being spotted as a shadower. I followed my man into the breakfast room and ordered a meal for myself. I finished before he did and waited for him outside. He went to the rack containing time tables and selected one of the Pennsylvania railroad.

I could have called for assistance to arrest him, but feared that I might not find the gem on him. I preferred to wait till I could get him where he could not pass it to some one else or hide it. If he took a train, this would indicate that he had it with him. I felt confident that he would take a train on the Pennsylvania road, and when he left the hotel soon after breakfast he went out, called a taxicab, and I in another followed him to the station of that road. He bought a ticket to Philadelphia and I being at the window at the same time bought one for the same city.

The train was not an express, but I felt confident that my quarry was going to Philadelphia to sail for Europe. I determined to prevent his leaving the country if possible, but I wished to settle the matter between us without the interference of any one else. How could I do this?

I determined to give him a clew to the fact that I was on his trail, hoping that to elude me he would leave the train. Taking a seat near him I began to ogle him suspiciously, and I saw at once by his expression that he had taken alarm. When convinced of this fact, I took a cigar out of my pocket and put it in my mouth and by my expression indicated that I was eager for a smoke. Then shortly before the train was to stop at a way station I feigned to be so anxious to light my cigar that I could no longer resist and went into the next car ahead, which was a smoker.

But I was on the lookout for my man. The train had already started on from the station at which it had stopped when I saw my man walking away from the track. He had let himself down from the rear end of the car. The train was going at a good speed, but I jumped off and hurried after him, heading him off from the houses about the station. Seeing me, he made in the other direction. Aiming to cross his track I drove him into the open.

He had made a mistake in leaving the train at a very small town. I had secured a condition that I had earnestly wished for. He undoubtedly had the gem with him, and no possible opportunity to pass it to any one else or to hide it. But the French are ingenious people, and he had perhaps a method of outwitting me that I had not counted on.

There could not have been any doubt by that time that I was a detective seeking the sapphire in his possession. As it turned out he was figuring to get me where he wanted me, just as I was figuring to get him where I wanted him. He led me along the railway track till he reached a cut and a turn in the road at the same time. Then he turned and, drawing a pistol, said to me in broken English:

"Stop where you are or I will kill you."

I had been routed out of bed early in the morning and had started off in such a hurry that I had not provided myself with my revolver. Somehow I did not believe the man would carry out his threat, and I kept on toward him. But he fired at me. Then, to my surprise, he threw down his pistol and said:

"Monsieur, I do not know what you want of me. At any rate I am ready to convince you that I am a citizen of France traveling in America and that you cannot have any real interest in me."

I was now convinced that he had got rid of the sapphire and was very much taken aback as to how he had done it. I did not propose to leave his pistol behind and picked it up. It was an old fashioned weapon with a single barrel large enough to contain a large sized hickory nut.

It flashed upon me that the gem had been fired out of the pistol. My man remained in the position from which he had fired at me, and, turning and looking in the direction he had fired, I saw a little ridge of clay made by the cut. Going to it, I soon found a hole and, probing with my knife, took out the sapphire. Rubbing off the dirt, I saw the most beautiful stone I ever beheld of the reddish violet color with an opalescent luster as described to me by Mr. Ackley. My man jumped for me to snatch it away from me, but I stepped aside, and he missed me. He came for me again, and I knocked him senseless. When he came to himself again he was too badly shaken up to resist me, and I took him to the station.

I telegraphed Mr. Ackley reporting the result of my labors, and he replied, "Let him go." I did so and the same evening restored the gem to its owner.

WELDED LINKS

By BARBARA PHIPPS

They had passed through a bitter quarrel, the first real storm that had ever broken upon them.

A few hours later they met and agreed to separate. There should be no divorce—at least not at present—and they would divide the children, the boy to go with the father, the girl to remain with the mother. The father was now packing his belongings, something he had not done for a long while, and it came hard to him, not only because he was not used to it, but because of the sadness of breaking up a home.

The mother was in the nursery with the children. Her little boy was on her lap, the mother caressing him in a way he did not understand. Now and again she would start to go to her husband, fearing that he would not get his packing done aright. But the specter of [illegible] interposed. All that had [illegible] She could endure the [illegible] ally were it not for the [illegible] little things, uncon[illegible] what was before them! Ev[illegible] word that had been spoken [illegible] about parents was to bring a [illegible] young hearts that would [illegible] upon them till they were grown and had families of their own, and even then it would be a spot sore to the touch.

A conveyance was to call for the father and the boy at 4 o'clock. The child's belongings had been collected by the mother, and as she deposited them in the trunk each article seemed to fall like a clod on his coffin. The playthings he loved smote her to the heart. Finally she got them all in. But it was not like a disagreeable work done and relegated to the past; it was the beginning of a horror that would never end.

At 4 o'clock a carriage drove up to the door. She heard its wheels on the pavement and, going to the window, looked out. Tears started afresh. She stood facing the window to conceal them. Her husband came to the door, and she heard him say:

"Ethel!"

How many times she had heard her name spoken by that same voice, always lovingly, until the day of the quarrel, when it had burned like lightning. Now, she fancied there was in it a deep sadness. She waited to dry her tears, then turned and faced him.

"Say goodby to Robbie."

Goodby to Robbie; better goodby to life.

She steeled herself for the parting. Approaching the boy, she clasped him in her arms. The children looked at their father and mother and saw that some trouble hung over them, but they knew not what. Releasing her boy, she went to a closet, took down his overcoat and his hat and began to put on the coat.

"Where am I going, mamma?" he asked, with a trembling voice.

She tried to tell him, but she could not speak the words. A look told her husband to do it for her.

"You are going away with me, Robbie," he said.

"When am I coming back?"

There was an ominous silence.

"I'm not going away," said the boy, refusing to put his arms in the sleeves of his coat. His sister went to him, threw her arms about him and, looking up at her father, said:

"You shan't take Robbie away."

The mother gently tried to separate the children, but they clung to each other and to her. She looked a roseate appeal to her husband for help.

"Come, come, little girl," he said, laying his hand on the soft little arm. But she only clung the tighter to her brother and her mother.

"Papa," said the boy, "take mamma and Ethel, and I'll go with you."

"No, no," said the girl; "you and papa stay here with mamma and me."

Seizing her father's hand, she tried to put it round herself, her brother and her mother. The boy, seeing what she was endeavoring to do, caught his mother's hand and tried to do the same. The mother looked at the father. The eyes of both were wet. Then the father arose and beckoned his wife to join him in another room.

"Sweetheart," he said and paused. The words he would speak were choking in his throat. Finally he found voice to go on: "Give me another trial. I was—well, crazy, to talk to you as I did. Forgive me. I think I can go forever without"—

He could not bear to designate the brutality of what he had said.

She covered her face with her hands; he went to her and put his arms about her.

"For their sake, for yours, I promise that I will never again lose my self control."

"I will try to bear with you as you bear with me," she moaned. "For their sakes perhaps we can"—

"We must."

When they left the room the father went down and dismissed the carriage at the door, while the mother went to the children.

"Papa and Robbie are not going away," she said, kissing them.

The children clapped their hands and danced about the room.

That was their last violent quarrel. Both placed a guard upon their tongues and when the choler rose recalled the scene of their former intended parting. Meanwhile marital association as well as the children was drawing them closer together.

HOLY PLACES ARE OPEN.

Pilgrimages to Mecca Can Now Be Safely Undertaken.

In 1915 the Entente governments declared themselves unable to authorize the pilgrimage to Mecca of Muhammadans from their possessions in view of the treatment meted out to Algerian pilgrims in 1914, despite the previous assurances of the Turkish Government. Now, however, that the Grand Shereef of Mecca has freed the holy places of Islam, the French Government has decided that it could not give better proof of its solicitude for the pilgrims, and its recognition of the difficulties of the journey, the government has chartered a packet-boat belonging to one of the great French lines to convey a contingent of pilgrims from Port Said to Jeddah, and is making arrangements for the continuation of its journey on land. The shortage of shipping and other difficulties have not made it possible for the government to extend this hospitality to a larger number of travelers, but the contingent will number more than 650 pilgrims, representing all classes of Muhammadan society, especially that of the notables, and made up of equal groups from the three great French colonies in northern Africa, Algeria, Tunis, and Morocco.

At the same time the French Government is sending a mission to the Grand Shereef for the purpose of expressing to him its satisfaction with the way in which he has broken the Turkish yoke, and freed the holy places. The delegates, which comprise representatives of Algeria, Tunis, Morocco, and French West Africa, and who are all Muhammadans, are also to offer presents to the Grand Shereef in the name of the French Government.

Musical Energy in Tons.

A simple air played on the violoncello calls for a total expenditure of energy equal to two and three-quarter pounds per note or more than four tons of energy for the single selection, notes The Popular Science Monthly for October. This statement is vouched for by Professor Poffenberger of Columbia University, who made some experiments in his laboratory with the aid of the Dutch 'cellist, Michael Penha.

A special apparatus is necessary to conduct the tests. Against the surface of a revolving carbon cylinder is suspended a chalked point which is actuated by a slender wire attached to the musician's finger. At each pressure the tension vibrates along the communicating connection and records the energy expended.

At a recent test Michael Penha at times raised the point to a distance equaling three pounds in weight, that being the record of the forefinger. The pressure alone required to produce the characteristically luscious tones of a simple Bach aria averaged two and three-quarter pounds per note. The total energy expended amounted to 9,414 pounds, or more than four tons.

This same amount of energy would be sufficient to carry a laborer through his entire day's work. Yet it took but five minutes for the artist to exert the same amount of force.

Trial Marriages Proper.

Trial marriages are quite the thing in the Far North, according to George H. Wilkins, of London, member of the Canadian Government Arctic expedition, who has reached Chicago laden with films and trophies of all sorts from the little known land about Coronation Gulf.

"The blond Eskimos, as they are called, are very interesting people," he says. "They have no regular marriage ceremony; polygamy is prevalent, and trial marriages everywhere are recognized as legitimate.

"The girls are a bit chunky for our ideals, but by no means without fascination. Once one grows accustomed to their physical type he learns to admire them, particularly for their kindness and loyalty. Most the girls get married between the ages of 15 and 16. They pick a man they want, and if he does not ask them they ask him to marry. If there is trouble she returns to her parents, or she need not do so.

"The man may take a second wife, or several if he wishes, and all the women live together in harmony."

Control Coal Industry.

The Government is proposing to take over control of the coal industry of Great Britain in the near future, the main purpose of the scheme of nationalization being to give a certain power of control over the neutral shipping which coals at British ports. Coal owners will be allowed to take their present profits if the scheme goes through, but the Government will control the distribution of coal for home consumption, for export, and for shipping.

The plan is that if the Government owns the coal it will be in a position to stipulate the use the customer shall make of it, and to require him to call for his return cargo at specified ports. In that way it is believed the whole of the shipping in British ports may be organized and directed.

Cushions in the Churches.

"There are few greater obstacles in the way of the National Church in this land than the becushioned seats in our churches," says the Bishop of Birmingham, Eng., in a letter on the abolition of pew rents. "The Church," he adds, "can never be the Church of the nation while a considerable portion of the lay people will only pay for the services of the clergy in return for special seats."

Carl Strakosch Dead.

Carl Strakosch, husband of the late Clara Louise Kellogg, the opera singer, who died at her home in New Hartford on May 13, was found dead in his room at the Hotel Heublein, Hartford, Conn.

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A Want Ad. in The Review is read by many. Try one. They get results.

CY WHITTAKER'S PLACE

Mrs. Beasley's mind that she was not a peddler. She tried to add a word of further explanation, but it was effort wasted.

"Tain't no use!" snapped Debby. "I can't hear you, you speak so faint. Wait till I get my horn. It's in the settin' room."

Phoebe's wonder as to what the "horn" might be was relieved by the widow's appearance a moment later with the biggest ear trumpet her caller had ever seen.

"There, now!" she said, adjusting the instrument and thrusting the bell shaped end under the teacher's nose. "Talk into that. If you ain't a peddler, what be you—sewin' machine agent?"

Phoebe explained that she had come some distance on purpose to see Mrs. Beasley. She was interested in the Thayers, who used to live in Orham, particularly in Mr John Thayer, who died in 1854. She had been told that Debby formerly lived with the Thayers and could no doubt remember a great deal about them.

Mrs. Beasley, her hearing now within forty-five degrees of the normal, grew interested. She ushered her visitor into the adjoining room and proffered her a chair.

"What you so interested in the Thayers for?" inquired Debby. "One of the heirs, be you? They didn't leave nothin'."

No, the schoolmistress was not an heir, was not even a relative of the family. But she was—was interested just the same. A friend of hers was a relative and—

"What is your friend," inquired the inquisitor—"a man?"

There was no reason why Miss Dawes should have changed color, but, according to Debby's subsequent testimony, she did; she blushed, so the widow declares.

"No," she protested. "Oh, no! It's a—she's a child, that's all—a little girl."

Mrs. Beasley remembered many things, but nothing at all concerning John Thayer's life in the west.

"He never wrote home but once or twice afore he died," she said; "and when he did Emily, his wife, never told me what was in his letters. She always burnt 'em, I guess. I used to hunt around for 'em when she was out, but she burnt 'em to spite me, I s'pect. Her and me didn't get along any too well. She said I talked too much to other folks about what was none of their business. Now, anybody that knows me knows that ain't one of my failin's. I told her so; says I"—

And so on for ten minutes. Then Phoebe ventured to repeat the words "out west," and her companion went off on a new tack. She had just been west herself. She had been on a visit to her husband's niece, who lived in Artsona—in Blaseton, Aris. "It's the nicest town ever you see," she continued, "and the smartest, most up to date place. Talk about the west bein' uncivilized! My land, you ought to see that town—electric lights and telephones and—and—I don't know what all!"

This was but the beginning. It was evident that Mrs. Beasley had thoroughly enjoyed herself in Blaseton and that the sorrows of the bereaved Desire Higgins had been one of the principal sorrows of that enjoyment. The schoolmistress endeavored to turn the subject, but it was useless.

"I fetched home a whole pile of them newspapers," continued Debby. "They was awful interestin'; full of pictures of Blaseton buildin's and leadin' folks and all. And in some of the back numbers was the advertisement about Mr. Higgins. I do wish I could show 'em to you, but I lent 'em to Mrs. Atwood, up to the Center. If 'twan't such a ways I'd go and fetch 'em. Mrs. Atwood's been awful nice to me. She took care of my trunks and things when I went west—yes, and afore that when I went to Bayport to keep house for that miser'ble Cap'n Whittaker. I ain't told you about that, but I will by and by. Them trunks had lots of things in 'em that I didn't want to lose or have anybody see. My diaries—I've kept a diary since 1850—and"—

"Diaries?" interrupted Phoebe, grasping at straws. "Did you keep a diary while you were at the Thayers'?"

"Yes. Now, why didn't I think of that afore? More 'n likely there'd be somethin' in that to help you with that geographical tree. I used to put down everything that happened and— Where you goin'?"

Miss Dawes had risen and was peering out of the window.

"I was looking to see if my driver was anywhere about," she replied. "I thought perhaps he would drive over to Mrs. Atwood's and get the diary for you. But I don't see him."

Just then, from around the corner of the house, peeped an agitated face; an agitated forefinger beckoned. Debby stepped to the window beside her visitor, and the face and finger went out of sight as if pulled by a string.

Miss Phoebe smiled.

"I think I'll go out and look for him," she said. "He must be near here. I'll be right back, Mrs. Beasley."

Without stopping to put on her jacket, she hurried through the dining room, out of the door and around the corner. There she found Mr. Bangs in a highly nervous state.

"Why didn't you tell me 'twas Debby Beasley you was comin' to see?" he demanded. "If you'd mentioned that deef image's name you'd never got me to drive you, I tell you that!"

"Yes," answered the teacher sweetly, "I imagined that. That's why I didn't tell you, Mr. Bangs. Now I want you to do me a favor. Will you drive over to Trumet Center and deliver a note and get a package for me? When you can come back here, and I shall be ready to start for home."

"Drive—drive nothin'! The blacksmith's out and won't be back for another hour. His boy's there, but he's a big enough lunkhead to try ballin' out a dory with a fork, and that buggy axle is bent so it's simply got to be fixed. I'd no more go home to Ketury with that buggy as 'tis than I'd— Oh, my land of love!"

The ejaculation was almost a groan. There, at the corner, ear trumpet adjusted and spectacles glistening, stood Debby Beasley. Bailey appeared to wilt under her gaze as if the spectacles were twin suns.

"How—how d'ye do, Mrs. Beasley?" faltered Mr. Bangs. "I hope you're smart."

"Yes," she answered. "I'm pretty toler'ble, thank you. What was the matter, Mr. Bangs? Why didn't you come in? Do you usually make your calls round the corner?"

The schoolmistress came to the rescue.

"You mustn't blame Mr. Bangs, Mrs. Beasley," she explained. "He wasn't responsible for what happened at Captain Whittaker's. He is the gentleman who drove me over here. I was going to send him to Mrs. Atwood's for the diary."

"Who said I was blamin' him?" queried the widow. "If he was that little Tidditt thing I might feel differ-



"HOW—HOW D'YE DO, MRS. BEASLEY?"

ent. But, considerin' that I got this horn from Mr. Bangs, I'm willin' to let bygones be past. It helps my hearin' a lot. Them ear fixin's was good while they lasted, but they got out of kilter quick. I shan't bother Mr. Bangs. If he can square his own conscience I'm satisfied."

Bailey's conscience was not troubling him greatly, and he seemed relieved. Phoebe told of the damaged buggy.

"Humph!" grunted the widow. "The horse didn't get bent, too, did he?"

Mr. Bangs indignantly declared that the horse was all right.

"Um—hum! Well, then, I guess I can supply a carriage. My first cousin Ezra that died used to be doctor here, and he give me his sulky when he got a new one. It's out in the barn. Go fetch your horse and harness him in. I'll be ready time the harnessin's done."

"You?" gasped the teacher. "You don't need to go, Mrs. Beasley. I wouldn't think of giving you that trouble."

"No trouble at all. I wouldn't trust nobody else with them trunks. And, besides, I always do enjoy ridin'. You could go, too, Miss Dorcas, but the sulky seat's too narrer for three. You can set in the settin' room till we get back. 'Twon't take us long. Don't say another word. I'm a-goin'."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE number of reasons given by Mr. Bangs, one after the other, to prove that it would be quite impossible for him to be Mrs. Beasley's charioteer was a credit to the resources of his invention. The blacksmith might be back any minute; it was dinner time, and he was hungry; Henry, the horse, was tired; it wasn't a nice day for riding and he would come over some other time and take the widow out; he— But Debby had a conclusive answer for each protest.

"You said yourself the blacksmith wouldn't be back for an hour," she observed. "And you can leave word with the boy what he's to do when he does come. As for dinner, I'll be real glad to give you and Miss Dorcas a snack soon's we get back. I don't mind if it ain't a pleasant day. A little fresh air'll do me good. I been shut up here housecleanin' ever since I got back from out west. Now hurry right along and fetch your horse. I'll unlock the barn."

"But Mrs. Beasley," put in the schoolmistress, "why couldn't you give us a note to Mrs. Atwood and let us stop for the diary on our way home? I could return it to you by mail, or you might get it yourself some other day and mail it to me."

"No, no! Never put off till tomorrer what you can do today. My husband was a great hand to put off and put off. For the last eight years of his life I was at him to buy a new go-to-meetin' suit of clothes. The one he had was blue to start with, but it faded to a brown, and toward the last of it, I declare if it didn't commence to turn green. Nothin' I could say would make him heave it away even then; seemed to think more of it than ever; said he wanted to hang to it a spell and see what 'twould turn next. But he died and was laid out in that same suit, and I was so mortified at the funeral I couldn't think of nothin' else. No; I'll go after them papers and the diary while they're fresh in my mind. And, besides, do you s'pose I'd let Sarah Ann Atwood rummage through my trunks? I guess not!"

Phoebe began to be sorry she had thought of sending for the diary, particularly as the chance of its containing valuable information was so remote. Mrs. Beasley went into the house to dress for the ride. The schoolmistress went with her as far as the sitting room. The perturbed Bailey stalked off, muttering, to the blacksmith's.

In a little while he returned, leading Henry by the bridle. Debby, adorned with the beflowered bonnet she had worn when she arrived at the Cy Whittaker place and with a black cloth cape over her lean shoulders, was waiting for him by the open door of the barn. The cape had a fur collar, "cat fur," so Mr. Bangs said afterward in describing it.

"Pull the sulky right out!" commanded the widow.

Bailey stared into the black interior of the barn.

"Which is it?" he shouted.

Mrs. Beasley pointed with her ear trumpet.

"Why, that one there, of course. T'other's a truck cart. You wouldn't expect me to ride in that, would you?"

Mr. Bangs entered the barn, seized the vehicle indicated by the shafts and drew it out into the yard. He inspected it deliberately and then sat weakly down on the chopping block near by. Apparently he was overcome by emotion.

The "sulky" bequeathed by the late doctor had been built to order for its former owner. It was of the "carryall" variety, except that it had but a single narrow seat. Its top was square and was curtained, the curtains being tightly buttoned down. Altogether it was something of a curiosity. Miss Dawes, who had come out to see the start, looked at the "sulky," then at Mr. Bangs' face and turned her back. Her shoulders shook.

"It used to be a real nice carriage when Ezra had it," commented the widow admiringly. "It needs litin' and sprucin' up now, but I guess 'twill do. Come!" to Bailey, who had not risen from the chopping block. "Hurry up and harness co-we'll never get started. Thought you wanted to get back for dinner?"

Mr. Bangs stood up and heaved a sigh.

"I did," he answered slowly, "but," with a glance at the sulky, "somethin' seems to have took away my appetite. Teacher, do you mean to"—

But Miss Dawes had withdrawn to the corner of the house, from which viewpoint she seemed to be inspecting the surrounding landscape. Bailey seized Henry by the bridle and backed him into the shafts.

"Back up!" he roared. "Back up, I tell you! You needn't look at me that way," he added in a lower tone. "I can't help it. You ain't any worse ashamed than I am. There! The ark's off the ways. All aboard!"

Turning to the expectant widow, he "boosted" her, not too tenderly, up to the narrow seat. Then he climbed in himself. Two on that seat made a tight fit. Bailey took up the reins. Debby leaned forward and peered around the edge of the curtains.

"You!" she shouted. "You, Miss What's-your-name—Dorcas! Come here a minute. I want to tell you somethin'."

The schoolmistress, her face red and her eyes moist, approached.

"I just wanted to say," explained Debby, "that I ain't real sure as that diary's there. I burnt up a lot of my old letters and things a spell ago, and seems to me I burnt some old diaries, too, but maybe that wan't one of 'em. Anybow, I can get them Arizona papers, and I do want you to see 'em. They're the most interestin' things. Now," she added, turning to her companion on the seat, "you can git dap just as soon as you want to."

Once out on the open road the sulky received the full force of the wind. Mrs. Beasley clutched her driver's arm.

Another gust tilted the carriage top. Debby clutched the arm still tighter.

"Why, it blows awful hard!" she cried. "I'd no idee it blew like this."

"Want to 'bout ship and go home again?" whooped Bailey hopefully.

"No, no!" she answered. "I guess if you folks come all the way from Bayport I can stand it as fur's the Center. But hurry all you can, won't you? I'm kind of 'fraid of the springs."

The widow's stop at the Atwood house, which was in the immediate rear of the Atwood store, was of a half hour's duration. Bailey refused to leave the seat of the sulky and sat there, speaking to no one, not even replying to the questions of a group of loungers who gathered to inspect the ancient vehicle and professed to be in doubt as to whether it had been washed in with the tide or been "left" to him in a will.

At last Debby made her appearance, her arms filled with newspapers. The latter she piled under the carriage seat and then climbed to her former place beside the driver. Henry, in response to a slap from the reins, got under way once more. The axles squeaked and screamed.

"Geef" cried one youngster from the steps of the store. "It's the steam calliope. Where's the rest of the show comin'?"

"Hi!" yelled another. "See how close they're hugged up together. Ain't they lovin'! It's a weddin'!"

"Shut up!" roared out the tortured Bailey, whose hat had blown back into the body of the sulky, leaving his bald head exposed to the cutting wind.

The audience begged him to give them a lock of his hair and added other remarks of a personal nature.

(To be Continued.)

AUSTRALIAN TERRITORY.

Vast Tracts of Federal Land to Be Opened Up.

The steady opening up of that vast tract of federal land in Australia known as the Northern Territory, is one of the most interesting of the world's great projects. The federal authorities have many difficulties to contend with, difficulties which have been considerably accentuated during the past two years owing to the war; but good progress is, nevertheless, being made in all directions.

One of the [illegible] rises to report progress [illegible] of Sir William Vestry [illegible] into a contract with [illegible] some time ago to [illegible] gas works for [illegible] win. According to [illegible] for a [illegible] Port Darwin works is now [illegible] and, and it is hoped, in spite of [illegible] days, due chiefly to the war, [illegible] in a position to commence work early next April. The importance of this project to the development of the country in the immediate future is very considerable. Hitherto, as is pointed out in the despatch already referred to, the pastoralists, not being assured of an outlet for their stock, have not given due attention to the improvement of their herds. The effect of the erection of the cold storage works at Port Darwin has already been that pastoralists are devoting themselves to this important question, and the welfare of stock is being considered in many ways, notably in the provision of wells along the droving routes.

One of the most important outstanding questions in the Northern Territory, as in most new countries, is the question of transport, and it is welcome to note that the greatly needed extension of the railway from Pine Creek to Katherine has now been undertaken, whilst the extension of the pier at Port Darwin is to be ready to handle traffic by April next.

As the possibilities of the country become more fully known, and a larger amount of capital is available for its development, its progress will, of course, be steadily more rapid. At present, many enterprises are hampered for lack of capital, a lack due very largely to the fact that so much of the work in the Northern Territory is still in an experimental stage. The government, however, is carrying on experimental and research work with welcome energy, and already, especially in the matter of agriculture, most gratifying results have been obtained. The outlook for the future in the Northern Territory is, indeed, in every way encouraging.

The Loss of the Bremen.

The Bremen is gone. This is now admitted by the German officials at Berlin as well as at Washington. Sometime we shall know where she has gone—whether to the dark, unfathomed caves of ocean or to the temporary oblivion of a British port. It is altogether probable that the British have "got" her, in one way or the other. Their net-and-trawler campaign against the German submarines, involving the mysterious disappearance of certainly more than fifty under-water boats without the slightest indication to the Berlin admiralty as to what has become of them, has been one of the most impressive and also the most dreadful features of the war. For what could be more appalling than this steady dropping of boat after boat into the nameless void? The Bremen is supposed to be a "merchantman," but we imagine that there is no great sorrow in any neutral country, outside of militant German circles, over the submarine's loss. Her purpose, with that of her predecessor the Deutschland, was purely mischievous. It was just as much a part of Germany's war on the Allies as any attack in the field has been; and the disappearance of this boat, if it was at the hands of the British navy, contributes just so much to the deliverance of the ocean from the peril and nuisance of warlike operations.

Boys in War Game.

The war threatens soon to become a struggle between mere boys. The pace is said to be entirely too fast for the older men long to endure. It is asserted here that next year the Entente allies will be facing boys of 17 in the German army.

General Sir Douglas Haig, commanding the British expeditionary forces, is said to have objected to the sending out of men of middle age. He wants men from 18 to 25 years old. After the latter year it is said the fighting value of the human unit shows a rapid and steady decline. The good soldier of to-day, it seems, must be of the age which excels in the more strenuous athletic games—the football player type. The older men have their place, but, generally speaking, it is said now to be in "the army behind the army"—the men back of the line, in the supply and transport divisions, where the strain is not so great. These older men are too susceptible to trench diseases to be of great use on the firing line. England already is registering boys born in 1899, preparatory to calling them up when they attain their eighteenth year.

Famous Athlete in Khaki.

Capt. "Sinc" McEvenue, who is well known in Canadian Rugby circles, because of his connection with the Argonaut club as coach of the senior team of the Double Blue, has been appointed aide-de-camp to Brigadier-General Meighen at Bramshott Camp, England. McEvenue, who came into prominence in Montreal, where he attended McGill University and played Rugby with the senior team of that institution, enlisted last spring in the Duchess of Connaught's Own Irish Rangers at Montreal. "Sinc," as he is generally known, is also physical director of the Canadian troops at Bramshott Camp.

Icebergs sometimes last for two hundred years.

[illegible] Over 5,0[illegible]en With [illegible]ul Speed

It is now possible to take stock of the development of the British fighting forces since the war began. Britain's contribution to the army, official figures show, has reached a total of six million men. In August 1914 the regular army, on mobilization, amounted to 450,000 men, including reserves and special reserves (the old Militia); and Lord Haldane's Territorial Force, trained in a very high degree, though not so thoroughly as the regular soldier, and only liable for home defence, added 250,000 more—an army in the aggregate of 700,000. But over 100,000 of these regulars were allocated to India and other foreign stations.

In a single day after the declaration of the war, 30,000 recruits were attested—the number provided for in a whole years of peace. The War Office machinery, at first quite inadequate, survived the avalanche, and adapted itself to the new heaven and the new earth, as everything else had to do. Members of Parliament and provincial business men were called in to help, or came in without being called; military officers who had lived in a world of their own found themselves suddenly attempting to communicate with civilians from quite another world.

What astonished the efficient civilians most in those early times was the daily snowstorm of pay sheets and forms of all kinds which descended upon them, unlike manna, from London. The 500 paid officials who were snowed under by those documents at the beginning of the war have since been increased to 7,000. In the fifth week of the war 250,000 men presented themselves for the army or the territorial force, and of that number 175,000 were passed into the regulars.

A central organization, equipped to feed, house, clothe, arm, drill, and instruct an army, at the most, of 700,000 men was confronted, a few weeks after the declaration of war, with an army of about a million and a half, and winter was at hand. Appalled by the apparent impossibility of getting huts and clothes and boots, to say nothing of rifles, ready in time for all who were demanding them, the War Office on September 11, five weeks after the opening of the war, deliberately checked recruiting by raising the standards. The expedient was all too successful. It had not occurred to the War Office then to put the superfluous recruits into reserve groups, from which they might be called as they were required. Recruiting rapidly fell off, and at the same time—everybody imagining that the country had enlisted as many soldiers as it would need—the voice of the parrot was heard in the land repeating everywhere "Business as usual." This had an injurious influence, and the great slump in voluntary recruiting ensued. The standard for recruits was lowered again in the second month of the war, and the age limit was extended, but the mischief was not to be so easily undone.

Recruiting was now entrusted in a much larger degree to the civilian organizations, and the Parliamentary Recruiting Committee canvassed 8,000,000 heads of households on their duty to contribute to the military strength of the country.

Under the National Regisration Act, passed in July, 1915, all the men and women in the United Kingdom between the ages of 16 and 65 were registered, with all the information concerning them necessary for recruiting and industrial purposes.

Then took place "the last great recruiting rally for the voluntary system." The new feature of this last rally was Lord Derby's group system, under which, in the space of two months, 2,250,000 men attested under the group system, and in addition it added over 275,000 men immediately to the army. At Great Scotland Yard 2,300 recruits were dealt with in one day, and 6,200 in the last six days of the scheme.

It was found by the Government, however, that an appreciably large number of single men of military age had neither attested nor enlisted, and accordingly, in January of the present year, Mr. Asquith introduced his Military Service Bill to conscript the unmarried, and it became law. A similar measure in respect of the married followed soon after, and by May 25 all men of military age in Great Britain had been made liable to be called into the army.

We know that before compulsion was introduced over 5,000,000 men in the United Kingdom had voluntarily come forward to fight the enemy. It is not known to the public how many have been added by conscription, but the British army is now spoken of in well-informed quarters as an army of at least six million men. Taking everything into account, it may be claimed with confidence that no other country has ever made or is making now a greater war effort than is being put forth in these times by Great Britain.

All the above figures relate to the United Kingdom only, and take no account of the magnificent contribution in men and money of the Over-sea Dominions.

A Dethroned King.

Lidj Jeassu, who was recently dethroned as king of the Abyssinian domains, succeeded his grandfather, Emperor Menelik, in 1913, his mother being Menelik's second daughter. Among his first acts was the creation of his father as king of Wollo and Nigi. Lidj Jeassu being a minor, administration has been carried on since his accession by regents.

London Has 994,500 Miles of Wiring

London has 73,500 miles of overhead telegraph and telephone wires and 921,000 miles of underground.

GERMANS TRY SLAVE[illegible]

TWO METHODS OF TREATI[illegible] PRISONERS ARE CONTRASTE[illegible]

Teutons Have Returned to the Cruelties of Historic Semi-civilization While the British Act as Though the Captured Huns Were Guests, Even Though They Are Very Unwelcome Ones.

WHEN it can be truthfully said that in England the interned German prisoners of war are being treated as guests, even if unwelcome ones, and that on the contrary the British and Allied prisoners in Germany are being rated as galley slaves, contrast can go no further. The world, indeed, is just beginning to realize that the German system of working its 2,000,000 prisoners of war is a return to conditions the analogies of which can only be found in past savagery or in the historic semi-civilizations of the Orient, refined on the surface but inhumanly cruel throughout. In consequence Doctor Curtin, the American correspondent of The London Times, who has recently returned from Germany and is giving that paper the benefit of his close study of German social and industrial conditions during the war, is doing humanity a public service in painting things just as they are. Up to date Germany has been more than adept in keeping the truth hidden from the world at large, but the manner in which this new form of obligated slavery is carried on in her prison camps cannot forever remain unknown, and any light at this juncture is welcome.

As for the British side of the balance sheet, most people do not know that, partly from humane [illegible] and partly from the pressure [illegible] trade unions, England is not working and cannot work the prisoners of war in her mines and factories and her swamps and fields, as is done in Germany. Moreover, not only has the American Embassy in London reported officially on the British prison camps and given them a good recommendation, but the attitude of the press of Great Britain is against any reprisals even against proved German cruelties. A typical editorial runs as follows:

"Compassionate treatment of prisoners of war has for centuries been a British characteristic. At the best the condition of prisoners of war is a hard one, and it is the duty of a civilized State calling itself Christian to mitigate their irksome lot by every means in its power. Whatever the enemy may do or not do, it is not for us to imitate his bad example. Let it suffice that our own duty is plain. We rejoice that that duty is being performed in the right spirit by the commandants of the internment camps in Great Britain and Ireland. In so acting they are maintaining a noble British tradition of which we have a right to be proud."

Indeed, the charge has even been made in England that some of the prisoners of war were pampered, which again is in contrast to what Germany does, since over there when the British sent some prisoners of war to France, where they are being used as workers, but not under the conditions obtaining in Germany, the German authorities, though they had been working the British prisoners since the beginning of the war, considered the act outrageous, and as a warning and in reprisal shipped a large group of prisoners into service in Poland, a kind of Siberian exile. Under the circumstances one can well believe that German prisoners of the French or English write home that their camps are "palaces," while it is incredible that any British prisoner in Germany who is housed in the industrial camps, where their service is parceled out very much as the South has parceled out its negro criminals, could declare that his accommodations were palatial unless he were unbalanced. And while it is known that official Germany is still contemptuously indifferent to the criticisms of outsiders, the work of critics like Doctor Curtis will tell some day, and in the final reckoning there will be an accounting for all the unnecessary and unprovoked savagery of which any of the combatants may be guilty. It is unlikely the world has heard the last of the German industrial prison camps.

Has Learned His Lesson.

Discussing the relation of the United States to the European War, President Wilson recently declared that "this is the last war that involves the world that the United States can keep out of." He gave as his reason his belief that "the business of neutrality is over," and that "war now has such a scale that the position of neutrals sooner or later becomes intolerable." He added that the nations of the world must get together and say, "nobody can hereafter be neutral as respects the disturbance of the world's peace for an object which the world's opinion cannot sanction."

Financial.

A teller's story. Compound interest is a powerful thing. Bill and Jim, both in khaki, breasted the counter the other day, and one—the financial member of the party—asked: "Does this bank give compound interest?" On being told that it did, he placed 3d. on the mahogany and said, "Bill and me want to know how long it will take this traybit to double itself, so as we can both have a drink." It took only two minutes.—London Opinion.

Lists of Prisoners.

German prisoners held by the British are: Military officers, 728; other ranks, 36,165; naval officers, 150; other ranks, 1,870; total, 38,020 British prisoners of war held in Germany are: Military officers, 923; other ranks, 27,770[illegible] officers, 47; other [illegible], 30,101

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of

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A. Kincaid's

THE BUSY CORNER

THE

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A. H. WATSON, Proprietor

MADOC, JANUARY 11, 1917

Communication

Madoc, January 8th, 1917.

The Editor,
North Hastings Review.

DEAR SIR—As time goes on, I realize more and more the nuisance and inconvenience of this so called electric system we have here. Someone moves to town who has a number of 110 volt appliances and lamps, puts their lamps on, turns on the switch and puff—all the lamps are burned out. Nothing to do but buy a whole new set of 220 volt lamps, which cost more than 110 volt ones, and besides, there are no 10 or 15 watt lamps made for 220 volts. Next week on ironing day the electric iron is connected up, and then something happens, the iron is burned out, have to get a new iron or do without. Say, what's the matter with the electric system they have here, anyway? Can't get a thing to work right.

Someone from Madoc goes to some other town, any town at all, and says that they use 220 volts for lighting here and they laugh at you.

Some people think that a transformer is a somewhat mysterious piece of mechanism that cuts their electric light bill in two. It is nothing of the kind. It is the Tungsten Lamp that cuts your lighting bill in two and it does not matter how the result is accomplished, whether by using a transformer, wiring in series of twos, or by using 220 volt tungstens, any way to use tungstens. For many years back there have been many 220v-110v transformers sold to the people of Madoc on the ground that a transformer would cut the lighting bill in two, which you see is not the case.

In my own house I put on 220 volt tungstens all through, for what good would a transformer be to me or any one else when this town is changed to 110 volts like any other decent place. Some people have made a lot of money out of this transformer fraud.

You buy cloth for so much a yard, or sugar for so much a pound, why not buy electricity at so much a kilowatt hour, same as they do in other towns. If such were the case, you could have electric lights in your cellar, closet or barn and only pay for them when you use them. The spare bedroom that is lit only two or three weeks in the year would not have to be paid for when no one was using it. People could make freer use of toasters, grills and other electric appliances. According to the present rates, a 16 c. p. lamp taking a trifle under 60 watts, a 40 watt tungsten lamp giving twice the light of the 16 c. p. carbon lamp and a toaster taking 600 watts are all supplied with current at the same rate of $2.00 a year, and an electric iron taking just as much current as the toaster costs $3 a year, then again current for a 1000 watt air warmer that is used only part of the year costs about $15.00. Are these rates consistent? I shall leave it to you to decide.

Then, again, suppose I am paying for a 25 watt lamp in a certain room and I find that a 60 watt lamp is needed for a few days or a month for some work that requires more intense light, I intend to put it on. If the electric light committee wants to charge me for the extra light, they are welcome to do so, but I'm not going to be bulldozed running to them every time I put on a different sized lamp, let them find it out. There is a way they can do it very easily if they only thought so—put on a meter.

Now, I want to put a light in the cellar so that it will be there any time, we need it perhaps ten minutes a day, yet that light would cost me as much as if it were in the dining room where it was used 3 or 4 hours a day. Now, this is not right. They say that the light is there and that I could leave it on all the time, therefore I have to pay for it, so I don't put in the light and the town gets no revenue from it. I am willing to pay fifty cents or so a month for having lights ready to turn on if needed, for a meter costs something and it's worth something to me to be able to turn on a light when I need it, even if I'm away two or three months in the year.

Take your own establishment for example, typesetting is a process that requires plenty of light. Now, I would suggest a 60 watt lamp over each font of type, provided with a shade that throws the light on the work and keeps it out of the tpyesetter's eyes, also a 100 watt lamp over the make-up-stone, a 40 watt that could be swung to either of the smaller presses, a 40 at each end of the large press, 2 25's over the counter and a 40 in a desk lamp in the office, also a 40 in a hand guard for carrying around down cellar. These lights would be turned out except when in actual use, and you would have sufficient light whenever you needed it without it costing any more than you are now paying for poor lighting. That motor of yours would be just as well on the meter too.

Another thing that no one seems to have thought of is that the Corporation of Madoc made a contract with the Seymour Power and Electric Co. for a supply of electric energy. Since then the Hydro-Electric Power Commission of Ontario has taken over their interests. The Seymour Co. was selling current to us for commercial gain, while the slogan of the Commission is "Current at cost, current at cost." Now, if the commission is willing to give us current at cost, I think the Corporation of Madoc should at once arrange with the Commission to terminate the old contract. But they say, "let it run on, there's only four years more," and the subject is dropped. Remember that four years is a long time, and we don't intend to wait, for there's no reason why we should.

Last July I wrote a letter to the Commission at Toronto inquiring as to their authority in regard to the municipality of Madoc, and here is the reply dated July 26th, 1916.

"The rates of the Corporation of Madoc will in the future be somewhat under the control of this Commission but we are not yet in a position to do anything in the matter."

This, together with a notice I saw in your paper a few weeks ago saying that "the Hydro-Electric Power Commission of Ontario are considering substantially reduced rates in the Trent Valley district in January" indicate that something is going to happen.

Those of you who were at the Nomination meeting in the town hall a year ago should remember that Mr. C. R. Ross told you that he had overhauled the electric light and power system of the city of Winnipeg, and although he was unsuccessful in getting in the council a year ago, he is in this year, and we expect him to put our electric light and power system in first-class condition, and that out of this will come a bigger, brighter and better Madoc.

A CITIZEN.

Gilmour

Master Clayton McMurray, also Terry and Gerald, are home for the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Ross, of Toronto, spent a few days with her father, Mr. S. Grgelee.

Our teacher, Mr. M. Tufts, is wearing a broad smile these days (why) a little daughter has come to brighten their home.

Miss D. Lammiss, of Millbridge spent the holidays with her father.

Miss Easter Smith visited Miss M. Lammiss on Friday.

Ormsby, January 1, 1917.

To the Editor of The Review.

Mr. and Mrs. McCoy, of Ormsby are in destitute circumstances, have no wood only as some of the kind neighbors get it for them, and also are scarce of food. Mr. M. Coy has been in bed for over six months. He is a member of L. O. Lodge. It's a wonder some of his brothers don't look after them. They have no relations in this part of the country and it seems a shame to have poor people left like that.

Card of Thanks

Mr. John Reeves desires to express, through the medium of the Review, his deepfelt thanks for the many acts of kindness and the sincere sympathy shown himself and family in his recent bereavement through the loss of his dear wife.

Surrogate Court

Probate of the last will and testament of William Mackintosh, late of the village of Madoc, formerly Inspector of Public Schools, granted to the Toronto General Trusts Corporation, sole executors. Wm. Cross, solicitor.

Probate of the last will and testament of Thomas Green, late of the township of Huntingdon, granted to Wm. T. Allen, of the township of Madoc, sole executor. Wm. Cross, solicitor.

Robert Parker a Free Man

Mr. Robert Parker, a man upwards of 60 years of age who resided in the township of Hungerford, and who was placed under arrest charged with the murder of William Masters in 1910, and who was found guilty, was sentenced to be hanged on the 3rd of December of the same year, but later committed to a life sentence in the Kingston Penitentary, walked out a free man on Monday, after a duration of seven years, a pardon having been obtained for him.

Returned Soldier Welcomed

Lieut. Ernest Green, a Belleville soldier who returned from England on Saturday was given a royal reception by the 254th Battalion Band and a platoon of the same Battalion and accompanied by some of the officers. Lieut. Green in a few well chosen remarks thanked the Mayor, the band and the members of the 254th Battalion for the reception accorded him. Lieut. Green is a nephew of Dr. Sutton of this village.

M. W. P. League Notes

The Madoc Women's Patriotic League held the last meeting of the year at the home of Miss Cross on January 9th, 1917. There was a large attendance, a good collection and a lively interest in the work. The President, Mrs. Whytock, occupied the chair. All bills were ordered paid and the winding up of the business for the year quickly despatched. The resignation of the Treasurer, Mrs. Harper, who had rendered such efficient service for two years, was received with regret. The Secretary reported the last shipment of the year consisting of 180 pairs of socks, value $180, sent as field comforts; 17 comfort bags for wounded men sent to Queen's Staff Hospital, value $59.50; and 52 pairs of socks from the Queensboro Patriotic League, value $35: total value $274.50. For the benefit of those who would like to know more about the comfort bags we might explain. Each bag contains 1 razor, 1 brush, 1 comb, 1 towel, 1 washcloth, 1 pipe, 1 handkerchief, 1 pair shoe laces, 1 toothbrush, 1 cake soap, 1 pencil, 1 pack cards, 1 package gum, 1 package cigarettes, 1 tin tobacco, 1 package chocolate, 1 package stationery, 1 puzzle, and is worth $3.50. The merchants of the village gave very liberally in the way of reduced prices for these articles for which the League wish to express their thanks. It was decided to hold the annual meeting with the election of officers for the coming year at the home of Mrs. Wm. Cross on January 23rd at 3 p.m. All who are interested in this work are urged to attend. A New Year offering will be received and donated to the grand work of the Y.M.C.A. The meeting closed with "God Save the King," after which light refreshments were served.

The North Hastings Board of Agriculture

Has arranged through the Provincial Department of Agriculture for a series of meetings on the following dates and places:

For 1917

Moira Town Hall,	January	11
Ivanhoe Orange Hall	"	12
Madoc Town Hall	"	13
Queensboro Orange Hall	"	15
Eldorado Town Hall	"	16

Afternoon and evening sessions at 2 and 8 p.m.

SPEAKERS:

W. C. Shearer, Bright, Ont.; T. W. Clark, Brantford; A. D. McIntosh, Dis. Rep. of Stirling, will address the meetings.

All speakers are live agriculture men and the subjects under discussion will be thoroughly discussed.

See large posters for further particulars.

Jas. Kincaid, Pres. Henry Kells, Vice-President.
F. A. Comerford, Secretary, Eldorado.

Obituary

The community was shocked by the sudden and unexpected death of Mrs. John Reeves, of this village, on Friday of last week. Mrs. Reeves was up to the very moment when she received the stroke, which finally terminated in her death, in her usual state of health. She was in fact just finishing some housework in which she was engaged when she fell to the floor and when found almost immediately afterwards her right side was completely paralyzed. This was shortly afterwards followed by a second stroke ending in her death.

Mrs. Reeves was a quiet, industrious woman, passionately fond of trees, shrubs and flowers in the culture of which she was an expert, and in whose care she could be seen in season and out of season daily occupied.

There remains to mourn her loss her husband, one daughter, Mrs. D. McKenzie, and three sons, Loomis and Charles at home and John, who is at present serving his country on the battle-fields of France.

The Review extends its heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved ones.

Wedding Bells

PARKS—ROLLINS.

A very pretty wedding took place on Wednesday evening, January 3rd, at 7 o'clock at the home of Mr. Robt. Rollins of the Allen Settlement, when their youngest daughter Jennie Agnes became the bride of Mr. Arthur Parks, Rev. Mr. P. U. Sinclair officiating.

The bride leaning on the arm of her father entered the drawing room which was tastefully decorated with evergreens and white draping, and took her place beneath a white floral bell and a chain of evergreens and snowballs, with background of white lace.

The bride looked charming in a gown of cream satin, with trimmings of lace and pearls. She also wore the traditional bridal veil with wreath of orange blossoms and carried a bouquet of ferns and white carnations. The couple were unattended. The wedding march was played by Miss Beatrice King, cousin of the bride.

After congratulations, guests numbering seventy five, repaired to the dining room which was decorated with evergreens and white snow balls, where a sumptuous wedding tea was awaiting them.

The bride was the recipient of a large number of useful presents. The groom's gift to the bride was a set of black fox furs, and to the organist a brooch, set with amethyst and pearls.

The young couple left the next day, amid showers of rice, for Hamilton and other points to spend their honeymoon. The bride travelled in a navy blue serge suit with hat to match. Their many friends wished them a long, happy, wedded life.

FOWLER—HAYTON

A very quiet but pretty wedding was solemnized on Christmas night at 8 o'clock, at the George St. Methodist Church Parsonage, Peterboro, by Rev. R. G. Peever, B. D., when Miss Laura Hayton of 503, Sherbrook St., was united to Mr. Elmer Fowler of 240 Murray St. The bride was attired in a suit of black velvet and hat to match. The groom's gift to the bride was a handsome black muff. Mr. and Mrs. Fowler will reside at 240 Murray St.

Bannockburn

A number from here attended the party at Orval Jackson's on January 1st, and all report a fine time.

Messrs Crowingshield have returned after spending Christmas out of town.

We are sorry to hear of the sudden death of J. Burr's youngest daughter.

Mrs. A. Ruckstuhl was in town on Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Wanamaker attended the wedding of the latter's brother at Cooper.

Miss B. Wilson is on the sick list.

Presentation and Address

During the course of a very pleasant evening spent at the home of Mr. and Mrs. David Lough of Malone, on Tuesday last, the following two addresses were read followed by the presentation of suitable gifts, in honor of the enlistment for Overseas Service of their son Fred.

From his friends and neighbors of Malone to Sgt. Fred Lough.

DEAR FRED,—We, your many friends assemble here this evening felt that we could not allow this opportunity of expressing to you our appreciation of your noble sacrifice to pass without recognition. Your equanimity and general companionship has endeared you to us all, and the vacancy you leave will be hard to fill. Still it is our prayer that this cruel, yet righteous war may soon be over and that you will return to us safely once more.

By our presence and the accompanying gift, we wish to convey to you our esteem. Our prayers for your safety will always follow you, and may your endeavors be crowned with the greatest success.

Signed on behalf of your friends,
Annie Gawley, Fred Nickle, Della Empey and Russell Fitzgerald.

From the Members of Nickle L. O. L. No. 285, to Sgt. Fred Lough.

DEAR BRO. LOUGH,

Your brethren of L. O. L. No. 285 could not allow this opportunity to pass without in some way expressing to you their appreciation of your noble example. By your decision you are carrying out the watchword of your order and are living up to the professions of loyalty given before the altar of your lodge, in a very marked degree. Your devotion to our beloved Order and your readiness at all times to advance our Protestant and Orange Principles has won for you the highest esteem of your brethren.

We pray that the Almighty may ever direct, bless and prosper you, and at the end of this War, which we pray for speedily, return you to us safely once more.

Jas. A. Nickle, D. W. M.
Wm. Gawley, W. M.

Paper napkins, 4c and 5c per Package at the Review Office.

Just Arrived

Soldiers' Fine Dress Boots

These Boots are the same as last year both in quality and price.

Call in and inspect them for yourself.

G. C. MOON

We are CHAMPIONS

in the Clothing Game. If you doubt us drop in and try on an

ART TAILORED



Cold weather brings out the overcoats. Let yours be a good one.

ART CLOTHES
COOK BROS. & ALLEN LIMITED

Suit or Overcoat

GEORGE WEST

Vinol

$1.04 Per Bottle.

Vince's Popular Drug Store

Camera Sale

$20.00 post card folding, 3¼x5½, now	- - -	$16.95
$12.00 " " " "	- - -	$8.95
$6.00 No. 2 Brownie " 2¼x3¼ "	- - -	$5.00
$4.00 Box Camera, 3¼x3¼, "	- - -	$3.48
$3.00 " " 2¼x4¼, "	- - -	$2.50
$2.00 " " 2¼x3¼, "	- - -	$1.75

Now this is your opportunity to secure any of the above during the sale which continues next week. They will accommodate any film on the market of the same size. Mail orders promptly filled. Order now as the above prices are limited.

The Ludbrook Shoe Store and Studio

—WANTED—A Maid for two people, Toronto. A small house, good home, work light. Salary to begin with $12 a month and increase as circumstances warrant. Apply at this office. 43-tf

Cleaning, Pressing, Repairing

The undersigned is prepared to do French Dry Cleaning, Pressing and Remodelling of Ladies' and Gents' Garments at reasonable prices. Upstairs, one door north of Rierdon's Drug Store.

MISS S. BAKER



Everybody Dances

DON'T think of the New Edison Diamond Amberola just as a reproducer of topical songs or band selections. Its great value as a home entertainer is its *versatility*.

Take the present popularity of dancing. With a New Edison in your home, you may have a delightful dance as often as you like, with music that a millionaire could not improve.

You can have all the latest dances played by the finest bands and orchestras, with the tempo set by the masters of dancing so that you get the exact rhythm.

Or—if you prefer the regular waltzes and two-steps, you may choose from many when you have the New Edison.

Or—you may have a night at the opera—a vaudeville or musical comedy evening—and on Sundays enjoy "the hymns that live" as sung by soul inspiring quartettes.

There's a winter's entertainment and a winter's delight in 55

The NEW EDISON DIAMOND AMBEROLA

THE J. M. GREENE MUSIC CO. LIMITED, MADOC, Ont.

—Men's Working Gloves and Mitts at G. A. Rollins.

The Trenton Courier and Havelock Standard have raised their subscription price to $1.50 per year. A number of the dailies are raising their prices, finding it impossible to publish at the old subscription price, owing to the high cost of paper and other printing material.

BUTTER PAPER Vegetable Parchment, in sizes for rolls or pound prints. THE REVIEW Office.

HOME NEWS GOSSIP CHAT

Mrs. Hudgins and Miss Helen were visiting friends in town this week.

—For Sale.—Piano, good as new, worth $325, for $150. John Reeves.

Miss Annie Farrell spent a few days last week with friends in Norwood.

—Wanted—Lands carrying minerals. J. C. Fowle, Mining Engineer, Madoc.

Mr. Robert J. Gordon left last week to take a business course at the Ontario Business College, Belleville.

—Boy wanted, to learn Electric Wiring. John Burkitt.

The name of Miss Hilda Pyne has been added to the list of successful candidates who wrote at the recent Model School examinations.

—Royalite Oil, 20c gal. delivered to any part of town. G. A. Rollins.

Mr. Jack Nerrie, the popular ledger keeper of the Dominion Bank staff, has left for Whitby to accept a similar position in the bank there.

—Wanted—Elm and heading for cheese boxes. Custom sawing in spring. G. R. Jones. 1-3

Mr. D. W. Rutledge spent part of last week and this in the north on business. During his absence Mrs. Rutledge visited her sister in Trenton.

—For Sale.—20 s. c. white Leghorn Pullets and Hens under 2 years old, in color snow white, at $1.25 each. R. A. A. McConnell. 2-tf

It is expected that the soldiers of the 254th will commence training in the Armouries about the 15th of this month. Now is the time to sign up and begin with the boys.

—Found.—On the street in Madoc about Dec. 22 a child's white Muff. Owner can have same by applying at this office and paying for this advt.

At St. George's church, Oshawa, on Friday, December 29th, 1916, Dorothy Lascombe, daughter of Dr. D. S. Hoig, was united in marriage to William Vernon Oke, Lieut., 235th Battalion.

Mrs. W. Bingham, of Moose Jaw, Sask., spent Friday and Saturday with Mr. and Mrs. H. Price. Mrs. Bingham left for Montreal and other Eastern points where she will visit friends for a month or so.

Another Stirling soldier has made the supreme sacrifice. Last week Mrs. A. Kennedy received a telegram, stating that her son, Pte. Percy Kennedy, had died of wounds at No. 19 casualty clearing station on December 19.

—The winter is a good season for amateur photography. The presence of the snow reflects the light. Our Vulcan Film gives good results when others fail. They are for sale at the Ludbrook Shoe Store and Studio. We develop film with best results.

The Misses McGuire left Monday for Buffalo where Miss Marguerite enters the General Hospital as nurse in training. Miss Blanche will visit her aunt, Mrs. E. B. McMahon, 77 Lemwood Ave., for a couple of weeks.

As the result of the municipal election in Tudor and Cashel, the following Council was elected for the ensuing year: Judson A. Gunter, Reeve, (acel.); H. Walker, Jas. McEwen, Ed. Norman, Jas. H. Sprackett, Councillors.

Capt. E. D. O'Flynn, second in command of the 247th Battalion, Peterboro, has been promoted to rank of Major. Major O'Flynn was at the front for a long period with the 2nd Battalion, and his promotion has been richly earned.

Now when all classes of the community are receiving higher prices for their commodities, it is only reasonable that the local publisher should share in the increase. To farmers it will only mean the price of a dozen eggs or a pound of butter.

Rev. H. E. Dougan, B.A., B.D., who has been engaged in mission work in the Peace River country, is spending a few days visiting friends and relatives here before returning to Toronto to begin military training with the University of Toronto Training Corps.

—To Users of Dry Cells.—We sell the famous Eveready Dry Cell, costs no more than the ordinary kind. Get them at Kincaid's store. J. Burkitt. 2-2

Announcement is made at the Provincial Treasurer's Department that in the collection of amusement tax upon season tickets at rinks permission will be given to commuting tickets for ten per cent. their value. When a season ticket is sold the seller of it adds ten per cent. in one lump sum to the value of the ticket and remits this to the department. In other than season tickets the usual tax tickets must be accepted.

The annual meeting of St. John the Baptist church (Anglican) was held at the Rectory on Monday evening, January 8th. The financial reports of the church and its kindred organizations were received with much pleasure. The financial state of the church is the largest and best in the history of the parish, and much credit is due to the members of the vestry and congregation for their united efforts and enthusiasm. At the close of the meeting refreshments were provided and all voted a good time.

WANTED.—Citizens who can furnish accommodation for a couple of soldiers for the winter. Address Lieut. Duffin, Madoc.

The Belleville Ontario heralds the fact that the spud, the murphy, the Irish apple, the lowly potato is coming into its own. What with soaring prices of all foodstuffs, and potatoes selling by the dozen instead of the peck, the humble tuber is taking its place with hen-fruit and turkey steak among viands of the gods. Further prediction is made that potato kings will rise up with high-power automobiles in their farmyards, and diamonds in their crowns, the deserted farms in the north country will become potato ranches and the landed estates of newmade nabobs. There is no denying the fact that potato growing is on the increase in this district and those who were fortunate to have a crop to gather last fall netted a tidy sum.

Praise for Lt.-Col. Rierdon

Lieut.-Col. W. R. Rierdon, who has been mentioned in despatches by Sir Douglas Haig, is one of Madoc's citizens. The Colonel, at the beginning of the war commanded the 26th Kingston Battery. Maj.-Gen. Lessard, when reviewing this battery, said to Col. Rierdon, "You have the best battery I have ever seen." This excellent reputation has continued and Madoc is proud of the Lieut.-Col. and sincerely hopes for him continued success and a safe return. Lieut.-Col. Rierdon's drug store is still being carried on under the managership of Mr. Gundry who is always glad to show to the customers the splendid picture of the Lt. Colonel. His mother has just received word that he is now in a rest hospital at Havre.

Canadian Bank of Commerce For the Boys in France

For the convenience of those who have friends or relatives fighting in France and who may be desirous of sending them ready money, in addition to other gifts, the Canadian Bank of Commerce have obtained a supply of French bank notes in five franc denominations and which cost 93c. each. These notes are very handy as they are immediately available on receipt for purchasing at the canteen or elsewhere. When writing to the boys at the front one or two of these notes placed in the letter would be very much appreciated. The Madoc Branch of the bank has a supply of these notes on hand where they may be purchased on application.

Military Notes

The following is the semi-monthly return of recruiting and the strength of each Battalion in Military District, No. 3, for the half month ending Dec. 31st, 1916:

Units	Location	Recruits	Tot
207th Batt.,	C.E.F., Ottawa,	27,	740
230th	Brockville	35	831
235th	Belleville	24	801
240th	Renfrew	81	650
247th	Peterboro	11	116
252nd	Lindsay	17	117
253rd	Kingston	47	121
254th	Belleville	46	298

—Waxed paper for wrapping parcels to soldiers and Christmas gifts can be had at the Review office for 7c. a package.

We

SUIT

All Parties

With our Made-to-Measure tailoring we have a large assortment of winter woollens for your approval

When it comes to having your clothes

Cleaned and Pressed

try

D. W. RUTLEDGE

Madoc District

Agricultural Society

ANNUAL MEETING

The Annual Meeting, according to the provisions of the Agricultural and Arts Act, of the Madoc Agricultural Society will be held in the

Town Hall, Madoc

Saturday, Jan. 20, 1917

at the hour of two o'clock p.m. for the purpose of organizing, election of officers and a Board of Directors for the present year.

A representative attendance from the surrounding municipalities to ensure the success of the coming season's Fair is earnestly requested.

T. H. THOMPSON, President. W. J. HILL, Secretary

2-2

For Coughs and Colds

try Nyal's Syrup of Tar and Cod Liver Oil Compound.

A valuable remedy for Coughs and Colds, Bronchitis and all inflamed and irritated conditions of the throat and bronchial tubes

W. R. Rierdon, Druggist, Madoc

PHONE 73

Up-to-Date Machine Shop

Having one of the most complete and up-to-date Machine Shops in Hastings County, I am now prepared to do machine work of all description, such as repairing Sawing Machines, Gasoline Engines, Threshing Outfits, Threading Bolts, Pipes, etc., and in fact anything that needs expert workmanship and up-to-the-minute machinery.

Give Us A Call And Be Convinced

We also cater to the Autoists and have a full line of Auto Accessories on hand. Our Bowser Gasoline Tank is always ready to supply your wants.

AGENCY FOR THE McLAUGHLIN MOTOR CAR

P. H. NAYLER

Machine Shop and Garage Phone 88 Opposite Blue's Hotel, Madoc

Make Our Store Headquarters for Cold Weather Requirements

A good stock of men's heavy rubbers, heavy Sox and leggings at reasonable prices.

We also have a good stock of Felts for men and a few pairs left for women.

Moccasins for men, women and children.

Men's all wool sweater coats at $1.50 and up.

A few sheepskin coats for boys at a bargain.

1 only lady's fur lined coat at cost.

We are open to buy fresh pork and beef and all kinds of farm produce at market prices.

We respectfully request all those who have not already settled their fall accounts to do so at once.

Vandervoort Bros.

M. VANDERVOORT, Mgr.

Eldorado, Ont.

Military Wrist Watches

The wrist is the handiest place to carry the time, especially so for the soldier. We have a watch which we feel will give entire satisfaction at a price within the reach of all.

Special Sterling Silver Wrist Watches, luminous dial and hands $9.50, in Nickle Cases $8.50, other styles from $3 up.

These watches are regular Military style as supplied to the Canadian Government Overseas contingents.

Geo. Maybee

Clearing Sale

of Ladies'

Wash Blouses and House Dresses

We call your special attention to the values mentioned in this advertisement. We must clear them out at once—therefore the bargains. The styles are good, they are well made and the materials are excellent.

Good Values in Ladies' Wash Blouses 49 Cents.

These blouses were considered good value at their regular price. They are the latest make in materials such as pique, vesting voille and mull and we have all sizes from 34 to 44.

Special this week at 49 Cents.

Great House Dress Sale 79 Cents.

A good assortment of House Dresses, size 34 to 44 in., both light and dark prints and ginghams.

Special this week at 79 Cents.

McINTOSH BROS.



SKUNK

TRAPPERS—Get "More Money"

for Skunk, Fox, Muskrat, Raccoon, Mink, White Weasel, Beaver, Fisher, Bear, Marten and other Fur Bearers collected in your section. SHIP YOUR FURS DIRECT to "SHUBERTS" the largest house in the World dealing exclusively in NORTH AMERICAN RAW FURS a reliable—responsible—safe Fur House with an unblemished reputation existing for "more than a third of a century," a long successful record of sending Fur shippers prompt, SATISFACTORY AND PROFITABLE returns. Write for "The Fur Trapper," the only reliable, accurate market report and price list published. Write for it—NOW—it's FREE.

A. B. SHUBERT, Inc. 25-27 WEST ILLINOIS AVE. CHICAGO, U.S.A.



"Only for the Teeth Have We [illegible] to Take Precaution in Advance of Pain."

[illegible]ence has taught us that to wait for the toothache warning is to [illegible]rable loss to be done.

[illegible] do we not apply this lesson in caring for the general health, [illegible] the blood rich and the nervous energy at high-water mark, [illegible] to a minimum and prolong life?

[illegible] symptoms to warn you of the weak, watery condition of the blood [illegible] nerves, and by the timely use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food it is not diffi[illegible] to the blood and feed the starved nerves back to health and [illegible]

But just as the tooth cannot be saved after decay has gone too far, so the nerve cells can never be replaced once they are dead.

On this account it is a thousand times better to be warned by sleeplessness, headaches, indigestion, tired feelings and muscular weakness rather than to neglect treatment and allow nervous prostration, locomotor ataxia or paralysis to develop.

That Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is the greatest of nerve restoratives is being proven every day, and you will find the evidence in the daily and weekly papers.

50 cents a box, 6 for $2.50, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

Do not be talked into accepting a substitute. Imitations disappoint.

533

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food



Ty[illegible]

A Story of Japan

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Wendell had been in Japan a week when he decided to leave Nagasaki and make his headquarters in a tiny fishing village.

The motive came upon Ray Wendell the very day he decided to leave Nagasaki.

It came in the shape of a typhoon. Toward noon there was a cloud before the sun.

Everything portable was fastened as tightly as possible, and then all one could do was to pray for deliverance from the whirlwind.

Even the foreign population living in the substantially built hotels and large private residences recognized the signs of approaching storm.

A yellow light seemed to brood over the city. Birds flew restlessly among the trees and shrubs in the gardens, and mothers gathered their little ones into the house.

In the bazaars the boxlike counters were quickly telescoped, the stock in trade vanished as magically and only the swaying signboards and paper lanterns were left to rustle warning.

Wendell, walking toward the ticket office to see about reservations for his journey to the fishing village of his dreams, paused for a moment and looked down the street to the very end, where the busy thoroughfare became a jutting wharf—a choppy yellow gray sea, not a sail in sight and the shipping in the harbor rocking uneasily.

All at once the typhoon came screaming down the wind like a thousand furies let loose.

Frail roofs were lifted like paper and sailed through the air like huge kites.

Wendell gasped for breath and clung to a pole. His hat vanished and became one of other myriad flying objects. Furniture, clothing, uprooted trees, signboards, flew past at dizzying speed. People struggling against the wind turned and went with it, many to destruction.

Wendell, pausing at a corner, turned it to get away from that dizzy glimpse of the sea. He lost all sense of locations.

Dogs dodged under his feet. Paper umbrellas, whose owners had neglected to furl them, were torn to shreds and went swirling through the air like huge paper kites. Signboards danced and clattered overhead.

There were shrill screams as women fled toward their frail homes. Clogs clattered on the pavements and there were tinkling crashes of porcelain as shop windows blew in and devastated the stock of some luckless merchant.

Amid the eerie ringing of temple bells sounded the hoarse notes of warning whistles in the harbor. The cries of flying jinrikisha runners were lost in the pandemonium of sound.

Wendell wondered what he should do. He could not find his way back to the hotel, yet he must find some place of refuge and find it very soon.

When the blighting wind had passed over the city there might follow its aftermath—the tidal wave. Very likely the shops in the harbor were preparing to meet the shoreward thrust of the mighty waters.

Wendell tried to hail a rikisha man. He might get back to the hotel. But every vehicle was filled and his call was unnoticed. He addressed one or two fleeing passersby. He offered money to be guided to the hotel. But his offers were ignored. The wind tore the words from his lips, and no matter which way he turned he met absorbed, fear set faces or fleeing blue cotton backs.

"I will go with the wind," he muttered savagely, and with this resolve in mind he swung around the next corner and with the wind at his back felt himself impelled with great velocity.

The street he was now on was free from shops and he could see glimpses of red tiled roofs among the cryptomarias in the gardens. Here the wind was tearing tiles from the roofs and lashing the trees to destruction.

Wendell saw a group of Japanese scudding down the street to some safety they had in mind. The street sloped sharply downward. Suddenly something flashed past the young American and he heard a girl's frightened cry.

It was a jinrikisha, with no sign of attendants, rolling wildly down the street. In the slight two wheeled vehicle sat a girl, gowned in white, with ruddy brown hair blowing back from her face—a white, staring face. She thrust out appealing hands to Wendell, and then the jinrikisha had borne her down the steep incline.

In an instant Wendell was after it, the wind that propelled the flying vehicle speeding his going. He had not dreamed that he could speed so swiftly, his feet barely touching the ground.

Strange things flew past him—lighter objects—and he feared for the girl's safety.

It was growing darker now, and there was an ominous hush.

The wind seemed to pause in its blowing as if catching breath for greater effort.

In that momentary stillness Wendell reached the flying jinrikisha and, passing it, caught up one of the poles of its shafts.

"It's all right now!" he called back [illegible] in [illegible]

[illegible] them to the [illegible]

In [illegible] azily from [illegible] tables. A [illegible] loomed in the [illegible] the sickly [illegible] Somewhere up in [illegible] carved bronze bell [illegible] as the wind swayed [illegible]

"Ar[illegible] here?" asked the girl, clinging [illegible] to Wendell's arm.

"As [illegible] as anywhere in Nagasaki just now," he replied. "Sit down here and if you do not like to look at the image face the doorway."

He drew a number of clean white mats from the floor and piled them beside one of the pillars of the temple.

"Oh, I like the face of the Buddha," she hastened to say. "It is so calm and peaceful after the storm!" She broke down and began to sob softly.

Wendell turned and went softly away. Left to herself, he argued, she would quickly recover her poise.

Within the thick walled temple one heard vague rumblings of the storm. Wendell moved slowly among the various smaller shrines and marveled at the singular absence of the priests. He decided that they had sought refuge in some safer place, perhaps some larger temple near by.

The votive table was laden with offerings of flowers, rice and wine. On the steps of the shrine was a small black lacquered box. Wendell picked it up and found it to be one of those tiny portable stoves which the Japanese are fond of using. Inside was a small brazier of glowing charcoal, and in one of the drawers were teacups and tea, and in the other compartment were tiny rice cakes. Some priest had dropped his tea equipage in his hurried flight.

Wendell blew the coals into flame, put on a tiny copper water kettle and presently made tea in the Japanese fashion in the small porcelain bowls. These he carried to the girl.

She was sitting up now, and he could see her face quite clearly. She was very lovely with wide gray eyes and sweet mouth.

"Tea?" she asked incredulously.

He nodded. "And rice cakes, too, if you want them," he said. "You will feel better afterward."

They sat together on the mats and drank the tea and ate the priest's rice cakes. When they had finished Wendell dropped a handful of coins in the box and returned it to the place where he had found it.

Listening, he decided that the storm had abated in a measure and, going to the door, thrust his head out into the portico. The world was bathed in a glory of golden sunshine.

"Come," he called to his companion. "I think we may go now."

She joined him and cried aloud at the transformation. The temple garden was in ruins. Along the roadside people were hastening to their deserted homes. The road was muddy.

As Wendell helped Alice Lovell up the hill toward the storm beaten city, he felt that something new had come into his life with the typhoon. Love had come riding on the crest of the storm. It had passed him for an instant, but he had caught it. He laughed exultantly and the girl turned, and their eyes met in a long glance.

When she turned her eyes away her face was rosy, but it was not the sunset's glow. It was rather the fair morning sunshine of love.

He went with her to the hotel, where her friends were frantically searching for her. His meeting them and listening to their thanks for his timely rescue was like a dream. The only real thing was the girl and himself.

As he said goodby in the hotel garden, he looked down into her dark blue eyes.

"You are going to be here awhile?" he asked.

"A month," she answered.

"And I may come and see you?"

"Ah, I hope you will!" she cried impulsively, and then she blushed once more.

That is the reason why Ray Wendell decided not to leave Nagasaki.

On their wedding trip a year later, they came to Nippon, and a priest served them with tea in the temple garden. And he told them a strange tale of the day of the great typhoon, when the storm gods took the tea and cakes from his cabinet and replaced them with many yen. And of course Wendell filled the little drawer with copper coins once more, telling his wife:

"In memory of the day when I met you, dear."

Early Panama.

The first permanent settlement in the new world was established at Panama Aug. 15, 1519, by Pedrarias, the Spanish governor. In exploring the Pacific coast along the isthmus the Spanish adventurers found a small fishing village called Panama, and on the date given above the governor established his capital there. Two years later, by royal decree, Panama was made a city and the seat of a bishop. Panama became the center for Spanish explorations in North and South America, and many expeditions were sent out from there in search of gold. It was from Panama, in 1524, that Pizarro began the voyage which ended in the discovery of Peru. After that a highway was established across the isthmus, following much the same route as the Panama canal, and over this the wealth of Peru was transported to the Spanish treasure ships in the Atlantic. To this day small sections of paved road are to be seen as relics of the old Spanish highway over which so much treasure was carried.

Very Set In His Ways.

The people of Fitchburg in the eighteen thirties resented Joseph Palmer's beard. He was the only bearded man in that part of the country, and he was persecuted for it. When he resisted the attack of several neighbors who proposed to shave him he was put in jail on a charge of unprovoked assault. He far outstayed his sentence, said his son, because he had to pay for all his food, drink and coal for heating, and he considered they cheated him, so he refused to go. The sheriff and jailer, tired of having him there, begged him to leave. Even his mother wrote to him "not to be so set." But nothing would move him. He said that they had put him in there and they would have to take him out, as he would not walk out. They finally carried him out in his chair and placed it on the sidewalk. The neighbors were irritated, not only by Joseph Palmer's beard, but by his general attitude of mind—he was "so set."—Atlantic Monthly.

When Chocolate Was Denounced.

Strong passions were roused in the seventeenth century among those who thought chocolate was an invention of the devil. A formidable treatise was written in order to denounce the use of the beverage by monks. The treatise appeared in 1624, but the monks saw to it, by destroying every copy that came their way, that its circulation was small and brief. Chocolate houses succeeded coffee houses in London as centers of a supposed greater refinement, although Roger North described them as centers for the benefit of "rooks and cullies of quality, where gaming is added to all the rest" and where plots against the state were hatched by idle fellows.—London

Shorthand Pioneer.

That the ancients were thoroughly conversant with shorthand is an undisputed fact. It subsequently became a lost art until revived or rediscovered toward the end of the sixteenth century. At this time there lived William Lawrence, who died in 1621 and was buried in the cloister of Westminster abbey. There the visitor may read his epitaph, which includes the following lines:

Shorthand he wrote. His flower in prime did fade,
And hasty death short hand of him hath made.

—London Standard.

Crust of French Bread.

There is one precious quality which distinguishes French bread from all the other breads in the world, the quality, namely, of an extraordinarily thick crust.

French bread has a thick, crisp, appetizing crust because it is baked with a fuel composed of poplar branches. The light poplar wood gives an intense heat, which for some reason makes crust as no other fuel will do.—Exchange.

A Novelty.

"When I went home the other night," said Mr. Meekton, "Henrietta mistook me for a burglar."

"It must have been an unpleasant experience."

"I rather enjoyed it. It was the first time in my life Henrietta was ever afraid of me."—Washington Star.

Eager to Practice.

"My boy, you want to practice thrift."

"I know, dad, but I haven't got the tools."

"What do you mean by that?"

"If you'll let me have the $5 I need I'll see how long I can make it last."—Detroit Free Press.

Bad Habit.

"I'm going out, Maria, to get a little ozone in my system."

"I do wish, James, you would stop taking them dangerous drugs."—Baltimore American.

England's Army Rifle.

The English rifle, the Lee-Enfield, fires thirty-four shots a minute. It is made in ninety-four parts, involving over a thousand operations.

Could Help Her.

Fussy Lady Patient—I was suffering so much, doctor, that I wanted to die. Doctor—You did right to call me in, dear lady.—London Opinion.

Directly Over It.

Bacon—What is that watchmaker doing at his bench at night? Egbert—Oh, he's working over time.—Yonkers

Origin of Felt.

Many centuries ago a poor monk was compelled to travel upon a long and arduous journey. His road was rocky, his sandals were worn, and he suffered agonies as he trudged grimly upon his holy errand. One day as he sat by the wayside resting a sheep came up to him, bleating in the most friendly fashion. The good monk petted the sheep and was grateful for its dumb friendliness, when suddenly he had an inspiration. He took out his sheath knife, sheared two handfuls of wool from the sheep and placed one in the heel of either sandal. That afternoon as he trudged along his feet seemed light, his step springy. The wool took the jar from his spine, the impact of the stony road from his aching, swollen feet.

The next morning as he started out he thought to rearrange the wool padding and discovered that the friction and the movement of his feet in the sandals had reduced the wool to a sort of a cloth. Thus was discovered felt, which to this day is one of the most effective substances ever discovered for padding purposes.

How Saccharin Was Discovered.

Saccharin is the most valuable substitute for sugar we know. Yet it, like many other present day inventions, had a rather unlikely beginning. It can be taken with impunity by diabetic patients, to whom ordinary sugar is death, and it is many times sweeter than that commodity. And, strangely enough, it has only been known to science since 1887.

That year Dr. Fahlberg was employed upon the all important subject of coal tar derivatives at the Johns Hopkins university. Sitting one evening at tea, he was surprised to find how sweet his bread and butter tasted. He traced the sweetness to his fingers, then to his coat sleeves and finally to one of the bowls of derivatives in his laboratory. Experiments upon himself and animals proved alike the harmlessness of the compound and its extreme sweetness. And saccharin was "discovered."—Exchange.

Lost and Found—a Heart.

Nothing seems so hopelessly lost when it is lost, as a heart, yet nothing, when it is lost, is by the experience of the centuries so absolutely certain of recovery.—Puck.

As It Will Be.

The New Woman—I'm going to the club, Algernon. Algernon—Very well, but I've done all I could to make the home attractive.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Subtle Impoliteness.

"Biggins always agrees with anything I say."

"Yes. It's his way of intimating that he doesn't consider your views sufficiently important to be worthy of an argument."—Washington Star.

[M]ISERABLE FROM STOMACH TROUBLE

Felt Wretched Until He Started to Take "Fruit-a-tives"

[illegible] St., Montreal.

[illegible], I was a miserab[le] [illegible]matism and Stoma[ch] [illegible] frequent Dizzy Spell[s] [illegible] food, felt wretched [illegible]ffered from Rheu[matism] [illegible], with pains in my [illegible] my hands swollen. [illegible] "Fruit-a-tives" and [illegible], they did me good. [illegible], I felt I was getting [illegible] truthfully say that [illegible] is the only medicine [illegible]". LOUIS LABRIE.

[illegible] box, 6 for $2.50, trial size, 25c. [illegible] or sent postpaid by Fruit-[a-tives] Limited, Ottawa.

Marines and Their Fingers.

Men with long, tapering "piano" fingers are apt to desert after short service, while those having stubby digits, denoting stability of character and utter lack of the artistic temperament, usually stand by their oaths and make the best marines, according to finger print experts at headquarters of the United States marine corps. Altho[ugh] desertions from the corps are ligh[t at] all times, it has been found that [illegible]tors, sign writers and, strange to s[ay], waiters furnish the largest number [of] deserters. Records, including finger prints, of all men enlisted in the marine corps are kept at headquarters for purposes of identification, and there are cases on record where bodies with finger tips intact have been positively identified through the finger print medium.

Quite Common.

"It's strange what interest sma[ll] boys and girls take in boasting abo[ut] the possessions of themselves and the[ir] families.

Mollie, aged nine, and Nancy, a yea[r] younger, were trying to outmatch eac[h] other at this game, and Mollie wa[s] several points ahead in the contest.

"Oh, you should see my mother's fan!" she boasted, thinking to ma[ke] her victory complete. "It's lovely—hand painted!"

Nancy tossed a scornful head.

"Pooh!" she retorted. "That's nothing. So's our garden fence."

Bold Court Fool.

Ferdinand II. was a man of very un[certain] moods and would allow [his] jester to take liberties with him on[e] hour while resenting any familiarit[y] the next. One day he turned roun[d] on Jonas, his favorite fool, and thun[dered]: "Fellow, be silent! I neve[r] stoop to talk to a fool!"

"Never mind that," answered Jonas. "I do. So please listen to me in your turn."

To Make Sure.

"Won't you please leave the light burning in the hall, mother?" pleaded little Robert as he was being put to bed.

"Nonsense, Bobbie," was the reply. "Surely you know there isn't anything to be afraid of in the dark."

"Yes, I know, but can't you leave a teeny weeny light so I can see there isn't anything there?"—Exchange.

Bob Burdette's Aside.

When Bob Burdette was addressing the graduating class of a large eastern college for women he began his remarks with the usual salutation, "Young ladies of '97." Then in a horrified aside he added, "That's an awful age for a girl!"

Envelopes.

Envelopes were practically unknown before 1725. About that time one was seen semi-occasionally. As late as 18[illegible] letters were often sent folded and sealed. Envelopes may be said to have come into use shortly after 1844.—Exchange.

Badly Timed.

Nephew—I tried to get a raise today, aunt, but the boss refused it. Mrs. Blunderby—Too bad, Dicky! Perhaps you didn't approach him at the ecological moment.—Boston Transcript.

Atlas Rejoices.

Atlas bore the world on his shoulders. "It is much easier than having it on your conscience," he explained.—New York Sun.

The virtue of justice consists in moderation as regulated by wisdom.—Aristotle.

AFTER GRIPPE

Mrs. Findley Made Strong By Vinol

Severy, Kans.—"The Grippe left me in a weak, nervous, run-down condition. I was too weak to do my housework and could not sleep. After trying different medicines without benefit Vinol restored my health, strength and appetite. Vinol is a grand medicine and every weak, nervous, run-down woman should take it."—Mrs. Geo. Findley.

Vinol sharpens the appetite, aids digestion, enriches the blood, and builds up natural strength and energy. Try it on our guarantee.

J. Will Vance, Druggist, Madoc, also at the best druggist in all Ontario towns.

E... MIND.

Time ... essential to ... learning to ... easily.

An ... thinking is ...

Opp... in time and in sol...

Ma... but with far ... to really live ... one should make ... for thought. People ... continuously ... people. Each ... and requires ... thought.

One ... room by oneself ... manage to spend ... along the ... or in one's room ... of a stroll or of a slow ... requiring little attention to ... stimulant and ... for thinking unless the attention ... much outwardly. The time should be somehow had in which to be ...

"Schools are ... too crowded to allow their students to think. One can afford ... dollars and cents to take an extra year in school if one can learn to think by doing so. The time so used is a rich and certain investment.

In default of ... a half hour after walking ... rising is a good time ... many people have their ... and original thoughts ... them thus in the morning ... after a good night's rest ... N. Dearborn ... Scientific American.

No Handicap at All.

"It seems to me this lot is a long way from the car line," remarked the prospective purchaser a little doubtfully.

"Why, that's an actual advantage," responded the gentlemanly agent engaged in making the sale. "When you reach the car in the morning you are already halfway to your office, and coming home at night you have a nice walk to give you an appetite for dinner."

Fair Enough.

"You are the fourth tramp who has come here begging today," said the lady of the house, "and I'm all out of patience."

"I'm all out o' vittles myself," replied the tramp. "Couldn't we make a trade?"—Exchange.

Handicapped.

My dear, our automobile looks so ... beside the one our neighbors ... We ought to get the latest ...

... now we ought, but this is the ... house I have to mortgage."—Baltimore American.

The Real Wish.

...'t you wish you could see an ...fashioned one ring circus?"

... I wish I were a boy again and ... appreciate a little thing like a ...g circus."—Detroit Free Press.

Stinging.

... Gnaggs—Oh, there are worse ... in the world than I am! Mrs. ...—Don't be such a pessimist!—... Francisco Chronicle.

...ance, persistence and power to ... only acquired by work.—Hol...

Her Tact.

...ward—Did she refuse you, old ... Coward—Well, in a delicate, in... way. She told me she never ...ed anything she could get easily.

Pen and Sword.

... you believe the pen is mightier ...e sword?"

... course it is. Who ever had to ...25,000 damages in a breach of ... case on account of the sword ...ried?"—Chicago Herald.

An Instance.

... say women are not inherently ...?"

...tainly they are not. Didn't you ...elf rob me of my heart and steal ...ace of mind?"—Baltimore Ameri...

One Discovery.

..., I'm married now."

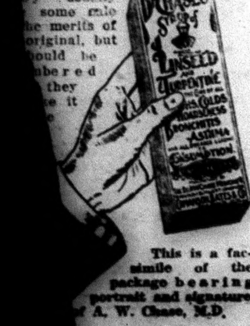
...o can live as cheaply as one, they ...

... don't know about that, but I do ... they can run up a lot of bills."—...as City Journal

...attering to the Original

Imitations Only Disappoint

...e are many imitations of this ... treatment for coughs, colds, ...p, bronchitis and ...ping cough. ...y usually ... some ...le ...he merits of ... original, but ...hould be ...bered ... they ...e it ...



This is a facsimile of the package bearing portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D.

ZEPPELIN AIR CRAFT.

Aluminum Girders and Hoops Line These Monster Balloons.

The technical details in the construction of Zeppelin air craft are explained in a journal named the Aeroplane. The visible exterior part of the Zeppelin is merely the cloth or fabric covering of the framework, which consists of sixteen girders made of very thin aluminum. The girders run from end to end of the ship, parallel for most of their length and turning inward to meet one another at nose and tail. The cylindrical body of the Zeppelin may therefore be said to have sixteen sides on account of the sixteen girders.

To keep these longitudinal girders, or "stringers," in position there are thwartship girders, which run like hoops around the ship and act like the ribs of a boat. There are generally about eighteen hoop girders, spaced an equal distance, one from another, and they are braced across and across inside each hoop to the next by wire bracing, so that they cut up the whole skeleton into a succession of compartments, each of which—except the end compartments has flat ends and sixteen sides.

In each of these compartments is a gas bag standing on its edge. The idea is that if one gas bag springs a leak or is punctured by a projectile only that one bag collapses, and the weighting of the ship is so arranged that even if four or five gas bags are entirely deflated those that remain will float the ship after all ballast, ammunition and other nonessentials have been thrown overboard.—London Standard.

KNEW TOO MUCH.

Tennyson's Father Had to Fly For His Life From Russia.

Shortly after the assassination of Emperor Paul of Russia, Tennyson, the father of the poet, dined with Lord St. Helens, the British ambassador, in Moscow. Several Russian officers of high rank whose names he did not know were also guests. During dinner a guarded reference was made to the emperor's death.

"Why do you speak so gingerly about a matter so notorious?" cried Tennyson impulsively, leaning across his neighbor, a Russian whose breast was covered with orders. "We know very well in England that the Emperor Paul was murdered. Count Zoboff knocked him down, and Benningsen and Count Pahlen strangled him!"

There was a strained silence; then the ambassador abruptly changed the subject. As the guests filed out into an adjoining room Lord St. Helens drew Tennyson aside. "Don't go into the next room," he whispered, "but fly for your life. The man next you, across whose breast you leaned, was Count Pahlen, and Zoboff was also at the table."

He gave a few hurried directions, and Tennyson rushed off, threw his clothes into a portmanteau and fled behind fast horses to Odessa, still in evening garb, though the cold was intense. He lay hidden for weeks and at last, in the disguise of a servant, was smuggled on board an English frigate.

A Wise Provision.

Did you ever notice when a man smites his thumb with a hammer while putting down a carpet under his wife's supervision how quickly he thrusts the bruised and throbbing member into his mouth? People think it is because the application is soothing. But the movement is purely involuntarily, like winking. The man cannot help it. The fact is that nature knows what a man is apt to say under such circumstances and so has provided him with an automatic stopper. Whenever he hits his thumb hard enough to hurt—and it doesn't take a very hard blow almost to kill a man when he is doing something he doesn't like to do—by a sort of interlocking system his thumb flies into his mouth, and for the critical moment speech is cut off.

The Mistake of His Life.

Bliffers—What's wrong today? You look blue.

Bluffers—I'll never forgive myself. I kicked a caller out of my house last night.

"Huh! I kicked many a one. Young fellow, I suppose?"

"No; past middle age."

"Well, these old codgers have no business coming round sparking young girls. I kicked out one of that sort last week."

"Yes, but I've found out that this man wasn't after my daughter. He was after my mother-in-law."

Cheering Him Up.

He (anxiously, after popping the question)—Why do you cry, my love? Did I offend you by my proposal? She (quietly sobbing)—Oh, no, dear. Mamma always said to me, "Lil, you are such an idiot that you will not even get a donkey for a lover," and now I have got one after all.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

A Mighty Bridge.

In the Forth bridge there is a horizontal pull of 10,000 tons on the ch... spans and a weight of 100,000 tons ... their bases. Half a dozen British ...clads might be hung upon them without causing any undue strain.—London Telegraph.

Nearer the Truth.

"So that pretty canvasser sold you a book, eh?"

"No; she sold me a couple of smiles and threw in the book."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Happiness in this world, when it does come, comes incidentally.—Hawthorne.

A NATURAL PUZZLE

One of the Great Mysteries That Confound Science.

THE FORCE OF GRAVITATION.

This Wonderful Power That Keeps Suns and Planets In Their Courses May Be Waves In the Ether That Push All Bodies Toward Each Other.

The mystery of mysteries in science is the attraction of gravitation—that very force of nature that is the most familiar to us all. It seems strange that the most familiar thing in the world should be at the same time the most inexplicable, but so it is.

In order to see clearly wherein the mystery consists let us first consider what gravitation appears to be. It is gravitation that gives the property of weight to all bodies. If there were no gravitation we could float in the air. It is gravitation that brings a cannon ball eventually to the earth, no matter how swiftly it may be projected. The faster it starts the farther it will go, but during every second of its flight it drops the same distance vertically toward the earth, whether the speed imparted to it by the powder is 500 or 3,000 feet per second. Gravitation acts on a moving body exactly as well as on one at rest.

It is gravitation that curbs the motion of the moon and keeps it in an orbit of which the earth is the active focus.

So, too, it is gravitation that governs the earth in its motion around the sun, preventing it from flying away into boundless space. Astronomy shows that gravitation acts between all the planets and all the stars and controls their motions with respect to one another.

Now, this mysterious force appears to be an attraction as if there were elastic cords connecting all the bodies in space and tending to draw them together. But space, as far as our senses can detect, is empty. How, then, can there be an attraction? In order that a body may be attracted or drawn there must be something to draw it. Gravitation does the trick, but completely hides from us the mechanism through which it acts. We can discover no mechanism at all.

When an unfortunate aeroplanist drops from his machine he begins at once to fall toward the earth as if it were pulling him. But how can it pull if it has nothing to pull with? You may think at first sight that it is the air which acts as an intermediary, but that is not so, because the earth and the moon "pull" upon one another with a force equal to the strength of a steel cable 500 miles in diameter, but there is no air and no other tangible thing in the open space, 240,000 miles across, that gaps between the moon and the earth.

Then gravitation exerts the same force at every instant. No matter how fast the falling aeronaut may be descending at any moment, gravitation will keep on adding speed as if he had just started. Disregarding the slight retardation produced by the resistance of the air, he will fall sixteen feet in the first second, forty-eight feet in the second second, eighty feet in the third second, gaining thirty-two feet in his velocity during every second after the first. From a height of 10,000 feet he would fall in about twenty-five seconds and would strike with a velocity of 400 feet per second.

The same kind of calculation can be applied to the gravitation between the earth and the moon. If the moon were not ... across the direction of ... would fall to the earth ... 116 hours.

Now, to return to the mystery, how is this force exerted? Is it really a pull, as it seems to be? The answer to which science is tending is that, instead of being a pull, gravitation is a push—in other words, that the falling aeronaut is pushed toward the ground and the moon is pushed toward the earth.

On the face of it one might think that nothing was gained by this theory, because it seems as impossible that a push should be exerted without a tangible connection as a pull. But the clew is found in the supposed properties of that invisible, intangible, all pervading medium called the ether.

This, to be sure, is explaining one mystery by another, for we know nothing about the ether except that it conveys the waves of light and electricity; but at any rate it affords a conceivable explanation of gravitation.—Garrett P. Serviss.

Japanese Festivals.

The Japanese festivals are easily remembered. First of first month, the new year; third of third month, feast of dolls for girls, fifth of fifth month, feast of flags for boys, seventh of seventh month the day for the god and ... of love Tonabota; ninth of ... the "escape of the mountain ... feast of chrysanthemums. ... not now generally observed.

A Diplomatist.

"I am ... that you should propose to my daughter. You have not known her a week."

"True, madam, but I have known you for some time, and everybody says your daughter takes after you." He got the girl.

A tactful man can pull a stinger from a bee without getting stung.—G. H. Lorimer.

Good-bye, Mother, Don't Worry!



Good-bye—trusting in God to bring him home to her safely—if that be His will.

Good-bye—trusting in you and me to see his Mother through while he, her natural support and defender, is somewhere in France, facing shot and shell for God, for right, and for native land.

In the name of Christendom, men and women, what sacrifice is this! What consecration to duty! What response to the call of the Motherland! What clarion challenge to the world to "Watch Canada!"

He goes—joy of his Mother's heart—idol of all her dreams from the day she bore him—hope and bulwark of her declining years.

He goes—and, Heaven bless his belief in us, his people, he goes, leaving his most beloved possession to our care and protection.

He trusts us. Who will fail him? What man or woman, rich with the possession of the memory of a Mother, will fail his Mother as a reward for her sacrifice?

This trust of our soldiers is a holy legacy.

Give to the Mothers of our soldiers in the name of your mother—as your testimonial to Canadian Motherhood. Give to the Canadian Patriotic Fund. $6,000,000 must be raised in Ontario for this Fund for 1917.

Mothers, wives, and children of Canadian soldiers shall never say that their own people neglected them after their men went forward to suffer and to die.

Every case helped by the Patriotic Fund is carefully investigated. Only where assistance is really needed is assistance given. Everything humanly possible is done to avoid waste and prevent imposition.

Give as Your Own Heart Prompts You to the Patriotic Fund

Ontario is being asked to assure the Canadian Patriotic Fund that it can depend on having six million dollars in 1917 for the families of Ontario's soldiers.

Four million of these dollars must be secured from individual subscriptions. If there is no Branch of the Fund in your town or county send your subscription direct to the Head Office, Canadian Patriotic Fund, Vittoria street, Ottawa.

13

TO INVESTORS

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DOMINION OF CANADA DEBENTURE STOCK

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Holders of this stock will have the privilege of surrendering at par and accrued interest, as the equivalent of cash, in payment of any allotment made under any future war loan issue in Canada other than an issue of Treasury Bills or other like short date security.

Proceeds of this stock are for war purposes only.

A commission of one-quarter of one per cent will be allowed to recognized bond and stock brokers on allotments made in respect of applications for this stock which bear their stamp.

For application forms apply to the Deputy Minister of Finance, Ottawa.

DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE, OTTAWA
OCTOBER 7th, 1916.

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BELLEVILLE, ONT.
50th Year.

The result of the thorough training at Ontario Business College is that graduates step without delay into responsible positions and become immediately self-supporting.

Write for catalogue to the principal.

J. W. Johnson, F.C.A., Belleville, Ontario.

WANTED CREAM

We have again advanced our prices for good quality Cream. We could use yours. It will be worth your while to write us.

TORONTO CREAMERY CO. Ltd.
13 Church st, Toronto

Rates of Clubbing Offers

THE NORTH HASTINGS REVIEW will be sent for one year, to any address in Canada, to new, or paid-in-advance subscribers, at the following rates:—

WEEKLIES	
Weekly Mail and Empire	$2.25
Weekly Sun	2.25
Family Herald and Weekly Star	2.25
Canadian Farm	2.25
Farm and Dairy	2.25
Canadian Countryman	1.75
DAILIES	
Toronto News	$3.50
Toronto Star	3.50
Mail and Empire	4.25
The Globe	4.25

The prices do not apply to subscriptions to the United States.

German losses in killed, wounded, and missing now reach a total of close on four millions. This is one of many proofs that the peace proposals should be submitted with humility.

Whytock Bros.

BUTCHERS

DEALERS IN

Groceries and

.. Provisions

MADOC — — ONTARIO

(Continued from page 1)

handkerchiefs and socks are always welcome for in case of being wounded my whole pack would probably be lost. When I met Russel he had on the socks on his feet. I have more than I can carry so I gave him a couple of pair.

I expect it will be New Years or later when you receive this so you know this it will not be as cold here at any time as the week you receive this. Although this is December I have seen frost but once in this country (and we go to breakfast by moonlight) It is colder, though, on firing line.

December 14

I thought I would write you a letter that would give some hints to the friends of all the Madoc boys. Various patriotic and other Societies are doubtless anxious to hear of and from the Madoc boys.

The Madoc platoon has ceased to exist. W. Cleave, W. Storring, ... borne, F. Osborne, Alex. Moon and myself are now in France in the 4 C.M.R.'s,8th Brigade, 3rd Div., B.E.F. France. That address will reach any of the above. C. Gunn, H. Harris, ... Woods, W. and R. Vollick, H. Stuart, F. Fleming, J. O'Rourke, B. Ha... ton, C. Houser, A. Cooney, F. Young, W. Young, C. Burkitt, A. Anson, ... Sexsmith, D. Rogers, M. Lemon, ... Willis, D. Vanderwater, J. Alexander, P. Rylott, Ted Moore, S. Ki... Brownson, M. Halloran, R. N. D. McKenzie are in the 21st Bn., 4th Brigade, 2nd Division, France. I may have missed one or two but think that is all that come yet. The rest are in England. They may come to France at any time now. I suppose that many of their friends will be sending them parcels and all the boys who have been up the line say that socks, tobacco, cigarettes and chocolate are the most suitable and acceptable as a general rule. Very frequently parcels go astray but in the majority of cases eventually reach their destination.

The boys in France get paid one france (20 cents) per day. Some tobacco is issued but all the boys wish for Canadian tobacco. Great care must be taken in the packing of boxes as they have several thousand miles to go and it is not always possible to give them the easiest handling. I am writing this because many of the boys wouldn't ask for anything and their friends are doubtful as to what gifts are suitable.

France is more like Canada than is England. Simple customs such as turning to the right are the same. In England vehicles keep to the left of the road. In London we saw no departmental stores while in Havre there are many. The windows are dressed more in Canadian style than in London and the farms appear more like Canada. It is hard to describe the various similarities but there is something more like Canada than England.

I suppose you have all heard of war bread. I believe it is being made in England now. We buy it here although it is not served in the mess. It is barley flour and is quite dark and very heavy but quite good eating. An amusing thing here is to see the children thronging the roads when we are marching by holding 2 or 3 scabby withered apples and crying "One pinny." A more pitiful scene is to see the children also crying "biscuit, biscuit," begging the soldiers to give them any "hard tack" they may have in their pockets. To how greedily they gnaw the hard dry biscuits gives an idea of the hardship imposed upon the poor of France by the war. In spite of these signs of suffering all present a cheery attitude and have a word of greeting for the Canadian English. I think perhaps a few stanzas from Robert Service's poem, "The Revelation," express the feelings of many of the Canadians here.

The same old sprint in the morning, boys, to the same old din and smut;
Chained all day to the same old desk, down in the same old rut:
Posting the same old greasy books, catching the same old train:
Oh how will I manage to stick at all if I ever get back again?

We've bidden goodbye to life in a cage, we've finished with pushing a pen;
They're pumping us full of billious rage, they're showing us how to be men.
We're only beginning to find ourselves; we're wonders of brawn and thew:
But when we get back to our Cissy jobs—oh, what are we going to do?

For shoulders curved with the counter stoop will be carried erect and square:
And faces white from the office light will be bronzed by the open air:
And we'll walk with the stride of a new-born pride, with a new-found joy in our eyes,
Scornful men who have dwelt with death under the naked skies.

And when we get back to the dreary grind and the bald-headed boss's calk.
Don't you think that the dingy window-blind and the dingier office wall
Will suddenly melt to a vision of space of a violent, flame-scarred night?
Then—oh, the joy of the danger thrill and oh the roar of the fight!

Don't you think as we peddle a card of pins the counter will fade away,
And again we'll be seeing the sandbag rims and the barb-wire's misty grey?
As a flat voice asks for a pound of tea, don't you fancy we'll hear instead
The night-wind moan and the soothing drone of the packet overhead?

Don't you guess that the things we're seeing now will haunt us through all the years;
Heaven and hell rolled into one, glory and blood and tears;
Life's pattern picked with a scarlet thread, where once we wove with a grey,
To remind us all how we played our part in the shock of an epic day?

Oh, we're booked for the great adventure now, we're pledged to the real romance;
We'll find ourselves or we'll lose ourselves somewhere in giddy old France:
We'll know the zest of the fighter's life, the best that we have we'll give;
We'll hunger and thirst; we'll die . . . but first—we'll live; by the gods, we'll live!

with me ... and die;
We'll know such ... dreamers; we'll talk ... pain;
But the ... be ... when ...
For ... ffon ...
Some of us ...
The merits of ...
But all of ...
which we have ...
This poem is ...
... and is from ...
Red Cross Men" just published ... weeks ago.

... APRO ...

Famous Aztec Runners.

Communication among the Aztecs was maintained with the remotest parts of the country by means of couriers. Posthouses were established on the great roads, about two leagues distant from each other. The courier, bearing his dispatches in the form of a hieroglyphical painting, ran with them to the first station, where they were taken by another messenger and carried forward to the next, and so on till they reached the capital. These couriers, trained from childhood, traveled with incredible swiftness; not four or five leagues an hour, as an old chronicler would make us believe, but with such speed that dispatches were carried from 100 to 200 miles a day. Fresh fish was frequently served at Montezuma's table in twenty-four hours from the time it had been taken in the gulf of Mexico, 200 miles from the capital. In this way intelligence of the movements of the royal armies was rapidly brought to court, and the dress of the courier denoting by its color that of his tidings, spreading joy or consternation in the towns through which he passed.—From Prescott's "History of the Conquest of Mexico."

Picardy Names.

Whence come the names of the Picardy villages, strange even in France? Among the names of places are Bray, which is of Celtic origin and signifies a swamp or morass. Fay is from the Latin "agus," meaning a beech tree. Hem is a home or habitation. Estree is from the Latin "strata," meaning route. Fins is from "finis," signifying the limits. Combles means vales or valleys. The termination "oy" is applied to a plantation—Quesnoy, Tilloy, Autnoy, Rosoy. The name of "Bois des Trones" is simply "the wood of the thrones." The name of the city of Albert was formerly the same as the name of the stream, Ancre. It was changed when the lordship passed to the house of Albert de Lyne of the family Alberti, originally of Florence. Peronne, noted because of the captivity of King Louis XI. at that place, was for a long time called La Pucelle, "the maiden."—Indianapolis News.

Hard to Kill.

An alligator's tenacity of life is remarkable. "I remember one time," says an English traveler in India, "I was with a shooting party on the Ganges when the natives brought in a six foot alligator. They hoped some one would want to buy it, but no one did, so it was determined to kill the creature. It was hauled out of the tank and tied to a tree. Bullets from a small rifle or an ordinary twelve bore gun seemed only to irritate the saurian, and he did not seem to care very much when a native thrust a spear down his throat. Finally they were obliged to get axes and chop off its head. Even then the tail thrashed around, and the body was almost cut to pieces before all movement ceased."

A Brassy Cheek.

"You," exclaimed the indignant old gentleman—"you want to marry my daughter! Why, sir, it is only a few years ago that you were caddying for me."

"Yes, sir," said the young man, "but I don't intend to let that stand in the way. I hope I am philosopher enough to realize that a very bad golfer may make a fairly good father-in-law."—Boston Transcript.

Premier Norris, of Manitoba, declared in a public speech that those who refused to sign the National Service Cards should be put in jail or "Some other place" possibly Hades.

Apropos of the ways of the Militia Department. The Toronto Telegram says: "On July 1, 1915, an able-bodied officer stood up and told an assemblage of young farmers that 'the man who wouldn't get into khaki was a white-livered cur.' On January 6,1917 that officer is still on this side of the ocean in a comfortable and comparatively well-paid position." Would it not help some to name the officer thus spoken of?

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5-3

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MAID

By ETHEL HOLMES

"Well, I'll be jinged!"

Jack Merriman made this exclamation one morning after the postman had handed him a letter which stated that the writer was a girl of seventeen. She had met Jack and fallen in love with him. There were reasons why, even if he loved her, they could not be united, but she could not help giving him the knowledge that he was beloved by her. Not on any account would she write such a letter if there was the slightest chance of his finding out who she was. When his letter had been sent she believed she would be happier. At least she could the better bear her separation from him.

"I'll bet my old boots," he added after a little meditation, "that some girl with a passion for flirting has written that letter, and I'll bet my old shoes she cares no more for me than for a pumpkin. If this diagnosis of her case is correct she has given a clew to her identity, and I'm the fellow to find her out. When I do I shall endeavor to pay her off in her own coin."

Jack scrutinized the letter, heating it and subjecting it to various chemicals, but if there was any clew in the paper he did not find it. Then he took up the writing. He was a good deal of a lady killer and had numerous notes laid away from young women written in different hands, all the way from slanting acute angles to letters no bigger than pin pricks. He compared the note he had received with these letters, but there was not one of them that furnished a clew to his modest lovelorn maiden.

After spending much time over the epistle that might have been better employed he gave up the hunt. Months passed. He forgot all about the poor girl who was nursing her grief in secret. Naturally enough, the time came when he chose a wife from among the innumerable throng of girls he knew. Miss Agnes Hartwell was her name, and Merriman looked upon her as one of the most sedate of the lot. He complained after they were engaged that he was obliged to do all the love making, to which she responded that this was as it should be. She had a poor opinion of a girl who angled for a man, and for one who would let a man know before he proposed that he would be accepted she had a supreme contempt.

But when Jack one evening told her about the maiden who was grieving for him and showed her the letter Agnes' kind heart seemed to be touched with pity. She declared that Jack should have persevered till he had found out who she was and given her at least the satisfaction of hearing from him that she was not blamed for telling him of a love that could not be gratified. So sympathetic was she with the modest maiden that Jack began to fear she would be impelled by her sympathy, aided by her conscience, to send him off with the injunction to find the secret maiden and insist upon marrying her, no matter what the objections might be.

Indeed, when Jack found that Agnes did not get over the matter he began to worry and regretted that he had said anything about the letter, especially since his fiancee blamed him for a want of perseverance in not following the matter further. Agnes said that if a girl loved a man well enough to write such a letter it would be impossible for her to refrain from giving him a clew. For her part, she would not think very much ... gave up the hunt so ...

A lover is very ... of his fiancee, and Jack began to think that if Agnes dwelt upon the matter long enough she would despise him. He made all the excuses he could think of, finally declaring that the reason he had not persevered was because he had even then been in love with Agnes. Whereupon she reminded him that at the time he received the letter he had no acquaintance with her.

It sometimes happens that the more a girl loves a man the more she is disposed to torment him. At any rate, it was so with Agnes in respect to Jack. They had the full complement of tiffs usual to lovers, and whenever Agnes was disposed to be especially annoying she would declare that she would give him up to the poor girl "he had treated so badly." Jack couldn't see how he was to blame because a girl had confessed her love for him and given him no clew to her identity, but he was very much in love with Agnes and by this time had learned that if he wished to continue her fiance he must not look for her promises and her conclusions to have any relation to each other.

Agnes kept Jack on tenterhooks till after their marriage. When they came home from the honeymoon he hoped that the poor girl who was languishing for him would be suffered to nourish her grief without his wife's continually reminding him of her. One day when he told Agnes that he was going to abandon something he had undertaken because the game wasn't worth the candle she said to him:

"That's just like you. You have no perseverance. That letter you received was the simplest problem in the world. If you had looked at the first (capital) letter of every sentence you would have seen that it spelled her name."

Jack ran to a desk where he kept the letter and got it out at once. The first letter of each sentence spelled Agnes.

Lost

A yearling bull, black and white. Tag in left ear when last seen. Any particulars regarding his whereabouts will be thankfully received. Address

JAMES MURRAY,
Marmora, R. R. No. 2.

Scarlet Meeting

The Royal Scarlet Chapter, No. 2, Central Hastings, will open in Madoc Sunday January 14th, 1917, at 2.30 p.m., and adjourn to meet on Thursday, January 18th 8 p.m., in the Orange Hall, Allen Settlement, for election of officers and general business. All Companions are requested to attend

FRANK TAYLOR,
Wor. Com. in Com.

2-3

Notice

Notice is hereby given that the Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders of Brown & Robinson, Limited, will be held at the Head Office of the Company, at Madoc, on Wednesday, the 10th day of February, 1917, at the hour of 3 o'clock, p.m., for the purpose of receiving the report of the Directors, the election of Directors for the ensuing year, and for such other business as may properly come before the meeting.

Dated this ninth day of January 1917.

W. J. BROWN,
Managing Director

Executors'

Notice to Creditors

In the matter of the estate of William Mackintosh, late of the Village of Madoc, in the County of Hastings, formerly Inspector of Public Schools, deceased.

Notice is hereby given pursuant to R.S.O., 1914, chapter 121 and Amending Acts that all persons having claims as creditors or otherwise against the estate of William Mackintosh late of the Village of Madoc, in the County of Hastings formerly Public School Inspector deceased, who died on or about the 11th day of December 1916, are required to send by post prepaid, to the undersigned Solicitor for the Toronto General Trusts Corporation, Executors of the said estate, on or before the 15th day of February, 1917, their names, addresses and descriptions and a full statement of the particulars of their claims, duly verified by affidavit, and the nature of the security, if any, held by them.

And take notice that after the said date the said Executors will proceed to distribute the assets of the said estate having regard only to the claims of which they shall then have had notice and the said Executors will not be liable for the said assets or any part thereof so distributed to any person or persons of whose claim or claims they shall not have had notice at the time of the distribution thereof.

Dated at Madoc this 8th day of January, A. D. 1917.

2-4 WILLIAM CROSS, Madoc, Ont.
Solicitor for the Toronto General Trusts Corporation Executors of the said Estate.

Executor's

Notice to Creditors

In the matter of the estate of Thomas Green, late of the Township of Huntingdon, in the County of Hastings, yeoman, deceased.

Notice is hereby given pursuant to R.S.O. 1914, chapter 121 and amending acts that all persons having claims as creditors or otherwise against the estate of Thomas Green, late of the Township of Huntingdon in the County of Hastings, yeoman, deceased, who died on or about the 25th day of December 1916 are required to send by post, prepaid to the undersigned solicitor for the executor of the said estate on or before the 15th day of February 1917, their names, addresses and descriptions and a full statement of the particulars of their claims (duly verified by affidavit) and the nature of the security, if any, held by them.

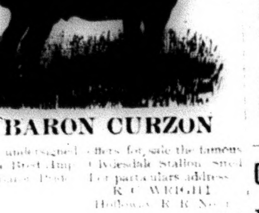
And take notice that after the said date the said Executor will proceed to distribute the assets of the said estate having regard only to the claims of which he shall then have had notice and the said Executor will not be liable for the said assets or any part thereof so distributed to any person or persons of whose claim or claims he shall not have had notice at the time of the distribution thereof.

Dated at Madoc 8th day of January A.D. 1917.

WILLIAM CROSS, Madoc, Ont.
Solicitor for Wm. J. Allen, Executor of said estate

2-4

For Sale



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DR. A. A. McKENTY
179 George st., Peterboro

1-5

the Orange Hall, Stirling, on Tuesday ... of January 1917, at 10 o'clock a.m. The Executive and Sir Knights of every Preceptory affiliated with this County Chapter are requested to attend. 1-2

ROBT. WOOD, THOS. A. McMULLEN,
C. M. C. R.

Tenders

Tenders will be received by the undersigned until February 1st, 1917, for a contract for hauling ore from the Henderson talc mine to Geo. H. Gillespie & Co., Ltd., mill and to the G.T.R. station, Madoc, to be loaded upon cars, for 12 months commencing April 4th, 1917. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

Dated at Madoc January 2, 1917.

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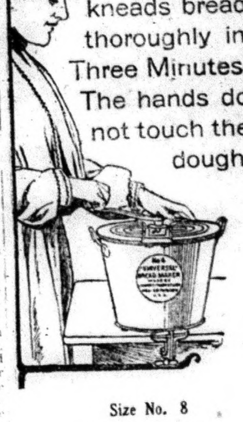
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North Hastings Review.

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39TH YEAR—NO. 3 — Madoc, Hastings County, Ontario, Thursday, January 18, 1917 — POSTAGE PREPAID

Events of The War in Brief

Another quiet week on the various war fronts, at least a comparatively quiet one. Every day has brought its list of casualties, but these have nearly all resulted from a sort of Indian warfare—sniping and surprise rushes.

This quiet will not continue for many weeks more, however. Behind the seemingly quiet lines of trenches there is feverish activity—the activity of preparation. Ammunition and supplies of all kinds are being piled up; temporary railroads are being built to facilitate distribution; men are being trained again in new methods of attack.

Presently on all fronts the concentrated resultin from nearly three years of preparation will be turned loose, and, if man-kind has not become wholly callous the world will gasp with horror at the carnage that will follow.

St. Ola

Geo. W. Reid's house was burned to the ground last week. Mrs. Reid was home with two small children and the day being bitterly cold she could not save much of contents. There was a small insurance on house but nothing on contents.

Mary Huffman, of Moscow, was the guest of Gladys Greer for the holidays.

Judge Deroche and family, also Dr. E. McCullough and family spent a very pleasant week at St. Ola tobagganing, ski-ing and snow-shoeing.

Edgar F. Greer has a position with the C.N.R. Co. in their offices at Trenton.

The band concert given by the 254th Battalion Band on the 10th inst. was well attended.

The series of special services in the Methodist church resulted in several enlisting for Christ and his work.

A. T. Wilcox passed away on the 14th inst. after a long illness.

A letter acknowledging receipt of a box will be published in next week's issue.

Ivanhoe

The Women's Institute held their annual "At Home" at the home of Miss Tanner on January 9th, about 75 being present. A business meeting was held early in the evening in the usual way. It was decided to give $50 to get yarn and flannel for Red Cross work. The remainder of the evening was spent in social intercourse, games and music, followed by lunch. The meeting was brought to a close by singing the National Anthem, all going home feeling it was an evening well spent.

Edith Tummon has been sewing in our vicinity.

Mrs. Roy Grooms returned to her home in Napanee accompanied by her brother, Harry.

A number from here attended the comedy drama at West Huntingdon by the Beacon Light S. S. Class.

Gladys Blue, of Madoc High School, spent Saturday with Miss Fettes.

Gladys Kerr, of Marmora, is spending a few days with Mas. Clements.

Quite a number attended the presentation for Fleming Rollins on Saturday last.

Eldorado

Another one of our boys looked splendidly in the King's uniform last week. Well done, Herb. We heard to-day that another had followed suit. Best of wishes, Ernie. Some of our best are donning the khaki.

Mr. Lummiss, Millbridge, who has been sick for some time past at the home of his daughter, Mrs. M. Vandervoort, is slowly improving.

The stork again visited our neighborhood and a big wee girlie at the home of Dr. J. Gardiner. Congratulations.

Mr and Mrs. John Holmes journeyed to Toronto on Saturday where Mrs. Holmes anticipates some special medical treatment.

Herb Snider's little boy had the misfortune to be kicked by a horse last week in the face.

The majority of our men are busy getting up wood and sawing.

This is a day not soon to be forgotten by the people of the north depending upon the C.O.R. for their connection with the main lines. The service has never been what we could call good but oh, my, if we want to go to Bannockburn and return in a day, we must either walk, drive or fly. How long will the public stand such treatment? And we venture to say that the officials will emphatically state that the reason of this is the congestion of freight.

Announcement

I wish to thank the readers of this paper for their patronage during my stay in Tweed. I did my best to treat my customers right and make all my dealings satisfactory and the proof of my success was shown by the large majority of the trade that always seemed to come my way. Although I have moved my stock and plant to Kingston I have by no means severed my connection with the people of Madoc and vicinity, and we are now, if possible, under our new name in better shape than ever to give them anything in the monument line from our new shop equipped with pneumatic tools, polishing machine, etc., and from as large and well assorted stock of Scotch and Canadian granite and marble as can be found between Toronto and Montreal. We will gladly answer all enquiries cheerfully, call on intending purchasers and promptly fill all orders to the entire satisfaction of the purchaser, and as the labor problem is becoming serious and prices are advancing we now are paying from 15 to 25% more for our new goods. Although we have no promise of any more granite from Aberdeen till the war is over we are still giving our customers the benefit of the old prices while our stock lasts. Those who buy now will save money. The McCallum Granite Co., Ltd., 307 Princess st., Kingston.

Crookston

Pte. Albert Blair spent Sunday with fridnds in Thomasburg.

Lillian Ryan visited Mr. and Mrs. Martin Mitts, of Thomasburg, last Sunday.

Mrs. Frank Ryan has been spending a week visiting friends in Belleville.

—Paper napkins, 4 dozen for 10 cents at the Review Office.

New Year's Address

The following article was written in the year 1806 by Duncan Matheston, the Scottish Evangelist when lying at the point of death on the scene of his exhausting labors among the soldiers in the East and appears in The Review by the request of a reader:

DEAR READER: The sand-glass is running out. Another year is gone! Three hundred and sixty-five days past! How silently—yet how quickly—again has grain after grain, particle after particle, hour after hour, dropped into this glass. Deathless hours they are; uncounted, unnoted, and forgotten in it may be by man, but every falling grain has been noted by God. The busy pen of Heaven has been marking every moment. Ask thyself the searching question, "Has it been with me a happy year? It has brought me nearer Eternity; but it has brought me nearer God? Does it find me better fitted for Heaven, with more of the pilgrim spirit than I had when the year began!"

What a time for serious thought! And here new year summons thee to a Pisgah Mount—from the top of one of life's memorable eminences solemnly to review time past—consider time present—and prepare for time to come. Cast, then, thine eye on the past year's journey, and how full of impressive recollection is the retrospect!

God has been dealing with thee individually, and speaking to thee surely in language not to be misunderstood. Hearest thou not the rustling wings of the Angel of Death? Have not his arrows been flying fast and thick, and thousands made his victims? Look back! Seest thou that crowd of freshmade graves?—they are silent preachers to thee! and this is their silent text "be ye also ready."

Many of those who slumber under these sods were cut down without a note of preparation. One was busied in the market-place; the Angel of Judgment met him there, and before evening he was dead! Another was seated at his fireside, planning bright thoughts and schemes for the future—he never saw the morrow's sun. Another was in company, loud in godless merriment, and breathing out his blasphemies—a few hours more, and he was arraigned at the bar of God! Another flung himself prayerless on his pillow—next morning he awoke—but it was in Eternity!

And, reader, has He spared thee? What! cut down others and left thee to count in the review of a past year—a fig-tree after fig-tree blighted and fallen—and yet thyself the most "barren" of all fruitless cumbered—still "spared!"

Canst thou calculate on another year? Let these green graves answer? Thine own grave may be among the number of these silent preachers on another anniversary. Who can tell but the summons may even now be on the wing, "Get thee up and die!" Thou mayest this time next year be reading to others the solemn lesson now read to thyself, "The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong."

Dear reader, if this be a possible thing, take one look forward. If the arrow of death were indeed during this coming year to mark thee out, how would it fare with thee? Couldst thou say with exulting Paul, when he had the prospect of death before him, "I am now ready?" (2 Tim. iv. 6.) Are you at peace with God? Are you resting your eternal all on his dear Son? Are you in that blessed state of holy weanedness from this world, and holy preparedness for another and a better, that "living or dying" you can say and fell that "you are Christ's"?

Would the angel summons, "Behold! the Bridegroom cometh," find you exclaiming in joyous rapture, "Even so; come Lord Jesus! come quickly"? Would you be ready to pass from a judgment divested of all terror—a God reconciled—an immortality of endless glory? These are solemn things and solemn thoughts! Answer them on thy knees—an unseen God above thee, a great eternity before the. Answer them speedily!

And as ye begin to descend the mount and commence the journey of a new year, let the febel voice of the old one whisper its dying accents in thine ear, "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found; call ye upon Him while He is near;" for He who testifieth these things saith, "Behold I come quickly!"

"Time is earnest, passing by:
Death is earnest, drawing nigh:
Sinner, will thou trifling be?
Time and death appeal to thee!
Christ is earnest, bids thee 'Come'
Paid for man a priceless sum!
Wilt thou spurn the Saviour's love
Pleading with thee from above?"

Rates of Clubbing Offers

THE NORTH HASTINGS REVIEW will be sent for one year, to any address in Canada, to new, or paid-in-advance, subscribers, at the following rates:—

WEEKLIES

Weekly Mail and Empire	$2.25
Weekly Sun	2.25
Family Herald and Weekly Star	2.25
Canadian Farm	2.25
Farm and Dairy	2.25
Canadian Countryman	1.75

DAILIES

Toronto News	$3.50
Toronto Star	3.50
Mail and Empire	4.25
The Globe	4.25

The prices do not apply to subscriptions to the United States.

Queensboro W.P.League

The following is the annual report of W. P. L., Queensboro, for 1916:

Receipts from Jan. 1st to July 1st as per semi-annual report	$285 51
Expenditure	259 01
Balance on hand, July 1st	$ 26 50
Rent for piano	10 00
Members' fees	13 80
Entertainments	335 91
British Red Cross subscriptions	183 85
Cash donations to soldiers' boxes	7 85
Bank interest	1 52
Miscellaneous receipts	11 45
Total Receipts	$590 88
Expenditure for material	$144 99
Other expenses	8 60
Printing and advertising	6 30
Rent of piano	21 00
British Red Cross Society	230 00
Postage on soldiers' boxes	17 86
Bread for prisoner of war	6 00
	$430 75
Balance on hand	$160 13

Of this amount $15 is voted to prisoner of war and $50 to North Hastings men in the trenches.

6 shipments were made during the year consisting of

356 helpless shirts worth	$409 40
38 night shirts	47 50
286 pairs socks	214 50
85 suits pyjamas	170 00
Total	$841 40

12 business meetings were held, average attendance 14; 4 special meetings, attendance 25; two bees, attendance 20 and 21. 41 boxes aggregating 250 lbs. sent to soldiers at Christmas.

The following are the officers elected for 1917:

Pres.—Miss A. Thompson.
Vice-Pres.—Mrs. G. Barry.
2nd Vice-Pres.—Mrs. Geo. Love.
Sec.—Mrs. T. H. Squire.
Treas.—Miss A. Moore.

Two letters from soldiers to the W. P. L. will be published in our next issue.

Eldorado Red Cross

The following is the report of the Eldorado Branch of the Canadian Red Cross Society for the past 4 months:

EXPENSES

Yarn	$61 50
Sheeting	24 33
Flannelette, thread, etc	29 87
Supplies for soldiers' boxes	8 50
Postage on soldiers' boxes	2 88
Freight on fruit	80
Pie social	85
Postage, war tax, money orders	1 00
To prison fund	10 00
To British Red Cross	25 00
Total paid out	$164 71

RECEIPTS

Cash in treasury August 9th	$106 75
Pie social	109 20
Monthly collections	13 55
Membership fees	50
Mrs. E. Fox	6 00
Dr. J. Gardiner	5 00
Mrs. J. Chambers	1 00
Mr. and Mrs. D. Brown	1 00
E. Fitchett	1 00
Mrs. M. Fox	1 00
Coll'd by Mr. and Mrs. Sinclair	1 00
Flannelette and yarn	2 03
Total received	$308 03
Expenses	164 71
Balance on hand	$143 32

We made and forwarded to Canadian Red Cross quarters, 77 King st. east, Toronto, the following hospital supplies:

Nov. 1st, 24 sheets at 75c each	$18 00
10 helpless shirts at 75c	7 50
7 bed jackets at 75c	5 25
30 prs. socks at 60c	18 00
Oct. 19 sealers fruit at 30c	5 70
Jan. 12. 5 prs sheets at $1.50	7 50
24 prs heavy socks at 60c	14 40
30 prs fine socks at $1	30 00
12 suits pyjamas at $1.25	15 00
Total shipped	$121 35

Mrs. Sinclair, President. Mrs. Manley Fox, Secretary.

Legislative Grant

The following letter has been received from the Department and is published for the information of all Trustees:

Toronto, January 9, 1917.

DEAR SIR,—I am directed by the Minister of Education to call your attention again to the enclosed circular, No. 26, in regard to school equipment, which was issued last May, but the enforcement of the provisions of which was postponed last August, and to instruct you to notify each School Board in your inspectorate which has not yet complied therewith that it must do so before the 1st of June next, in order to qualify for the Legislative grant for the present year. This notification you should give by special letter, at your visit of inspection, or in your report of such visit, as you may deem most effective in each case. You will also indicate on your official report for the legislative grants, due at this department on June 22nd, those schools, both rural and urban, which have not yet complied.

The details of the equipment in question are given in Regulation 3 of the Public and Separate School Regulations, with the modification in circular 26 in regard to "The Children's Story of the War."

I have the honour to be,
Your obedient servant,
A. H. U. COLQUHOUN,
Deputy Minister of Education.

Ford — THE UNIVERSAL CAR

Prices to Aug. 1, 1917

The following prices for Ford cars will be effective

Chassis	$450.00
Runabout	475.00
Touring Car	495.00
Coupelet	695.00
Town Car	780.00
Sedan	890.00

f. o. b. Ford, Ontario

These prices are positively guaranteed against any reduction before August 1st, 1917, but there is no guarantee against an advance in price at any time.

Frank Smith, Madoc.

THE DOMINION BANK

Established 1871

CAPITAL AND RESERVE $13,000,000

Farmers' Sale Notes

Farmers will do well to leave their sale notes with The Dominon Bank for collection. Consult the Manager.

MADOC BRANCH: G. P. LYND, Manager.

Building Material

of All Kinds

We are pleased to quote our prices and show goods.

The Houston Co. Ltd.

TWEED, ONT.

ELECTRIC SERVICE

Means comfort, convenience, economy and safety.

The home that is completely equipped with electrical devices is a happy one.

All the drudgery of housekeeping is elliminated by electricty.

You can wash, iron, sew, sweep, cook, keep cool in summer and warm in winter by means of electrical apparatus designed especially to relieve you of unnecessary and fatiguing labor.

At our showrooms these devices are ready for your inspection, come in and let us operate and explain them for you.

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"AT YOUR SERVICE"

Phone 61. Kincaid's Store.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

SIR EDMUND WALKER, C.V.O., LL.D. D.C.L., President
JOHN AIRD, General Manager. H. V. F. JONES, Ass't General Manager

CAPITAL, $15,000,000 RESERVE FUND, $13,500,000

SAVINGS BANK ACCOUNTS

Interest at the current rate is allowed on all deposits of $1 and upwards. Careful attention is given to every account. Small accounts are welcomed. Accounts may be opened and operated by mail.

Accounts may be opened in the names of two or more persons, withdrawals to be made by any one of them or by the survivor. $50

Madoc Branch - - A. Y. SNIDER, MANAGER

Madoc Sash & Door Factory

If you are thinking of building this spring be sure and get our estimates. We always carry a good stock of lumber of all description.

JOHN ROBER

Playin[illegible] Po[illegible]

A Sto[illegible] Who [illegible] Russian

By ELINOR [illegible]

While the last Rus[illegible] was coming on, Alan [illegible] American, in what [illegible] tersburg was walking [illegible] one day when suddenly [illegible] on his arm, a soft, small [illegible] dently belonging to a woman [illegible] ing sidewise, he saw a girl seemingly about twenty years of age. Looking up appealingly, she hurriedly spoke a few words in the Russian language in a low tone. Thorpe was connected with an agency of an American business house in St. Petersburg and had lived in Russia long enough to speak the language pretty well.

"Give me your protection," said the girl. "I am followed and may be arrested."

"What do you wish me to do?"

"Say that I am your wife."

"Why do you fear arrest?"

"I am supposed to be a revolutionist."

"I am an American. You being a Russian, I doubt if"—

"All the better," said the girl in broken English. "You being a foreigner, the police will be all the more careful in arresting your wife."

"Where did you learn English?"

"I speak several languages. I have been in England. I once spent some months there."

The girl withdrew her hand for a few moments, and Thorpe felt something drop in the side pocket of his overcoat.

"What's that?" he asked.

"Never mind what it is. If it is discovered there and you do not know what it is you will be really surprised. The police will thus be the more readily convinced that you did not put it there yourself."

"Suppose I refuse to acknowledge you?"

"In that case, if they arrest me, I am lost."

"What do you mean?"

"I shall spend the rest of my life in Siberia."

This surely was an unfortunate position in which to be placed—an attractive girl pleading for a chance to avoid a lifelong imprisonment, endangering the liberty of the man she asked to help her. Thorpe was an American, full of chivalry. He knew that the sensible thing for him to do was to disengage himself from the girl and leave her to take care of herself. But he could not bring himself to do this. It flashed through his mind that if he became involved he would find a way out of the trouble. He had the rights of any foreigner, and he was not interested in the revolution. He might suffer imprisonment for a time, but he would eventually be able to prove that he was not a revolutionist. It needed only this reasoning, in addition to the pleading face turned up to his and the feeling of the little hand on his arm, to win him to the girl's purpose.

When his mind was made up he began to talk volubly in English to his companion, pointing out various objects as he passed them with his cane, as though he were conducting her through the city as a stranger. Occasionally he used the words "my dear," but it is doubtful if the two were under surveillance or, if so, whether they were understood, for a Russian police officer is not supposed to know English. The girl, too, played the part of a visitor to the city, regarding with interest the objects pointed out and remarking upon them.

"Are we going toward your home?" asked Thorpe in a whisper.

"No; take me to yours."

This staggered the American, but he remembered the great stake of a life imprisonment in the Kara mines for the girl he was aiding, and he led the way to his lodgings. He was about to pass into the house where he lived when an officer stepped up to him and said very civilly in the Russian tongue:

"Have you your passport with you, sir?"

Thorpe, who was never without his passport, took it from his pocket and handed it to the officer, who looked at it and from it to him. Seeing that the description tallied with the original, the officer handed the document back to its owner, then asked:

"May I see madame's passport?"

"What does he say?" asked the girl of Thorpe, pretending not to understand.

"He wishes to see your passport."

"Oh, it is in my trunk. Ask him to come in and I will show it to him."

By this time the officer was convinced that the pair were American travelers. He went into the house and remained with Thorpe in a reception room while the girl ascended the staircase ostensibly to go to her room to get her passport. Thorpe, who knew that she would not come back, engaged the officer's attention by asking him questions. The man wished to stop the girl, but refrained from doing so until it was too late. Thorpe, who knew that when the officer was convinced that his supposed wife would not return he would take him into custody, was in agony. He remembered the girl's slipping something into [illegible] knew it would be found [illegible] too much to do [illegible] before, [illegible] himself at [illegible] but

whether [illegible] was at [illegible] now [illegible]

For a[illegible] upstairs [illegible] officer [illegible] time as [illegible] During this [illegible] Thorpe was [illegible] ing how [illegible] was a re[illegible] might des[illegible] and thence [illegible] it was like[illegible] on the [illegible] that her [illegible] ter. cept[illegible] came heigh[illegible] ned it [illegible] of in [illegible] scape would [illegible] situ[illegible]

Wh[illegible] her re-e[illegible]

"M[illegible] wish you would [illegible] if you can find [illegible] I left it in my [illegible] out and, though I [illegible] turned everything upside down I haven't found it. I think that I must have placed it in your trunk, but it is locked and I could not open it. Go and see if it is not there."

What could her return mean but that she had found that she could not sacrifice her benefactor and had come back to permit him to escape instead of herself? He was not to be placed in the position of accepting such a sacrifice from a woman. Taking a bunch of keys from his pocket, he handed them to her, telling her to go herself and look for her passport in his trunk. She demurred at first, but when he handed her his overcoat, asking her to take it up with her, she consented and again left the room, with the coat on her arm.

If the officer had any suspicions they were lulled by the woman's return. And when she left the room a second time with Thorpe's coat there was a great relief in her heart. The moment she was out of the officer's sight she put her hand in the pocket of the coat to assure herself that what she had placed in it was still there. She felt it and hurried on, transferring it as she did so to her own person. During her previous absence from below she had investigated the route of escape by the roof and now kept on till she reached it. Emerging from the scuttle, she ran to the next building, which was but a few feet lower, jumped down on to it, ran over several buildings of the same height and disappeared down the scuttle of the fifth house from the one from which she had started.

When some time had passed and the girl did not return Thorpe began to show signs of impatience. He proposed to go after her, but the officer interposed. Thorpe waited a little longer, then said:

"I fear that if I do not go up at once I shall lose my valuables."

"Why so?" asked the officer. "Surely your wife would not steal from you."

"She is not my wife. I never saw her before today. She joined me on the street. I presume she is"—

The officer waited not to hear the rest, but, springing up, ran to the door, gave a shrill whistle, then ran upstairs, followed by several other men.

Every room in the house was searched, including Thorpe's apartments. Besides his overcoat, several articles of value were missing. He was astonished, thinking that, after all, he had been robbed by a woman who had worked on his sympathies for the purpose. But the police disabused his mind of this theory. They knew better. They had been on the track of a woman they knew well. This one they did not know, but while chasing the other had come to suspect her. She had fooled them by placing herself under Thorpe's wing and pretending to be his wife. But Thorpe was believed to be entirely innocent in the matter and was not troubled even to make an explanation.

One day Thorpe was accosted on the street by an old woman who asked for alms. He was turning away from her when she said in a low tone:

"I am the girl you saved from Siberia."

Thorpe scrutinized her and saw that her white hair was a wig; the wrinkles in her face were skillfully painted. He asked her to give him an account of herself since he saw her last. After telling him how she escaped she continued:

"The article I slipped in your overcoat pocket was a bomb. I had received it a few minutes before I joined you from a worker in the cause of Russia's liberation. When I was permitted to go upstairs for my passport I could have escaped, but I was unwilling to leave you, my benefactor, with the bomb in your overcoat pocket. Your asking me to carry your coat upstairs solved the problem. I robbed you of certain articles that it might appear to the police that I was a common thief who had deceived you. This would avoid implicating you in protecting a revolutionist. When it is safe to do so the articles will be returned to you."

"Who are you?" asked Thorpe.

"I am the daughter of a noble. My home is in the province of Vologda. I came into the revolutionary party through teaching the children on my father's estate. I am now a steady worker for the cause. But I expect to be taken in time and sent to Siberia. I have made many narrow escapes and should have been taken when I attached myself to you had it not been for the stupidity of the officer who demanded my passport. I have stopped you to thank you for what you did for me and to say that your property will be returned to you. You are henceforth while in Russia under the care of the revolutionists and have nothing to fear."

She turned away from Thorpe, and [illegible] at [illegible] of her [illegible]

F[illegible] ting.

A [illegible] ion affecting the food [illegible] which attained its [illegible] during Shakespeare's youth [illegible] which, in view of his early fa[illegible] with the slaughter house—the [illegible] seventeen references to the [illegible] trade in the historical plays—[illegible] have been brought particularly to his notice. This was the law, first enacted in 1549 and extended in 15[illegible], enforcing abstinence from flesh for political and economic reasons, not only in Lent and on Ember days, Vigils and Fridays, but also on Saturdays and even on Wednesdays. The object aimed at in this legislation was the strengthening of the British navy through the encouragement of the fisheries, the North sea fisheries being regarded as a gold mine which the Dutch were exploiting. In 1563 four women who had a meal of meat in a London tavern during Lent were set in the stocks all night, and the woman who supplied them was set in the pillory.

Wild Cotton.

A common plant which grows in a score of shapes and sizes is the milkweed. It is called milkweed from the milky juice contained in the stems. Some bear white blossoms, others purple, while the stems and leaves have a variety of sizes and shapes. After the blossoms disappear the plants bear seed pods, which are the "hangars" for the air scouts.

Each seed has a set of wings of airy lint. As the pods ripen and break open the wind lifts the light seeds and scatters them broadcast.

Nature came very near making a substitute for cotton when she produced milkweed. In fact, the plant is known sometimes as "wild cotton." But the lint in the seed pods has not the twist of cotton fiber and therefore cannot be used for spinning. Nevertheless it provides a satisfactory down for stuffing pillows, a use to which frequently it is applied.—Boston Journal.

An Artist's Joke.

Holman Hunt, who began life as a clerk to an auctioneer and estate agent, was constantly drawing portraits when he should have been drawing up leases, and in his chosen profession he was never slow to seize the flying moment. The windows in his room were made of ground glass, and as he had little to do he spent much of his time in drawing flies upon its roughened surface. A blot of ink sufficed for the body and some delicate pencil strokes for the wings, and at a distance the deception was perfect. Day by day the number increased, and one morning his employer came in, stopped before the window and exclaimed: "I can't make out how it is. Every day that I come into this room there seem to be more and more flies." And, taking out his handkerchief, he attempted to brush them away.

New Zealand's Glaciers.

The great size of the glaciers around Mount Cook, in New Zealand, has been often remarked. The Tasman is eighteen miles long, the Murchison ten miles, the Godley eight miles, the Mueller eight miles and the Hooker seven miles. Most of these glaciers have moraines of exceeding roughness, but the approaches to them are not steep, as is usually the case with European glaciers. The southern Alpine snow line is only a little over 7,000 feet. Glacially polished rocks are rare, and in many ways the mountains are singularly different from those of central Europe.

His Practice.

"The footpad fired at you four times from a distance of twenty feet and yet missed you?"

"Oh, no!" replied the hero of the adventure. "I missed him. I have dodged so many automobiles and motorcycles that I had no difficulty in dodging the bullets."—Kansas City Star.

Missing Then.

Father—Don't know the French for cat, and you had a French nurse for years! Hopeful—But, dad, we hadn't got a cat when Adele was with us.—London Punch.

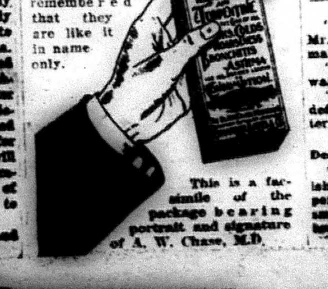
Deserves Encouragement.

Briggs—So you intend to encourage your wife's literary ambitions, do you? Griggs—I do. It's better to have her making up stories about imaginary people than about the neighbors.—Boston Transcript.

Flattering to the Original

But Imitations Only Disappoint

There are many imitations of this great treatment for coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis and whooping cough. They usually have some sale on the merits of the original, but it should be remembered that they are like it in name only.



This is a facsimile of the package bearing portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D.

"The Poet of the Pats"

To the late Sergeant Frank S. Brown has been given the name, "The Poet of the Pats." His fame is spreading throughout Canada, and people read his poetry with a thrill because he died a hero's death for his country. Frank S. Brown was the son of the Rev. S. G. Brown, the Presbyterian clergyman at Almonte, and he went to England in the autumn of 1914, holding the position of sergeant in the Third Company of the Princess Patricia's Light Infantry. He was a typical young Canadian and knew the Dominion thoroughly, having lived in both the East and West. His interests combined a love of outdoor life and intellectual pursuits. He was a good horseman and first-class shot, as well as a musician and writer. Just before the war he was an enthusiastic worker in the Boy Scout movement, and when the Germans made their pounce upon Belgium, he was among the first to join the colors, his keenness as a soldier winning him early promotion. He did not go to France with his regiment, being laid up in the hospital on Salisbury Plains with an attack of influenza. It was early in February of last year that he joined his regiment, and he was killed at St. Eloi on his first day in the trenches.

Holbrook Jackson, the editor of T.P.'s Weekly, has written a character sketch of the soldier poet, in which the following description of him is given:

"Fair, slight but sturdy; keen-eyed, self-confident but unassuming; such is my impression of the young soldier who came into my room on that grey January morning. He was the type of the British soldier: healthy, cheerful, untroubled by mental subtlety or overweening ambition, but willing to square brain and brawn with the general effort towards the attainment of an end known to be righteous and certain. All this was evident from the external view, but the intimacy of conversation revealed exceptional characteristics. It was evident that Sergeant Brown resembled the admirable type of British soldier only by an effort of the will, born probably of an equally British objection to being thought remarkable. On the three or four occasions on which we met, I learned to value the mental qualities of the khaki-clad son of the Empire. His intellectual interests were wide, and although backed by a considerable bookish experience, they always sought a practical end. He was an Imperialist, but no jingo word escaped from him in my hearing. On the contrary, his soldierly reticence was based on enthusiasm for personal endeavor. 'The Empire is kept going by character,' he said on one occasion, 'not by shouting.' He had read much in modern literature; liked Rudyard Kipling 'where he resembled Whitman,' he said, and Whitman 'where he resembled Kipling.' Then he pulled himself up as though concerned at having convicted himself of a thing he loathed, namely, modern verbal cleverness."

The verse written by "The Poet of the Pats" was mostly topical. He wrote "The Rubaiyat of a Man-at-Arms," "The Veteran," and "The Grouch," and the titles indicate their nature. They were swinging poems written from the view-point of the soldier. One of his few serious efforts is worth quoting. It bears the title, "Fallen":—

Christmas (at arms)—the shrapnel screams;
Its laden death to earth in streams
They, wanton, fling.
Peace and Good-will — with awful stench
A shell explodes in shambled trench,
The where we cling.

Christmas (at arms)—the mantling snow
Reflects the burning town, aglow;
None stay the flame.
Peace and Good-will—no belfries ring,
No clam'ring chimes the tidings bring:
We slay and maim.

Christmas (at arms)—this ghastly strife,
This ceaseless sacrifice of life,
Must be a sin.
Peace and Good-will—the sacred night
We desecrate; we kill; we fight
'Mid awful din.

Christmas (at arms) — hark! rabid notes
Are roaring from the hostile throats;
A bugle's wail.
Peace and Good-will — Oh! misplaced dreams
Amid this holocaust: the screams
Of leaden hail!

Christmas (at arms)—is there a trust
To nerve this arm for bayonet thrust
Or bullet's speed?
Peace and Good-will—was ever peace?
Will e'er this panting struggle cease?
Who dare give heed?

Christmas (at arms) — the conflict wanes:
Each dripping bayonet thrusts and strains;
Back they are thrown.
Peace and Good-will—Ah, breathe the peace—
Tho' hate may rule till war shall cease—
I die alone.

Christmas (at arms) — Oh, bitter thought,
Peace and Good-will—e'en this is nought
But irony.
This agony! . . . Hugh! . . the angels . . . weep . . .
Peace . . . Peace at last . . . ah! . . . dreamless sleep.
Eternity.

Things We Never Hear.

"I've just permitted you to call, Mr. Spendar, because you bring so many presents."

"I did not marry him for love; I wanted a position in society."

"It was not hard luck. We were defeated because they were the better players."

Death Penalty for Smuggling Goats.

There was a time when the Turkish Government imposed the death penalty on persons caught trying to smuggle out of the empire the [illegible] goats of Angora goats.

FIRE

YOUR HOME, YOUR STORE,

might easily have a total or partial loss—sound business methods demand that you be prepared for such a calamity. The good old

Phoenix Insurance Co.
of Hartford, Conn.

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Assets - $15,345.365
Surplus - $ 9,056.106.

Policies cost $2.00 and upwards. Consult me.

A. H. WATSON, Madoc - - - Local Agent.

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CY WHITT

concerning the youth and beauty of the bridal couple and their chariot. Mr. Bangs was in a state of dumb frenzy. Debby, who without her trumpet had heard nothing of all this, was smiling and garrulous.

"I found all the papers," she said. "They're right under the seat. I'm goin' to look 'em over so's to have the interestin' parts all ready to show Miss Dorcas when we get home. Ain't it nice I found 'em?"

In spite of her driver's remonstrances, unheard because of the non-adjustment of the trumpet, she reached under the seat and brought out the pile of Blazeton weeklies. With her feet upon the pile to keep it from blowing away, she proceeded to unfold one of the papers. It crackled and snapped in the wind like a loose mainsail.

"Keep that dratted thing out of my face, won't you?" shrieked the agonized Bailey. "How'm I goin' to see to steer with that smackin' me between the eyes every other second?"

"Hey? Did you speak to me?" asked the widow sweetly.

"Did I speak? No, I screeched! What in tunket"—

"I want you to see this picture of the mayor's house in Blazeton. Eva, my husband's niece, lives right across the road from him. Many's the time I've set on their piazza and seen him come out and go to the city hall."

"Keep it out of my face, I tell you! Reef it! Furl it, you—you woman! I wish to thunder the piazza had caved in on you! I never see such an old fool in my born days. Take it away!"

Mrs. Beasley removed the paper, but only to substitute another.

"Here's Eva's brother-in-law," she screamed. "He's one of the prominent business men out there, so they put him in the paper. Ain't he nice lookin'?"

Bailey's comments on the prominent business man's appearance were anything but flattering. Debby continued to reach for more papers, carefully replacing those she had inspected in the pile beneath her feet.

"I know what I'll do," declared the passenger—"I'll hunt for that missin' husband advertisement of Desire Higgins'. Let's see, now! 'Twill be down at the bottom of the pile, 'cause the paper it's in is a last year one."

She bobbed down behind the high dashboard.

"Here 'tis!" exclaimed Debby. "I remember it's in this number, 'cause there's a picture of the Palace hotel on the front page. Let's see—'Dog lost'—no, that ain't it. 'Corner lot for sale'—wish I had money enough to buy it. I'd like nothin' better than to live out there. 'Information wanted of my husband.' Here 'tis! Um—hum!"

She straightened up and eagerly began reading the advertisement. A terrific burst of wind tore around the corner of the bluff. The widow in her excitement at finding the advertisement had inadvertently removed her feet from the pile of papers. In an instant the air was filled with whirling copies of the Blazeton Weekly Courier.

Henry, the horse, jumped sidewise. The reins were jerked from the driver's hands and fell in the road.

"Mercy on us!" shrieked Debby, clutching her companion about the waist. "What"—

"Let go of me!" howled Bailey, pushing her violently aside. "Whoa! Stand still!"

But Henry refused to stand still. The flapping paper still clung to his agitated head. He reared and pranced, jerking the sulky back and forth; its wheels still wedged in the ruts. Bailey sprang to the ground to pick up the reins. He seized them, but fell as he did so. The tug at his bits turned Henry's head, literally and figuratively. He reared and whirled about. The sulky rose on two wheels. The screaming Mrs. Beasley collapsed against its downward side. Another moment and the whole upper half of the sulky—body, seat, curtains and Debby—tilted over the lower wheels, and the rusted bolts, failing to hold, slid with a thump to the frozen road. The wind, catching it underneath as it slid, tipped it backward. Then Henry ran away.

Miss Dawes, left alone in the house at the foot of the hill, had amused herself for a time with the Beasley library, which partially filled a shelf in the sitting room.

Sitting there, she was a witness of the alarming catastrophe on the hilltop and watched the front gate just in time to see Henry go galloping by, dragging the four wheels and springs of the sulky, while sprawled across the rear axle and still clinging to the reins hung a familiar howling and most wickedly profane individual of the name of Bangs.

The upper part of the sulky, with its boxlike curtained top, lay on its side in the road. From somewhere within the box came groans and screams, greeting Phoebe, who ran to the spot.

The jostling and alarmed teacher stooped and peered into the dark shadow between the dashboard and the back curtain. All she could make out at first were a pair of thin ankles and "congress" shoes in agitated motion. These bobbed up and down behind the overturned seat and its displaced cushion.

"Oh, Mrs. Beasley!" screamed Phoebe. "Are you hurt?"

The rescuer pulled the seat forward and with an effort tumbled it clear of the curtains. Debby raised herself still higher.

"Oh!" she groaned. "Talk about—Land sakes! Who's comin'? Men, ain't it?"

She scrambled out of her prison on hands and knees and jumped to her feet with reassuring alacrity.

"I'm a sight, ain't I?" she asked. "Haul this bunnet straight, quick's ever you can."

Miss Dawes, relieved to find that the accident had no serious consequences and trying her hardest not to laugh, assisted the widow to rearrange her wearing apparel. The blacksmith and his helper came running up the hill.

"Hello, Debby!" hailed the former. "What's the matter? Hurt, be you?"

Mrs. Beasley, whether she heard or not, did not deign to reply.

The blacksmith pointed to his shop in the hollow. Before it stood Mr. Bangs, holding Henry by the bridle and staring in their direction.

"He's all right," volunteered the "helper." "The horse stopped runnin' soon's he got to the foot of the next hill."

Mrs. Beasley was not apparently overjoyed at the news.

"Humph!" she grunted. "I most wish he'd broke his neck. Pesky, careless thing, gettin' us run away with and upset! Who's goin' to pay for fixin' my sulky, I want to know?"

"Mr. Bangs will pay for it, I'm sure," said Phoebe soothingly. "If he doesn't I will. Oh, Mrs. Beasley, did you find the diary?"

"Diary? No, no! I told you I was afraid I'd burnt it up. Well, I had, and a whole lot more of them old ones. But I did get all them Arizona papers and took the trouble to tote 'em all the way here so's you could look at 'em. And now"—she shook with indignation and waved her hand toward a section of horizon where little white dots indicated the whereabouts of the Couriers—"now look where they be! Blowed from Dan to Beersheby! Come on to the house and let me set down. I been standin' on my head till I'm tired. Here, Jabez," to the blacksmith, "you tend to that carriage, will you?"

She stalked off down the hill.

Phoebe was downcast and disappointed. She was convinced in her own mind that the Honorable Atkins had some hidden motive for his espousal of the Thomas cause. Asaph's fruitless quest in Orham had not shaken her faith. Captain Cy had refused to seek Debby Beasley for information concerning the Thayers, and so she, on her own responsibility, had done so. And this was the ridiculous ending of her journey. The diary had been a forlorn hope. Now that was burned. Poor Bos'n and poor some one else!

Debby, marching down the hill, continued to sputter about the lost weeklies.

"It's an everlastin' shame!" she declared. "I'd just found the one with that advertisement in it and was readin' it. I remember the part I read, plain as could be. While we're eatin' dinner I'll tell you about it."

But Miss Dawes did not care for dinner. Like Mr Tiddit and the captain, she had had about all the Debby Beasley she wanted.

"Yes, yes, you will stop, too," affirmed the widow. "I want to tell you more about Blazeton. I can see that advertisement this minute right afore my eyes—'Information wanted of my husband, Edward Higgins; five foot eight inches tall, sandy complected, brown hair and yellowish mustache; not lame, but has a peculiar slight limp with his left foot'—"

"What?" asked the schoolmistress, stopping short.

"Hey? 'Has a peculiar limp with his left foot.' I remember how Desire used to talk about that limp. She said twas almost as if he stuttered with his leg. He hurt it when he was up in Montana and"—

"Oh," cried Miss Dawes. The color had left her face.

"Yes. You see, he used to be a miner or somethin' up there. He'd never say much about his younger days, but one time he did tell that. I'd just got as far as that limp when the sulky upset. Talk about bein' surprised! I never was so surprised in my life as when that horse critter rared up and"—

Phoebe interrupted. Her color had come back, and her eyes were shining.

"Mrs. Beasley," she cried, "I think I shall change my mind. I believe I will stay to dinner after all. I'm ever so much interested in Arizona."

CHAPTER XVII.

DECEMBER was nearly over. Christmas had come. Bos'n had hung up her stocking by the base burner stove and found it warty and dropsical the next morning with a generous overflow of gifts piled on the floor beneath it.

The board of strategy came in during the forenoon, and the presents had to be shown to them. While the exhibition was in progress Miss Dawes called. And before she left Gabe Lumley drove up in the depot wagon bearing a big express package addressed to "Miss Emily Thomas, Bayport."

"Humph!" exclaimed Captain Cy. "Somethin' more for Bos'n, hey? Who in the world sent it, do you s'pose?"

Asaph and Bailey made various insane suggestions as to the sender. Phoebe said nothing. There was a frown on her face as she watched the captain get to work on the box with chisel and hammer. It contained a beautiful doll, fully and expensively dressed, and pinned to the dress was a card—"To dear little Emmie, from her lonesome papa."

The board of strategy looked at the doll in wonder and astonishment. Captain Cy strode away to the window.

"Well!" exclaimed Mr. Bangs. "I didn't believe he had that much heart inside of him. I bet you that cost $4 or $5. Ain't that so, Cy?"

The captain did not answer.

"Don't you think so, teacher?" he posed Bailey, turning to Phoebe. "What ails you? You don't seem pos-(itive)"

"I'm not," replied the lady. "I expected something of that sort."

Captain Cy wheeled from the window.

"You did?" he asked.

"Yes. Miss Phinney said the other day she had heard that that man was going to give his daughter a beautiful present. She was very enthusiastic about his generosity and self sacrifice. I asked who told her, and she said Mr. Tad Simpson."

In January the court gave its decision. The captain's appointment as guardian was revoked. With the father alive and professedly anxious to provide for the child's support, nothing else was to be expected, so Mr. Peabody said. The latter entered an appeal, which would delay matters for a time, two or three months perhaps. Meanwhile Captain Cy was to retain custody of Bos'n.

But the court's action, expected though it was, made the captain very blue and downcast. He could see no



"I BET YOU THAT COST $4 OR $5."

hope. He felt certain that he should lose the little girl in the end in spite of the long succession of appeals which his lawyer contemplated. And what would become of her then? Who would her associates be under the authority of a father such as hers?

Phoebe Dawes had come to be his chief reliance. He saw a great deal of her. Often when she walked home from school she found him hanging over the front gate, and they talked of various things—of Bos'n's progress with her studies, of the school work and similar topics. He called her by her first name now, although in this there was nothing unusual. After a few weeks' acquaintance we Bayporters almost invariably address people by their "front" names. Sometimes she came to the house with Emily.

Phoebe was in good spirits. She was as hopeful as Captain Cy was despondent. She seemed to have little fear of the outcome of the legal proceedings, the appeals and the rest. Her optimism was the best sort of bracer for the captain's failing courage.

One cold, rainy afternoon early in February she came in with Bos'n, who had availed herself of the shelter of the teacher's umbrella. Georgianna was in the kitchen baking, and Emily had been promised a "saucer pie." So the child went out to superintend the construction of that treat.

"Set down, teacher," said Captain Cy. "What's the news—anything?"

"Why, no," replied Phoebe, throwing open her wet jacket. "There's no news in particular. But I wanted to ask if you had seen the Breeze."

"Um—hum!" was the listless answer. "I presume likely you mean the news about the appropriation and the editorial dig at yours truly? Yes, I've seen it. They don't bother me much. I've got more important things on my mind just now."

Congressman Atkins' pledge in his farewell speech concerning the mighty effort he was to make toward securing the appropriation for Bayport harbor was in process of fulfillment—so he had written to the local paper that, alas, the mighty effort was likely to prove unavailing. In spite of the Honorable Heman's battle for his constituents' rights it seemed certain that the bill would not provide the $20,000 for Bayport—at least not this year's bill. Other and more powerful interests would win out and, instead, another section of the coast be improved at the public expense.

So, at Simmons' and the sewing circle and after meeting on Sunday, Cy Whittaker was again discussed and derided. And this week's Breeze, out that morning, contained a sarcastic editorial which mentioned no names, but hinted at "a certain now notorious person" who had boosted loudly, but who had again been weighed in the balance of public opinion and found wanting, for he had been a self appointed committee of one, who had promised to succeed if Atkins might fail."

Miss Dawes did not seem pleased with the captain's nonchalant attitude toward the Breeze and its editorial.

"Captain Cyrus," she said, "if you intended doing nothing toward securing that appropriation, why did you accept the responsibility for it at the meeting?"

Captain Cy looked up.

"Well," he said, "afore this Thomas business happened, to knock all my plans on their beam ends, I'd done considerable thinkin' about that appropriation. It seemed to me that there must be some reason for Heman's comin' about so sudden. He was savin' sure of the thirty thousand for a spell; then, all to once, he began to take in sail and go on t'other tack. I don't know much about politics, but I know he knows all the politics there is. And it seemed to me that if a few guns one with eyes in his head, went

(To be Continued.)

Just Off Our Coasts

A NIGHT'S sail to the north of Prince Edward Island in the Gulf of St. Lawrence one happens on the Magdalen Islands. Low-lying and scattered Amherst, Grindstone Entry, Alright, Coffin, Bryon, and the Bird Rocks—a group of romance-filled islands which if they were better known would have visitors by the hundreds through the summer months.

La Grande Demoiselle et la petite Demoiselle are the two smoothly rounded combinations of mountain and cliff which together with sandbars, miles in length, form the chief landmarks of the approach.

Here in these islands, whose history dates back to the French discovery and possession of Canada, one happens on rare things—women in sunbonnets riding in carts, knitting in hand; berry-pickers, ready with a pleasant smile to have their pictures taken; hay-makers, whole-family groups, the women and children all helping with the hay while the good weather lasts; little boys sailing toy boats that they themselves have modeled and fitted; men and women wearing homespun garments and home-made shoes of sealskin; basket-makers, and hookers of gay-patterned rugs.

The soil is rich, the farms are good, and the houses are generally good-sized, attractive, and comfortable. The chief employment is lobstering. There are several very large lobster canneries scattered over the islands, cod-fishing, with the attending stages of salting, drying, and packing, and mackerel fishing. This last mentioned involves yet another work. That of clam digging. For the clam is the tempting morsel that is used to bait mackerel hooks. A more foreign looking sight cannot be imagined than the clam diggers at work on the flats. Carts, buggies, dog cars, and even a cow drawing a box cart may be seen on the clam banks in shallow water quite a distance from shore, the horses munching hay while the women and girls in bright kirtles and long boots or bare-footed, three-pronged forks in hand, did for the claim upon which the success of the mackerel fishing by the men depends.

Havre Aubert on Amherst Island is the capital and here one is likely to meet with interesting people who are always ready to give one interesting bits of information concerning the islands.

In the winter time sealing is very successfully carried on, and sealing vessels from Newfoundland frequently come as far into the gulf as the Magdalens for their season's catch.

Excellent modelling clay is found in the islands, and one sculptor, Seumas O'Brien, whose work is well known on both sides of the Atlantic, has very cleverly arranged a little studio for himself in one of the historic old homes where he has turned out several excellent busts during his summer vacation. A sculptor's studio is the last thing one would ex pect to stumble on in these distant Magdalens.

French is spoken in the islands, but English is also commonly in use and Entry Island is an English-speaking colony. The Bird Rocks, the chief breeding spot of gannets and gulls, is very difficult of access and visitors have to be drawn up in a huge net-basket by the lighthouse keeper and his men. The steamer makes the call to these rocks once a week; the infrequency of her visits being due to the fact that the landing is at all times attended with some danger. Etang de Cap, Havre Maison, Etang du Nord and Grindstone are the chief settlements on the islands and the ports of call for the mail, passenger, and freight boats which run between Pictou, N.S., and the Magdalens every Monday and Thursday. The Magdalen islands were granted in 1798 to Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin in a fee simple and whose heir, Admiral Coffin, now holds them. The tenants pay a yearly rent of one shilling per acre, but of late an ordinance has been passed by the government of the Province of Quebec making it possible for tenants to buy the land outright, but it seems that few wish to become landowners at the price of $4 per acre, preferring for reasons of their own to pay the shilling rental.

A Canadian Authoress.

It may interest admirers of "Beautiful Joe" to know that Miss Margaret Marshall Saunders, the authoress, is a Canadian, having been born in Berwick, N.S., where her father, Rev. E. M. Saunders, D.D., was a Baptist minister. She received part of her education in Scotland and part in France, but returned later to Nova Scotia, where she taught school. The authoress travels extensively, but she regards Toronto as her home and spends a good deal of her time there. That fact may surprise some persons, as Miss Saunders has not courted publicity. She does not show the tendency to parade herself unduly, which has been commented upon so frequently as one of the marked feelings of Canadian literary women and pseudo-literary women.

Invisible Fishing Lines.

Fishing lines made of wild cocoon silk are said to be invisible in the water. The Japanese makes these lines and use them in catching game fish.

Safety First.

Put a strip of adhesive plaster with the owner's name on it in each pair of rubbers and each umbrella. With children especially this saves a great deal of trouble.

It has been estimated that every square mile of the ocean is inhabited by 120,000,000 living beings.

Happy Fighter Writes Home

ONE of the brightest and most readable of Canadian writers about the war is "The Happy Subaltern." The identity of this young lieutenant is not widely known for he does not pretend to be a literary man. When he went to the front he wrote letters home to his mother, as thousands of young Canadians in England, France, and Flanders were doing, and his mother found them so entertaining that she read them to gatherings of friends. They advised publication, and the book is now on many a library shelf. All that it tells about the Happy Subaltern is that his name is Billy, and as Billy he has made friends.

Perhaps the best way in which to give an idea of Billy's letters is to give two short extracts from them. One is a characteristically humorous account of an incident in an English barber shop.

"I had rather a unique experience the other day which I want to tell you about. Everyone who has hailed from [illegible] kingdom was wont to [illegible] ear in Canada of the [illegible] of the barbers over [illegible] related how much [illegible] artists of Great [illegible] in your whiskers. I [illegible] myself the why and the [illegible] of it. Having to go [illegible] one day this week I slept in and missed my usual shave, so upon my arrival there I proceeded to secure one. Seeing a sign 'Ladies and Gentlemen's Hair Dressing Saloon,' I proceeded therein. A bald-headed person of doubtful antecedents, judging from his physiognomy, motioned me into a chair. Not a white enamel becushioned one with a neck rest and numerous levers, but a plain red plush one showing unmistakably that other thousands had sat on the same seat. It was the same kind that any railroad in Canada issues to its hard worked station agents. I sat me down, not without some misgiving, and grasping 'me noble countenance' he tilted my head rearward until I felt as though I were one of the contortionist acts in a vaudeville show. He smeared my face with lather and proceeded to scrape the protruding hairs off. It was a process greatly resembling a man with a snow shovel removing the accumulation of last week's snow from the sidewalk. Every time he let go of my head I endeavored to raise it, but somehow he always beat me to it, and grabbed it again before I could sufficiently stretch the muscles to erase the crick in them. . . Upon close examination that I made after a buried exit I found tiny tufts of whiskers and decided that the reason why they "do it" quicker over here is first, because they don't "do it," and second, if they took any longer they would permanently dislocate their customers' necks."

By way of contrast probably there is nothing better in Billy's letters to quote than his description of the death of McCarthy, the wag of the company, and once a camp cook.

"It was a beautiful morning in May. The grass was green and the shrapnel-scarred trees were trying to burst out into a few sparse leaves. A hawthorn bush just to the rear of the trench was white with bloom, as Maeterlinck says, 'Yielding up its soul in perfume,' distinctly noticeable even among the varied smells of the trench. Here and there a seal low flitted in the first smile of Old Sol, and all was still, as still as the first hour of dawn on the Front can be—sometimes. I came to the bay where McCarthy was on duty. Alone he stood watching a mess tin of water heating over a candle. He looked up at the rum jar I was carrying and laughingly asked if he couldn't have his ration, knowing full well that I knew he'd had it, when with a dull boom from the east came the herald of the morning hate. I turned. There stood McCarthy, rifle in hand, face turned to the azure above, and in his loudest tones addressing the screaming shell with 'Good morning, Fritz.' The same instant I heard it burst almost overhead. Its pall of black smoke hovered there, while its rain of death descended with the peculiar indescribable whine of shrapnel. . . But as they say, 'It didn't have my number on it.' One of the freaks of shell fire, it left me and took McCarthy.

"I saw him slowly sink clutching his tunic. . . . I cut off his tunic and his shirt, only to find his breast and shoulders peppered as a colander. He was gone—I knew that—but I forced a quarter grain of morphia between his lips. The stretcher-bearers came, but McCarthy needed no shell dressings. The ashy gray of his face, the wild stare of his eyes, the convulsive clutch of his hand betokened that death was silently creeping nigh. I gave him a cup of water. As I lowered his head a smile lit his countenance, and he weakly said, 'Do you remember, sir, the night you said "Gunga Din?" That's how the water tastes.' And then with the same smile, 'It's funny, sir, how I spoke to that shell. It ain't often that one calls his own number.' Which was how McCarthy, cock-comedian, in his own way said 'Morituras Te Salutat.'"

Suppose You Have Kick.

An electrical system of ordering for lunchrooms, clubs, restaurants, and hotels has been devised. You simply press a button which operates an annunciator installed in the kitchen, telling the kitchen hands just what food you want.—Popular Science Monthly.

An Untested Theory.

Mrs. Knagg—"I believe it's perfectly true that conversation at meals is an aid to digestion."

Mr. Knagg—"Mebbe if you'd give me a chance to get in a word edgewise I might be able to get away with the meals you cook."

New Overseas Minister

Faces Very Large Task, But Work is Progressing

THE Canadian Associated Press is informed that no decision has been reached anent the sending of another Canadian division to the front, but its organization is being completed. What will ultimately be done in this connection will depend largely upon the response obtained for recruits in Canada. For the present, however, the Canadian divisions on the first line will be maintained and their establishments kept up to full strength.

An adjustment of the representation of battalions in France from the various provinces in Canada is to be undertaken for the purpose of making the distribution more equal in proportion to the number of men recruited. To accomplish this two or more units from the same province, district, or city will be amalgamated or combined. Experience has shown that a more satisfactory service may be maintained by the system of reinforcing depleted battalions with men recruited from the same territory or province as that in which the battalion originated. With that in view the present redistribution is to be made. Moreover, it is felt that the men may feel more at



SIR GEORGE H. PERLEY.

home if they are sent with units recruited in the province from which they come themselves.

At the present time Quebec and British Columbia have larger representation of battalions in France in proportion to the number of men recruited from them than the other provinces, and in the past it has been necessary to draw reinforcements for these battalions from other centres, and an effort is now being made to equalize representation and replace those thus absorbed. Complete units from Ontario and from Nova Scotia are likely to be sent to France. One of the battalions from Ontario will probably be commanded by Lieut.-Col. Sam Sharpe. It is quite possible the senior battalion of Nova Scotia Highlanders, under command of Lieut.-Col. Borden, will be sent forward to give Nova Scotia additional and merited representation on the firing line.

It has been observed from recent Canadian papers that Shillington's name is associated with certain irregularities at the Canadian Hospital at Taplow. Sir George Perley, Overseas Minister of Militia, officially informs the Canadian Press that Colonel Shillington had no connection with this hospital, and was in no way responsible for its administration. The Canadian Press is also informed on authority of various cables from London professing to give the findings of the Baptie enquiry into Canadian hospital administration are purely conjectural.

"Two Cities" in French.

Many years ago a French publisher was consumed with a desire to give Paris the opportunity of reading "A Tale of Two Cities" in French, says the Christian Science Monitor. He consequently caused a French translation to be made. Years later an enterprising English translator, who it is to be hoped knew more about the French language than he did about Dickens, was seized with the desire to translate so splendid a story into English. Not only did he do this, but he actually offered it for publication. It is to be suspected that the ancient proverb about the parent not knowing its own child, would have received a remarkable illustration if the great novelist had come across the final English version.

Crossing the Struma.

The British troops have crossed the Struma (ancient Strymon) at the very spot where the great host of Xerxes crossed in the reverse direction when invading Greece 2,400 years ago. Herodotus tells of the elaborate construction of bridges for the invasion, and how the magician priests sacrificed white horses and threw them into the stream. Xerxes was not content with that. Upon arriving, he found that the place where Amphipolis was afterward founded, and which to-day is represented by our crossing point, Neo Hori, was then called Ennea Hodoi (Nine Roads), and the accordingly sacrificed nine native youths and maidens there.—Leaves Chron.

Rubbers, Rubbers

and

More Rubbers

They have all advanced in price. We still have a large assortment at particularly low figures.

Women's Storm C, 60c per pair.

Men's regular extra fine, 75c per pair.

Only 1 Ladies' Coat, with fur collar size 38, at a snap.

2 Men's Furlined Coats, regular $85.00, to clear at $60.00.

1 Blue Serge, tailor made suit, regular $30.00 to clear at $20.00.

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A. Kincaid's

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Any notice, the object of which is to promote the pecuniary benefit of any individual or corporation is considered an advertisement and will be charged as such.

Notices of Births, Deaths and Marriages will be charged at the rate of 25c. per insertion.

A. H. WATSON, Proprietor

MADOC, JANUARY 18, 1917

Childhood Memories

The following letter was received by Mr. W. Tuller from an old Madoc boy, Geo. F. Sills, of Elgin, Ill:

Elgin, Ill., December 29, 1916

MR. W. TULLER,
Madoc, Ont.

DEAR UNCLE WAREHAM,—Mrs. Sills and I were talking about you Christmas and she asked me if I sent you a card. I told her "no" that if I sent you anything I would rather send you a letter. A card is a pretty thing to receive. I think we have nearly 100 sent to us from as many friends during the Christmas week and they are still coming. I love to receive the cards for it is an indication that one is being remembered.

We are thinking of you to-day as you are to-day, a cheerful old gentleman nearing the end of this earthly life, rich in blessings for all you have done for others, assured of an everlasting hereafter with Him whom you have served. Looking way back in the memory of home I remember you when you were a comparatively young man. My first real memory was when we were picking potatoes in your potato field. You always seemed to have the knack of making the boys help you and feel glad they could have the privilege, though you never took advantage of your power in that respect, for whatever we did for you you would repay us in some nice quiet little way. I remember one time after helping you for several days about as many bags of potatoes came to our cellar. I helped you because it was nice to be with you and thought nothing of pay. You paid us for our labor because you did not think it would be right to accept our services without pay. Then another time in the sugar bush we would carry sap until our backs were nearly breaking, laughing and enjoying the work, drinking the sap because it was so sweet, thinking that was sufficient pay for what we did for you. Then a pan of sugar, a gallon of molasses or some other little gift would come to the house from you. Then the visits to your home so many times, big, husky, growing boys, hungry and ready to eat, and always given a big slice of bread and butter with molasses or apple-jack or some other splendid feed. You were always thoughtful of the young boys and girls who visited your home and you were always good to them.

It is a good many years since then, but still the sweet memory of those days does not leave us while we are busy in commercial life. The impression is there and the thought of you and your splendid wife and your splendid home does not vanish with age that comes to us.

I am looking at you this morning, resting in your easy chair reading your paper or your Bible or Sunday morning planning to attend service. I remember so well when you used to leave your beloved wife at our church and continue on to your own. You believed that all churches are Christian and the individual should exercise his own prerogative in the methods of running the church. When a little boy I used to watch you and think of those very things and I think that it has helped to broaden my mind to see that the world after all is Christian.

I am writing to you this morning because Mrs. Sills tells me that I should express my mind and write to my dear old friends when these pleasant memories come to me and in the New Year when you receive my letter you will think of thousands of things that happened in the past and think "It was these things that made me as I am to-day."

I hope to see you again, possibly this summer, to visit with you under the shade trees and to talk of old times. I think of your brother, Will, who, I believe, has passed away, and all of those old people now resting up in the cemetery. When I go there after visiting all of you who are alive then I visit those who have passed away. I remember one time going home, of taking two dozen beautiful roses from Elgin. It was in winter and I carried those roses to the cemetery and put one on the grave of each one I had known in the early days. Maybe some day I will do that to you, if I do not, I will remember you as I have all these years.

With many pleasant thoughts of you and wishing you a happy New Year, I remain,

Very sincerely yours,

GEO. F. SILLS

Doing His Bit

Pte. Wesley Vollick, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Morris Vollick, is a member of the 21st Battalion. He expected to leave France with his regiment in a few days for the trenches and this is what he has to say to his mother.

Mother o' mine, have no fear,
Now that the time is drawing near
For us to go to the firing line
To help the boys to cross the Rhine.

Mother o' mine, keep up your heart,
God will not keep us long apart.
Memories of home locked in my breast
Thoughts that will make me fight my best.

Mother o' mine, I shall soon return,
And ever for thee my heart shall yearn.
Safe in your prayers I'll always be.
God give us quickly peace and victory.

Mother o' mine, I can say no more,
But to bid you a tender au revoir.
God keep you free from this parting's pain,
And hope that we shall soon meet again.

STAGECOACH DAYS

Travel Often Spelled Misery Before We Had Railways.

TALE OF A WINTER JOURNEY.

Discomforts and Hardships That Had to Be Endured by the Passengers In an Old Style Trip Across the Alleghany Mountains In 1846.

How traveling is metamorphosed these days, to be sure! Yet some men "fond of handling the ribbons" and some women who "want to see the scenery at their leisure" still regret "the spanking bays and rocking stagecoach of the past."

Here is the way the Allegheny mountains were crossed in 1846:

"It was midwinter when we arrived at Wheeling, and as the stagecoach was to start at 5 o'clock in the morning no one thought of going to bed, so we took our way through the frozen streets to secure through tickets to Philadelphia. It was pitch dark and bitter cold—the damp, penetrating weather that reaches the very marrow of our bones.

"The little den, called by courtesy the office, was filled with passengers as damp, cold and ill natured as ourselves. There was a handful of coal burning in a small grate, and around it were grouped the round shouldered, unsympathetic people who were to be our fellow passengers. They glanced at us and closed up all the open space near the fire, as if to say: 'You don't get in here, we can tell you. You have no right to travel in our coach, any way!'

"At one side stood a table, and on it was a coffee pot and cups, some sausages frozen stiff and an unattractive loaf of bread, over which presided a tall darky, who leaned against the wall fast asleep. We were told that we could get a good breakfast twenty miles away from Wheeling.

"At the appointed time the heavy old coach came up, and we all clambered in and stowed ourselves away pell mell. A short way from town there was a long hill, up which the horses toiled, so this gave us all time to settle down for a quiet nap. One snore after another announced their success; in a few minutes six out of the nine passengers were oblivious of their misery.

"Not being sleepy, I studied the snorers. A large fat man opposite me had a short, angry snore. He snored so loudly that he woke himself up and glared about him impudently, as though he hoped they wouldn't make that noise again!

"The old lady who was crushing me up in the corner snored deeply and contentedly.

"Some one off in a dark corner had a genial way of joining in as though he snored merely to oblige the passengers; but the grand musician of the company sat opposite me. I never heard anything approaching him either for quality or compass. It was a back action snore that began in a bold agitato movement, suddenly brought up with a jerk and ended with a whistle.

"The whole band was in full play when we stopped with a tremendous jerk, and everybody woke up with oaths or 'Pshaws!' over a bad jolt. The summit gained, there was a sharp crack of the whip, the horses started, and everybody was jerked violently backward. Soon the chorus began again, however, and I joined in till the coach came to a full stop at the table where the horses were to be changed.

"Stiff and sleepy and cramped from sitting so long in one position, the sun now rose and came in at all sorts of places, waking and blinding everybody. What a discontented lot we were! And we all hated each other!

"At last, breakfast—ah, hot coffee, ham and eggs and buckwheat cakes! The meal was not half over before we were a band of brothers. We could not do enough for each other. All was harmony and peace."

Nor was that all, for they drove into a severe mountain storm and intense cold, darkness; the horses fell on the icy roads; the stage rocked wildly in the wind and nearly blew over. Twenty-four hours of this, a driver frozen stiff and assisted down from the box. We do it now in six hours in a comfortable bed, in a warm, well lighted car. Some "modern imps" are mighty good angels.

Our chief loss has been the great cheerful, roaring open fires that people had in those days. The domestic virtues began to decay when people were reduced to sitting around a hole in the wall or a gloomy metal register, without armchairs, stories, songs, grandparents and little children roasting apples or popping corn—friends and strangers dropping in and getting a warm welcome, a place in the circle and what Spaniards call "the love of the fire."

Quite a Change.

Twenty-five years ago a young husband's wife went away for a two days' visit. When she returned he met her at the depot and embraced her and kissed her. The other day she returned from a two weeks' visit. He met her and said, while he took a chew of tobacco, "Well, did you have a good time?"

Never let your mirth, jubilation or pleasures dull your sympathy for the sorrow, suffering, sickness or indigence of other people.

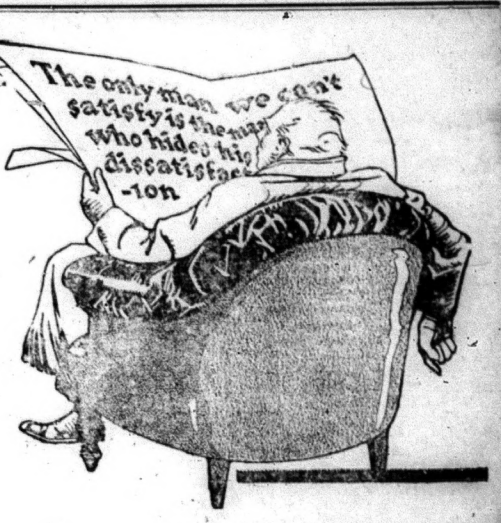
Just Arrived

Soldiers' Fine Dress Boots

These Boots are the same as last year both in quality and price.

Call in and inspect them for yourself.

G. C. MOON



When you come here for a suit of clothes or an overcoat our object is to make you a permanent satisfied customer of this store.

We know no better way to do it than by selling you

ART CLOTHES

COOK BROS. & ALLEN LIMITED

SPECIALS
FOR THIS WEEK

2 dozen Men's and Boy's Winter Caps with fur bands, reg. price 50c.

To Clear at 35 Cents.

8 pairs Boy's one buckle Overshoes, size 1 to 5. Reg. $1.25

To Clear at 90c.

2 dozen Men's Wool Underwear slightly soiled. reg. 75c, 85c and $1.00

To Clear at 50c.

2 doz. Muffiers, assorted colors, Regular price 25c.

On Sale 9c.

BARGAINS IN OVERCOATS

Geo. West



Stock Clearing Sale

Commencing Saturday, January 20th to January 27th, inclusive.

Upon investigating our stock before Stocktaking, we have discovered a surplus in certain sizes, these sizes must be cleared at once to make space for our spring stock, as you will see by the following quotations:

30 pairs Women's fine Patent Kid lace boots, worth $3.00, $3.50 and $4.00 going at	$1 98
Women's Pillow Slide lace boot, sizes 3-7, reg. $4.00, now	3 25
Women's low heel Rubbers, size 4, 4½, 5, reg. 70 and 75c, at	59c
Women's Dongola Blucher, common sense, low heel, size 3-8, reg. $1.75 at	1 49
Women's grain bal. coarse boots, reg. $2.85, at	2 35
Men's heavy Rubbers, snag proof, buckle and lace, sizes 7 and 9, reg. $2.40, now	1 98
Men's 9 inch high top snag proof Rubbers, size 7, reg. $4.00, now	2 98
" " " " " " " " " " 6 11, reg. $5.00, now	3 95
Men's 1 buckle felt overshoe, sizes 8 and 9, reg. $1.85, now	1 49
Men's horsehide Moccasons, size 6 and 9, reg. $2.50, at	1 95
Men's and Women's Moose Moccasins, size 5 and 8 only, reg. $1.70, at	1 35
Child's Moose Moccasins, 10 and 11 2 and 1, reg. $1 15 and $1 35, now	98c
Men's plain over Rubbers Collegiate and Brunswick lasts, size 7 and 8 only, reg. 90c and $1 at	79c
Boy's Box Blucher Boots, fine quality, worth $3.00, going at	2 35
Boy's plain over rubbers, size 1, worth 75c, going at	59c
Boy's felt overshoes, one buckle, " $1.45, " at	1 10
1 28 inch trunk with straps, reg. $4 25, going at	3 :0
1 30 inch trunk " " " $4 50 going at	3 75

Prices are advancing on these goods every day, and this is your opportunity to lay in a supply at these very low prices. Come early and avoid the rush.

The Ludbrook Shoe Store

Vinol

$1.04 Per Bottle.

Vince's Popular Drug Store

SPECIAL

ROYALITE COAL OIL

We offer a limited quantity of this famous brand "Royalite" Coal Oil at

SPECIAL PRICES

in quantities of twenty-five gallons or more

13 1-2c per gallon

Delivery to be taken from Madoc, up to the 1st of March. Book your orders now or bring your cans and have the filled.

T.W. Connor & Son

Hardware Merchants,

Phone 8, Madoc.

—Men's Working Gloves and Mitts G. A. Rollins.

—BUTTER PAPER Vegetable Parchment, in sizes for rolls or pound prints. THE REVIEW Office.

Alert Fire Co. Officers

The Alert Fire Company of this village met in the Fire Hall on Saturday evening, January 13th, for organization and election of officers for the year 1917, which are as follows:

Chief—George Bassett.
Asst. Chief—Wm. Simmons.
Captain—Wm. J. Hill.
Lieut.—Arthur Reid.
Secretary—Wm. R. Gray.
Treasurer—B. M. Richmond.
Foreman of Hose—G. Alcombrack.
Branchmen — The whole company.
Foreman of hook and ladder waggon—Wm. H. Brooks.
Fire police—R. T. Gray, C. M. Wallbridge, T. Caverly, E. C. Tufts, John Mouncey, Charles Ross and R. O'Riordan, sr.

The Company will meet in the Fire Hall on the first Wednesday of each month at 8 o'clock.

—For Sale. — Piano, good as new, worth $325, for $150. John Reeves.

—For Sale.—20 s. c. white Leghorn Pullets and Hens under 2 years old, in color snow white, at $1.25 each. R. A. McConnell. 2-tf

Cleaning, Pressing, Repairing

The undersigned is prepared to do French Dry Cleaning, Pressing and Remodelling of Ladies' and Gents' Garments at reasonable prices. Upstairs, one door north of Riordan's Drug Store.

MISS S. BAKER

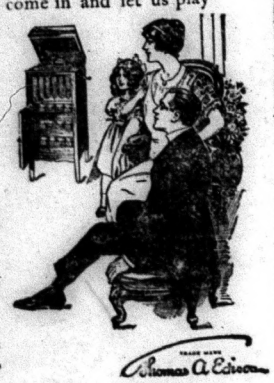
Your Winter's Entertainment

WHEN you rely on the New Edison Diamond Amberola for your winter's entertainment, you are not confined to Grand Opera Singers or Tango Dancing.

For instance; there are more than seventy Quartette Records; from the frivolous "Pussy Cat Rag" and tender melodies like "Old Black Joe" to the magnificent quartette from "Rigoletto," the "Gloria" from Mozart's Twelfth Mass and beautiful sacred hymns as "Jesus, Lover of My Soul" and "Abide With Me."

The NEW EDISON DIAMOND AMBEROLA

If you like music that thrills—that makes you *feel* as well as hear—just come in and let us play some of the rousing selections made expressly for the Edison Diamond Amberola by the British Male Quartette—Knickerbocker Quartette—and Metropolitan Quartette.



Then, you'll be able to examine the Edison for yourself—the diamond reproducing point, unbreakable and long playing records, superior motors and construction, concealed horns, and cabinets made in true period styles, in perfect harmony with the finest furniture. 56

Thomas A. Edison

THE J. M. GREENE MUSIC CO. LIMITED, MADOC, Ont.

We

SUIT

All Parties

With our Made-to-Measure tailoring we have a large assortment of winter woollens for your approval

When it comes to having your clothes

Cleaned and Pressed

try

D. W. RUTLEDGE

HOME NEWS GOSSIP GRAB

Miss Alecha Green, of Stirling, is visiting Miss E. Wellington.

—Wanted—Lands carrying minerals. J. C. Fowle, Mining Engineer, Madoc.

A number of interesting letters from soldiers will be found on page 6.

Mr. Winfred Hayton, of Rimington, spent last week visiting in Peterboro.

—Royalite Oil, 20c gal. delivered to any part of town. G. A. Rollins.

The County Sunday School Convention will be held in Madoc on Friday, January 26th.

—Wanted—Elm and heading for cheese boxes. Custom sawing in spring. G. R. Jones. 1-3

Mrs. Jas. McCaw and Miss Mabel McCaw, of Bancroft, visited friends in town this week.

—The Electric Vacuum Cleaner now 30 cents per hour. Phone 61. John Burkitt. 1-3

Pte. M. Richardson and Messrs. W. Hulin and H. Conley spent a few days in town this week.

Miss Estella McDonnell, of Kitscotty, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Broad at their residence.

Mr. Wm. McDonnell, of Elstow, Sask., has been visiting friends in Madoc and vicinity during the past few weeks.

WANTED.—Citizens who can furnish accommodation for a couple of soldiers for the winter. Address Lieut. Duffin, Madoc.

Mrs. Frank Kelly is spending a couple of months with her daughter, Mrs. Morey, at Three Rivers, Quebec.

—Be sure and read about the Stock Reducing Sale at the Ludbrook Shoe Store in this issue, which commences on Saturday, January 20.

Mr. R. C. Fair, who has been in partnership in the hardware business in Bancroft, has dissolved same and will in the near future take up his abode in Madoc.

—Found.—On the street in Madoc about Dec. 22 a child's white Muff. Owner can have same by applying at this office and paying for this advt.

Mr. H. B. Kelly, of Kelfield, Sask., spent a few days in town, the guest of Mr. R. Wickham, and also visited friends in Bancroft. He left for Toronto on Monday.

Coal Oil Users.—We quote the Imperial Oil Co.'s famous Royalite Oil in quantities of 25 gallons or over at price of 13½c per gallon. Packages extra. Delivery must be taken on or before March 1st, 1917. Frank Dafoe, Madoc. 3-4

Pte. S. F. A. Vince, 198th Battalion, Canadian Buffs, paid a farewell visit to his brother, J. Will Vince, druggist, last week end. Pte. Vince expects to leave for overseas in the near future.

Notice.—All dogs running on the streets without being accompanied by their owners will be destroyed and their owners prosecuted. ROBERT MCGHEE, Village Constable. By order of the Board of Health.

Mr. James Nickle, who lived near Marmora, died of pneumonia last Friday after only a week's illness. The funeral was held on Sunday. Mr. T. L. Nickle, of town, is a brother of the deceased.

Notice to Taxpayers. — Due date for payment of taxes is past and as interest has to be paid on county rates which remain unpaid, all taxes must be paid on or before February 1st to save costs. N. M. Maybee, Collector 3-2

Capt. Harry E. Hodge, of Campbellford, who went overseas with the famous 2nd Battalion of the 1st Canadian Expeditionary Force, has been awarded the Military Cross for conspicuous bravery and good work on the battlefield. He is a well-known officer of the 40th Northumberland Battalion. He is a nephew of Mrs. D. Brown, of Madoc township.

—See the new stock of stationery at the Review Office.

The congregation of St Columba Presbyterian Church at Cooper held their annual meeting on Tuesday, January 9th, and after the transaction of general business unanimously decided to hold their annual picnic on Monday, July 2nd, and that half the proceeds be given to the Edith Cavell Red Cross Society of Cooper.

Remember the Agricultural meeting to be held in the Town Hall, Madoc on Saturday, Jan. 20th. See ad. elsewhere.

—The Daughters of Empire will hold an "At Home" Monday evening, Jan. 22nd, at 8 o'clock at the home of Mrs. Chas. Ross. A program of readings, recitations and songs will be furnished. Refreshments served. Silver collection. Everybody come. 3-1

Anglican services next Sunday will be held at Queensboro at 10:30, Millbridge at 3 and Bannockburn 7:30. The annual vestry meeting will be held at Bannockburn Monday at 8 p.m.; Queensboro, Wednesday evening for the election of Church Wardens and other business.

—Madoc Women's Institute will be held at the home of Mrs T. Blue on Thursday, January 25th.

Pte. Harold Smith, of the 38th Battalion, was killed in action November 18th. Before enlisting Pte. Smith lived in the homes of Messrs. Robert and J. Wiggins, of Queensboro. He went with his regiment to Bermuda, thence to England and was only a short time in France when he was killed.

—Get photographed at Ludbrook's Studio while the reduced rates are on. Cabinet photos, reg. $4 per doz., now $2.98. Cabinet folders, reg. $4.75 doz. now $3.95; ½ cabinet plain, reg. $3 doz. now $2.25. These rates will take effect on Jan. 22 and continue for a few weeks.

Last month the Bible Society received from the Home Office a request for a number of New Testaments in 28 specified languages, including such unusual tongues as Albanian, Icelandic and 6 different forms of Chinese. The books are for the use of foreign criminals confined in the civil prisons of Great Britain. The resources of the Bible House, however, proved equal to this polyglot demand, and all the Testaments asked for were sent at once as a free gift.

—Oakdale Rebekah Lodge, No. 134, will have their annual Installation on Friday, January 19th. They will also entertain their President, Mrs. A. May Ralston, of Toronto, and their installing officer, Mrs. Neat, of Belleville. All Rebekahs and Past Grands are requested to be present. Refreshments.

Surrogate Court

Probate of the last will and testament of Robert Taylor, late of the township of Madoc, in the county of Hastings, granted to Oscar Taylor and John C. Moore, executors. W. Cross, solicitor for executors.

National Registration

The people of Canada do not realize the gravity of the situation with which we are confronted in the present war. Those who know best tell us that if we are to win any such victory as will have abiding results we must put into it every ounce of strength and every dollar that we possess. We have gone on the assumption, so common in peace times, that things will right themselves, but this is certainly not the case. A satisfactory issue will only come if we determine to use our energy for that end. There is a great deal of latent power in this Dominion. In few countries have the people more natural ability than Canadians have, but in few countries is there so little co-ordinated direction as here. The purpose of national registration is to discover what available people there are for different kinds of work. We must know what we can count upon. There are thousands of people in this Dominion who are waiting to be told what to do, but it is necessary to find out who these people are, and what they can do. The next step will be to use the right person for the right thing; to see that as far as possible the round peg is fitted into the round hole; to avoid waste; not to have the energy of a person missed by having him put to do the wrong thing. National Registration, therefore, is a sensible undertaking at such a time as this. It is the kind of undertaking that an intelligent people like Canadians will surely be ready to carry into effect as soon as possible.

R. A. FALCONER.

PAINTING

I am prepaired to paint Automobiles, Carriages and all kinds of vehicles.

Second block west of the Dominion Bank.

ALEX. ROBERTSON

Madoc District

Agricultural Society

ANNUAL MEETING

The Annual Meeting, according to the divisions of the Agricultural and Arts Act, of the Madoc Agricultural Society will be held in the

Town Hall, Madoc

—ON—

Saturday, Jan. 20, 1917

at the hour of 2 o'clock p.m.

for the purpose of organizing, election of officers and a Board of Directors for the present year.

A representative attendance from the surrounding municipalities to ensure the success of the coming season's Fair is earnestly requested.

T. H. THOMPSON, President. W. J. HILL, Secretary

2-1

For Coughs and Colds

try Nyal's Syrup of Tar and Cod Liver Oil Compound.

A valuable remedy for Coughs and Colds, Bronchitis and all imflamed and irritated conditions of the throat and bronchial tubes

W. R. Rierdon, Druggist, Madoc

PHONE 73

Up-to-Date Machine Shop

Having one of the most complete and up-to-date Machine Shops in Hastings County, I am now prepared to do machine work of all description, such as repairing Sawing Machines, Gasoline Engines, Threshing Outfits, Threading Bolts, Pipes, etc., and in fact anything that needs expert workmanship and up-to-the-minute machinery.

Give Us A Call And Be Convinced

We also cater to the Autoists and have a full line of Auto Accessories on hand. Our Bowser Gasoline Tank is always ready to supply your wants.

AGENCY FOR THE McLAUGHLIN MOTOR CAR

P. H. NAYLER

Machine Shop and Garage Phone 88 Opposite Blue's Hotel, Madoc

Make Our Store Headquarters for Cold Weather Requirements

A good stock of men's heavy rubbers, heavy Sox and leggings at reasonable prices.

We also have a good stock of Felts for men and a few pairs left for women.

Moccasins for men, women and children.

Men's all wool sweater coats at $1.50 and up.

A few sheepskin coats for boys at a bargain.

1 only lady's fur lined coat at cost.

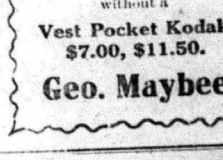
We are open to buy fresh pork and beef and all kinds of farm produce at market prices.

We respectfully request all those who have not already settled their fall accounts to do so at once.

Vandervoort Bros.

M. VANDERVOORT, Mgr.

Eldorado, Ont.



The Soldier's Kodak.

so small as to slip readily into the breast pocket, never in the way, yet always ready without focusing to record a happy group or brave deed.

No Soldier's Kit is complete without a

Vest Pocket Kodak $7.00, $11.50.

Geo. Maybee



The Whitewear Sale.

In the Winter Sale of Whitewear ... marvelous values in Women's ... Underskirts, Aprons, Nightgowns, Etc.

Women's Nightgowns 89c

Made of lovely soft cotton in dainty styles nicely embroidered, sizes 54 to 60.

This Week 89c.

$2.25 Underskirts of Nainsook $1.49.

Made in the new gored style, some with deep flounces of broidery and others with deep flounce formed of rows of insertion and lace protected with underlay of nainsook, sizes ... to 42.

This Week $1.49c.

Aprons

Made in all the popular cover-all styles of lovely qualities striped and figured percales and checked gingham in light and dark shades.

Prices 25c, 49c, 97c.

Clearance of Linette Blouses, 59c.

McINTOSH BROS.



Anaemia

"Only tired."

This is the way anaemic, bloodless people usually describe their condition.

But there is a pallor of the lips, eyelids and gums which denotes the weak, watery state of the blood.

Tired feelings tell of muscular weakness. Failure of the digestive organs indicates their weakened action. The system is running down because the blood is lacking in the nutritive element which is necessary to rebuild the cells wasted by the daily work and in the process of living.

In this weakened condition one is an easy prey to colds and all contagious diseases. The blood must be enriched by such restorative treatment as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food before you can hope to regain strength.

Anaemia does not correct itself, and, consequently, the greatest danger lies in neglecting to take active treatment until the strength is too far wasted.

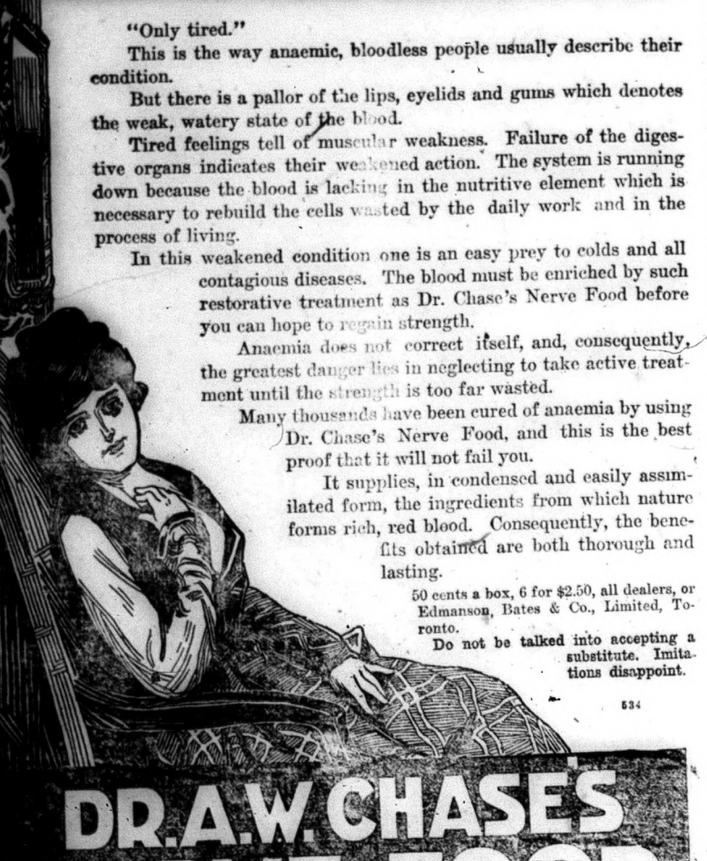
Many thousands have been cured of anaemia by using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and this is the best proof that it will not fail you.

It supplies, in condensed and easily assimilated form, the ingredients from which nature forms rich, red blood. Consequently, the benefits obtained are both thorough and lasting.

50 cents a box, 6 for $2.50, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

Do not be talked into accepting a substitute. Imitations disappoint.

534



DR. A. W. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD

Letters from Our Soldiers

France, December 18.

Tomorrow I will again go nearer the firing line. After nearly three weeks' training here, during which time I have learned more than during the rest of the time I have been in uniform. Our course here is completed With the training we have had and with care only the worst of bad luck should cause serious wounds. You must remember that as the superiority of the British forces increases over the enemy the individual risk decreases, so don't worry and next Christmas I will be back with you all.

Last night we had our second frost in France. A thin skin of ice was over the water and the mud was stiffened. If it was not for the mud and the rain France would be all right. I am sending under separate cover a copy of the Rouelle's Camp Magazine. Keep it as a souvenir. Some of the articles in it are worthy of reproduction. Little sympathy is expressed here by the German peace proposals. The soldiers desire peace but not a peace dictated by Germany. I don't think anything could have so keyed up the spirit of the men as the Kaiser's peace proposals. The victory at Verdun following so closely has aroused the highest optimism.

In writing send any news you get of the boys over here. Those with whom we are not together with are as isolated as though in another world. It was by mere chance that I heard of Leslie's death. I hope this finds you all well and enjoying the winter.

PTE. C. R. WATSON.

Bramshott, Hants, Dec. 25th.

DEAR FATHER AND ALL,—

This is Christmas day the world over. It is a Christmas which will never be forgotten by us as we are in merry Enland and having a good old English time.

It is about 3.30 p.m. here and we have had quite a lively time already. You people are just getting ready to enjoy your Christmas and I can imagine I see you all preparing for the day.

Our big time commenced at midnight. We were awakened by a band playing Christmas music and good old Canadian airs. Then we heard the cheers of the boys as they marched through the lines. After a number had joined these happy lads they began to sing Christmas songs. The accompaniment was played by the band. It was certainly grand to hear these boys singing at that midnight hour.

This morning we were awakened by our famous 39th band playing Christmas carols. Then the pipers and the drum majors came along playing the first of the days' program.

To-day is the first day the sun has shone for months and it seemed to brighten us up and makes us feel so much happier. The day has been just like a Canadian spring day and we enjoyed every moment of it.

Our dinner was an extraordinary one and they tried to make it as much like home as possible. The menu was as follows: turkey, dressing, gravy, mashed potatoes, green peas, ham and cranberry sauce. This heaped up on a big earthen platter. Then for the second course was plum pudding with sauce and of course bread, margarine and tea. The third course was fruit; each man was given two oranges and a handful of nuts. By the time we got around this dinner we felt very much like lying down for an hour's sleep. We felt very much like we have at home after a fowl supper when the fowl tries to crow and scratch.

The afternoon was spent in a torturing way after this enormous meal. We played a concert at officers' mess, and, my, what a happy bunch they were: and each had a nice bright red nose and tried to speak through his nose like a French accent. They were very happy for a long time and seemed to enjoy the music. We knew they had a weak spot and we were bound to find it. It was not exactly a weak spot but it was a strong thought which they were trying to keep a secret. It was the thought of other years at this time and loved ones and dear ones at home and in France. These men, though grown and true British soldiers, had to give in when the band played "Home, Sweet Home," with variations, as it is written in the patriotic selection "Aboin," composure "Baeton's." The tears came to their eyes as they thought of home, and the band played this part so soft that it seemed to touch every man's heart as a fatal blow.

Towards evening we had our usual rain shower, then came the bugle call for supper. This meal could have been omitted but if it had been the Government would have put one over us and we could not allow that even if we were to suffer with severe pains afterwards. Our supper consisted of peaches, no cream, jelly roll cake, margarine and tea. It was quite sufficient after such a hearty dinner.

This evening our program calls for concert in the Y.M.C.A. but for the soldiers. I think after this is played we can say we have had a very busy and happy Christmas day.

It is not a Christmas as happy as it might be if we were home but is the best we can expect at war time. It is really better than I expected. We have talked about our friends at home and thought of the good times we have had other years. We have also thought of the times we expect to have, if we return before next Christmas. This is looking a long way ahead but we have confidence in our leader and our nation's men to think of the victorious future and we hope to be spared to return to our happy homes soon. There are many homes that are sad this Yuletide. The chums who are killed and those who are suffering from wounds, as their friends think of them it seems terrible and dark as the day's happiness to some extent.

The 25th of December I will be 18 years old. I am young but awfully tough. My age in the army is 21 and Willie's is the same. We were twins but not born on the same day.

We haven't had any mail for an awful long time and we hope to hear from you soon. I will write and tell you how we enjoy New Year's day.

BANDSMAN BRUCE SILLS.

The following letter was received by Miss C. Vankleek, better known to Madocers as Aunt Cecilia. Miss Vankleek, now in her ninetieth year, has during the past year knit 40 pairs of socks. She is a reader of The Review and follows with sympathetic interest the work done by the Madoc Patriotic Society. The work done by Miss Vankleek to make the Canadian soldier more efficient and to lessen his hardships on the field of battle must bring the blush of shame to those who contribute so niggardly from their abundance.

Ward 16, Moore Barracks Hos.,
Shorncliffe, Folkstone, Eng.

DEAR MADAM,—

In response to your request enclosed in a pair of socks you knitted and sent to the front, I am pleased to state that I was the lucky receiver of your generous gift. You are no doubt curious to know where your presents arrived at.

Well, two pairs that I know of went through to within 4 miles of the trenches at the Somme and I wore one of the pairs right into the trenches, in fact, right into the German trenches for I had them on on the 15th of September and we captured a line of trenches that date. On October 10th I went to hospital and am now in England. I treasured the card within and still have it. It causes some pleasant remarks to be passed by others when they notice the age of you. I do hope you are enjoying the best of health and shall continue to do so for a long spell of beautiful sunset of your life. I thank you very kindly for your kindly present.

G. SAWERS.

Why He Supported The Fund

The task of raising the Canadian Patriotic Fund is not all serious work. It is illumined here and there by flashes of humour, and everywhere there crop out touches of human nature that add zest to the work.

Take the case of a Quebec county councillor. His council had been asked to contribute a certain sum yearly, and an officer of the Fund called on him to secure his endorsation of the proposal. He listened to an explanation of the details, and then started to estimate what the new taxation would imply to him. Then he said:

"All right. I'll vote for the grant. I find that it will cost me eight dollars, —but I'd rather pay even twenty dollars than go to the war."

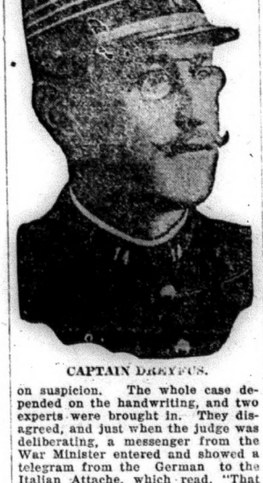
—Waxed paper for wrapping parcels to soldiers and Christmas gifts can be had at the Review office for 7c. a package.

Once Convicted as a Spy Dreyfus, Victim of a Plot, Now Fights for France

IT is not generally known that Captain Dreyfus, who figured in French history twenty-two years ago, as an alleged German spy, and who was accused of selling the secret of the French 120-gun, is fighting for his country to-day and gaining laurels on the battlefield. The Germans were almost able to penetrate the secret of the famous hydraulic brake which is so important a feature of the .75 gun. It is interesting to recall that it was in connection with this that Captain Dreyfus was degraded and sentenced. It will be remembered that the janitor in the office of the German Military Attache in Paris picked up a scrap of paper one night which aroused his curiosity, and incited him to explore the waste paper basket.

As a result he succeeded in piecing together a document which proved that some French officer was a traitor.

On the matter being reported to the Minister for War, an investigation was held, and Captain Dreyfus, of the artillery, was arrested



CAPTAIN DREYFUS.

on suspicion. The whole case depended on the handwriting, and two experts were brought in. They disagreed, and just when the judge was deliberating, a messenger from the War Minister entered and showed a telegram from the German to the Italian Attache, which read, "That animal of a Dreyfus is becoming too exacting." That sealed the officer's fate, and he was sent to Devil's Island.

Dreyfus protested his innocence, and his real friends believed in him. Later on a newspaper published a fac-simile of the famous letter. It was identified by a stock-broker as being in the hand of Major Esterhazy, one of his clients.

Another investigation revealed the fact that Esterhazy was a man of dissolute habits, but cleared him of the major charge. Later on a change in the French General Staff resulted in some old correspondence being overhauled which seemed to implicate both Esterhazy and Colonel Henri. The later was arrested; that night he killed himself, and Esterhazy disappeared.

Further investigations established the fact that Henri and Esterhazy were the traitors, and that they had tampered with the telegram that led to Dreyfus' conviction. Originally it read—"That animal of a Dreyfus becoming too exacting," and, referred to a common intrigue, and not to Dreyfus, whose name was inserted to ensure his conviction.

The accidental discovery of the torn paper by the Paris concierge undoubtedly saved the secret of the French .75 from Germany. Dreyfus, honorably restored to all his forms of honour, is now fighting for France against the enemy who was mainly responsible for his downfall.

Italians Vary Greatly.

Province by province Italy manifests a varying charm, and the people differ as widely as their surroundings. The hot blooded southerner observes a different standard of morals and hygiene, fires to anger or interest more quickly and is generally less dependable and industrious than his northern brother.

Both are gifted with the black eyes and hair and the swarthy complexion as a race that is a general characteristic of the Latin peoples. But the Italian is, broadly speaking, like his country, endowed with a physical beauty and charm beyond that of most of his fellows.

In the north, however, there are exceptions—fair-haired and reddish men and women, who seem strangely out of place among their dark neighbors. Cool, temperate exotics they are among the higher colored growths that somehow seem so tropical, with their sultry smiles and fathomless, mysterious eyes, in which forever broods the shadow of the purple mountains that always and everywhere dominate at Italy, even to the delightful Carabinieri, Rural Guards, those Napoleonic looking officials who parade always solemnly in pairs, hangers at their sides, cockades in their black beavers, the majesty of the law in every line and footstep.

The Wrong Response.

Minnie—"So sorry to hear of your motor accident!"

Lionel—"Oh, thanks; it's nothing. Expect to live through many more."

Minnie—"Oh, but I hope not!"

BOUNDARY LINES.

A Clearing 875 Miles Long Separates Alaska From Canada.

Boundaries between countries, states and counties and between cities and the country surrounding them are marked in various ways. Sometimes it is by a stone post or monument; often a county is separated from an adjoining county by a public road, which is surveyed purposely on the county line.

In some of the southern states counties which allow cattle to run at large are often separated from those which do not by a fence. The boundary between Alaska and Canada is marked by a clear strip in the woods 875 miles long.

When a highway passes from one country into another the traveler is made aware of the fact by the customs officials. Sometimes also, as in France, a tax is collected on country produce entering the cities. But in thinly settled sections of the United States the boundaries between counties and even between states are not always marked and, though known to the inhabitants are often not to be recognized by a stranger.

One notable instance of a marked boundary is the great wall of China which extends for a distance of more than 1,500 miles along what was once the frontier of that empire.—Christian Herald

FOUR POSTER BEDSTEADS.

A Legacy From the Days When People Slept In Boxes.

In medieval times, when life was very insecure, it was usual for people to sleep on a bed which was surrounded by sides of boards with strong posts at the four corners. These sides contained sliding doors, which could be fastened inside.

When men retired to rest they took a weapon with them. If attacked in the night they were aroused by the noise made by the crashing in of their wooden defense and were able to defend themselves.

When the law became strong enough to protect human life the sides of the bedstead were gradually dispensed with, but the four posts remained. The boxlike bedstead still survives in the rural parts of Scotland and is almost necessary where the earthen floors and imperfect ceilings cause much damp. Emily Bronte in "Wuthering Heights" describes one of these bedsteads in the old mansion as forming a "little closet." Mr. Lockwood, who had to sleep in it, says, "I slid back the panel sides, got in with my light, pulled them together again and felt secure."—London Standard.

Penalty of the Peach.

The Egyptians appear to have been acquainted with what is commonly called prussic acid, the most deadly of poisons. It is held that they distilled it from certain plants and trees, notably the peach. In the Louvre there is an ancient Egyptian papyrus from which the following has been deciphered: "Pronounce not the name of I. A. O. under the penalty of the peach." This has been supposed to be a death warning to those who might be tempted to reveal mysteries in connection with the religious rites of the priests.

The Romans probably learned of prussic acid from the Egyptians. History has it that in the reign of Tiberius a Roman knight accused of treason drank poison and immediately fell dead at the feet of the senators, a significant circumstance, inasmuch as no other poison has the almost instantaneous effect of prussic acid.

A Poor Press Agent.

Max O'Rell was exceedingly popular as a lecturer, and the way in which his mother viewed the suggestion that her son should take to the platform is worth repetition. She wrote to him from the native village which she had never left for more than a day to say that she did not think appearing before audiences to be reputable business, and when he replied that he had decided to do it and had signed a contract to that effect the dear old lady wrote back that she was "still" his loving mother and that she would tell no one in the village about it

One Beyond.

Willis—Do you think that moving pictures are the ultimate development of dramatic art? Gillis—No. There will be one more. On the legitimate stage you can get along with brains and no beauty; in the movies you can get along with beauty and no brains, and the next stage of development will be one where you can get by without either

Perfectly Reasonable.

The picture show had started and seven-year-old Ruth sat watching intently when she heard a man behind her exclaim petulably:

"I can't see a thing, madam."

"Mother," demanded Ruth, "why does he come here if he can't see?"—Photoplay Magazine.

Disappointed.

"So you advise me not to sue?" said the client.

"I do," said the lawyer.

"Well," returned the disappointed client, "it seems strange that when a man pays for advice he can't get the kind he wants."

Limited to One.

Friend—Woman, as some one has said, is a creature of moods. Henry Pock—My wife ain't. She's always in the imperative.—Boston Transcript.

Be wiser than other people if you can, but do not tell them so.—Chesterfield.

THE BLESSING OF A HEALTHY BODY

Has Not Had An Hour's Sickness Since Taking "FRUIT-A-TIVES".



MR. MARRIOTT

73 Leas Ave., Ottawa, Ont., August 9th, 1915.

"I think it my duty to tell you what "Fruit-a-tives" has done for me. Three years ago, I began to feel run down and tired, and suffered very much from *Liver and Kidney Trouble*. Having read of "Fruit-a-tives", I thought I would try them. The result was surprising. During the 2½ years past, I have taken them regularly and would not change for anything. *I have not had an hour's sickness* since I commenced using "Fruit-a-tives", and know now what I haven't known for a good many years—that is, the blessing of a healthy body and clear thinking brain".

WALTER J. MARRIOTT.

50c. a box, 6 for $2.50, trial size, 25c. At dealers or sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

THE KNOTTY FOOD PROBLEM.

A Scientist Finds Its Solution in a Nutty Proposition.

Leave it to the bewhiskered old boys of science, they of the square spectacles and ear muffs, and this world will be pulled through its rather precarious existence. Some time ago somebody who needed the money wrote an alarmist article for a magazine, stating that in a very short time—In fact within 8,000,000 or 9,000,000 years—the earth's food supply would be entirely exhausted.

This set all the scientists going with gyroscopes, and in the dizzy whirl of investigation some very interesting things came to light. It was up to the scientists to find something for the people to eat 8,000,000 or 9,000,000 years hence. It was not wholly a food problem. Scientists long ago evolved the scheme of sawing up timber for breakfast food and said that a man could go forth with a bucksaw and enough sawdust out of a fence rail keep himself and his family supplied for some time.

One learned scientist thinks that he has solved the problem for all time. He says that the nut trees could help pinch supply food for the entire world.

This knotty question has become a nutty question and one which he has apparently solved. Those who are on earth now should be of good cheer. They will not have to starve 8,000,000 years hence.

Like a Scene From the Middle Ages.

The oldest and largest university in the world is El-Azhar at Cairo. Founded in 975, it has been from the start a national institution, the khedive being the rector. The minimum age of entrance is fifteen, and the applicant must know half the Koran by heart, blind, the whole Koran—and be able to read and write. The curriculum consists of virtually nothing but theology and canon law, the final examination, fifteen years after matriculation being upon these, together with traditions of the prophet: Grammar, etymology, rhetoric and logic. It is the same institution which has prevailed for centuries, and one who goes into the great court where the circles of students are sitting at the feet of their Gamaliels looks upon a scene preserved from the middle ages, "a perfect specimen, living, breathing and entire."

A Request.

"I shall never forget," says the eminent man of wealth during the course of his little speech on "How to Become as I Am," "I shall never forget how I saved my first hundred dollars."

At this juncture a weary individual in the audience, who has heard the story many times and has read it many times more, interrupts:

"Well, if you can't forget it, for heaven's sake give the rest of us a chance to."

MRS. SLACK'S LETTER

To Mothers of Delicate Children.

Palmyra, Pa.—"My little girl had a chronic cough and was so thin you could count her ribs, and she had no appetite. Nothing we gave her seemed to help her until one day Mrs. Neibert asked me to try Vinol, and now she is hungry all the time, her cough is gone, she is strong and has a more healthy color. I tell every mother who has a delicate child I would try Vinol."—Mrs. ALFRED SLACK.

We guarantee Vinol, our non-alcoholic tonic, to make delicate children healthy and strong.

J. Will Vine Druggist, Madoc, Ont. the best drug store in all Ontario

THE BIRD WAS THERE.

A Surprise For the Man Who Investigated the News "Fake."

Some years ago strange, weird stories used to float into Washington from Kitty Hawk, N. C., describing a great bird, seen only at night, hovering over the sand dunes and brushwood of the vicinity.

It was so preposterous that Kitty Hawk was soon eliminated as a news source in every metropolitan newspaper office. Washington would not accept such stories under any circumstances. The boys on Newspaper row were too experienced to be caught by North Carolina fakers.

Kitty Hawk was wiped off the news map.

And yet the reports of the "great bird seen only after nightfall!" were absolutely true. After some of us had exhausted our fund of oriental lore about the roc—that gigantic bird that was of such use to anxious Scheherazade of the "Thousand and One Nights" in rescuing Sinbad and other unlucky travelers from danger—and others had gone so far as to suggest a return of the fabled dodo in stupendous proportions, it was finally suggested that somebody go to Kitty Hawk and expose the faker.

"Not on your life!" said I. "There are as many fakes right here in Washington every twenty-four hours as I care to expose."

The one man who finally went with deep reluctance fathomed the mystery and literally "discovered" that two young Ohio boys, the Wright brothers of Dayton, had solved the "impossible" problem of aerial flight.—Julius Chambers,

MUSIC AND MUSCLE.

Energy Expended In Playing a Bach Aria on the Cello.

A simple air played on the violoncello calls for a total expenditure of energy equal to two and three-quarters pound per note or more than four tons of energy for the single selection, notes the Popular Science Monthly. This statement is vouched for by Professor Toffenberger of Columbia university, who made some experiments in his laboratory with the aid of the famous Dutch cellist, Michael Penha.

A special apparatus is necessary to conduct the tests. Against the surface of a revolving carbon cylinder is suspended a chalked point which is actuated by a slender wire attached to the musician's finger. At each pressure the tension vibrates along the communicating connection and records the energy expended.

At one test Michael Penha at times raised the point to a distance equaling three pounds in weight, that being the record of the forefinger. The pressure also required to produce the characteristically luscious tones of a simple scale was averaged two and three-quarter pounds per note. The total energy expended amounted to 9,416 pounds, or more than four tons.

While some amount of energy would be sufficient to carry a laborer through his entire day's work. Yet it took but little for the artist to exert the entire amount of force.

Snake's Method of Attack.

No snake is able to jump or spring from a coil in order to strike, as often represented in pictures. It can only strike when it resembles the letter S and is lying flat on the ground. It can then only reach the distance supplied by stretching the body out straight. The two curves in the letter S supply the distance, which is about half the length of the body. No snake jumps through the air to its victim or springs from the ground, rising upon its coils. Such stories and pictures are all false. Neither do they coil like a rope for the strike from that position. They coil partially, but the part of the body that does the striking is ever and only that part which makes the letter S lies flat on the ground; hence no snake can strike when stretched out to full length.

Mark Twain's Prophetic Wish.

Astronomy was one of Mark Twain's favorite subjects. Neither of us had any real knowledge of the matter, which made its great facts all the more thrilling. The thought that the nearest fixed star was 25,000,000,000,000 miles away—one-fourth million times the distance to our own remote sun—gave him a sort of splendid thrill. He would figure out those great measurements of space, covering sheets of paper with his sums, but he was not a good mathematician, and the answers were generally wrong. Comets in particular interested him, and one day he said:

"I came in with Halley's comet in 1835. It is coming again next year, and I expect to go out with it. It will be the greatest disappointment of my life if I don't go out with Halley's comet."

He looked so strong and full of color and vitality one could not believe that his words held a prophecy.—"The Boys' Life of Mark Twain," by Albert Bigelow Paine, in St. Nicholas.

Extinction of the Buffalo.

Speaking of the extinction of the buffalo, the director of the New York zoological park said:

"It is by no means true that the extermination of the buffalo is due mostly to the encroachment of human beings on their feeding grounds rather than to their wholesale slaughter. The great bison herds of the plains, from Saskatchewan to Texas, were all of them exterminated by systematic robe hunting, hide hunting in summer, killing for tongues and slaughter for all other excuses imaginable. This occurred long before any of their ranges were wanted by man either for cattle grazing or for agriculture. The legitimate industries of man played no part whatever in the extermination of the bison, either west or east. The slaughter was systematic and deliberate and far in advance of the agriculturist and the stock grower."—New York Times.

Why Spiders Fight.

When two spiders fight there is generally a good reason for the attack and the vigorous defense that follows. It is not generally known that after a certain time spiders become incapable of spinning a web from lack of material. The glutinous excretion from which the slender threads are spun is limited; therefore spiders cannot keep on constructing new snares when the old ones are destroyed. But they can avail themselves of the web producing powers of their younger neighbors, and this they do without scruple. As soon as a spider's web constructing material has become exhausted and its last web destroyed it sets out in search of another home, and unless it should chance to find one that is tenantless a battle usually ensues, which ends only with the retreat or death of the invader or defender.

How to Make Use of Vermin.

In Paris, says a writer in the New York Sun, rats are made to serve a useful commercial purpose. When the animals are caught they are put into a deep walled pit and fed regularly. Once a month there is a general execution, accomplished in a scientific manner by means of gas. By that time the rats are sleek and plump, and their hides are in excellent condition. The hides are removed and treated and eventually are made into "kid" gloves. It has also been found that the skins can be used for bookbinding and in the manufacture of photograph frames.

Squelched.

"While Professor Ruffinsky was playing the violin it seemed to me that I heard heavenly voices singing," said the temperamental young woman. "How did the music affect you, Mr. Dubson?"

"Oh—er—I was considerably moved myself," answered that gentleman, "but when I started to beat time to the music by tapping my foot on the floor several people glared at me so fiercely that I subsided."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Persia's City of Corpses.

The city of Kum, in Persia, has long had a reputation as a city of corpses. There are said to be more illustrious dead buried in Kum than in any other Persian city except Meshad. One of the few women honored in the country of the shah has a magnificent shrine erected here—Fatima, sister of Imam Itiza. Eleven hundred years ago she was laid to rest in Kum, and everybody who is anybody in Persia still desires sepulture beside her.—London Chronicle.

The Wrong Place.

During the rush hour a middle aged woman entered a subway car accompanied by her eighteen-year old daughter. Both mother and daughter were forced to stand for awhile opposite a row of men busily intent on chewing gum.

"Virginia," said the matron with cutting emphasis and loud enough for the men to hear, "judging from appearances we have made a mistake. This is presumably the dining car of a chew-chew train."

No wonder that a flustered citizen began reading his evening paper upside down.—New York Times.

Countless.

"I was reading the other day where a scientist found over 10,000,000 germs on a single dollar bill."

"Gee whiz! I wonder how many he could find on a hundred dollar bill?"—New York World.

Some Letters.

An ingenious person has discovered that the three most forcible letters in our alphabet are N R G (energy); that the two which contain nothing are M T (empty); that four express great corpulence, O B C T (obesity); that two are in a decline, D K (decay); that four indicate exalted station, X L N C (excellency), and three excite our tears, yet when pronounced together are necessary to a good understanding—L E G (elegy and leg).

Whittier's Safeguard.

When an overtimid visitor from the city once commented to the poet Whittier upon the insecurity that seemed inseparable from so many doors opening out from all sides of the large old country home the master of the house strove gently to restore confidence by pleading that most of them were locked at night.

Star Fixing.

"Do the stars have to be repaired, pa?"

"I never heard that they did. Where did you get that idea?"

"I have been reading about fixed stars, and I supposed that somebody had to fix them."

Human Nature.

Some men are not only eager to give the devil his due, but they insist on adding a fat bonus. It is the Lord who usually finds collections poor.—Houston Post.

Kind words are the brightest of home flowers. They make a paradise of the humblest home.

Traced Back.

"When Jupiter's head ached he called Vulcan to cure it by cutting it open with an ax."

"He must have had the first splitting headache on record."—Baltimore American.

Resourceful.

"Kitty is such a resourceful girl."

"Is she?"

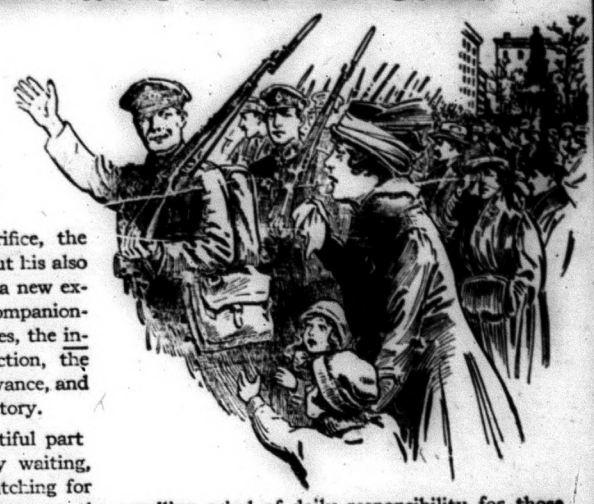
"Why, the other day when she'd left her reticule at home she powdered her nose with a marshmallow,"—Boston Transcript.

Feminine Genius.

"Women seem successful in business."

"They have advantages. A woman can keep a set of books and a card index in her head." — Kansas City Journal.

She hath done what she could



Every married man in the ranks of Canada's soldiers means that his wife gave her consent.

His the sacrifice, the danger, yes—but his also the interest of a new experience, the companionship of comrades, the inspiration of action, the thrill of the advance, and the glory of victory.

Her's the pitiful part ing, the weary waiting, the fevered watching for the dreaded message, the gruelling grind of daily responsibility for those dependent upon her—and her alone.

No, No; not alone! Not alone, as long as the people whose battles her husband is fighting have a heart in their bosoms or a dollar in their pockets.

Not alone—as long as Canadian manhood and womanhood knows the meaning of the word "trust." Not alone, as long as Generosity is the handmaiden of Duty and Privilege.

Only an appreciation of the need is required by those of us who here at home keep the hearth fires burning. Not for some of us the supreme sacrifice, but for one and all of us at least that whole-hearted answer to the cry of patriotism that never yet has failed to go ringing around the world when the call has come.

GIVE — GIVE — GIVE as your own heart prompts you, give to the Canadian Patriotic Fund. $6,000,000 must be raised in Ontario for the vital necessities of the great work of caring for the needy families of Ontario's men at the front.

Every case is carefully investigated, everything humanly possible is done to eliminate mistakes and prevent imposition—but to the needy is held out a helping hand, without lavishness, but with the determination to see no real want unsupplied.

You are again offered the great privilege, not of charity, but of recognition of the magnificence of Canadian Wifehood.

Remember, if the Man is a Hero, the Woman is a Martyr.

"She hath done what she could"

Ontario is being asked to assure the Canadian Patriotic Fund that it can depend on having six million dollars in 1917 for the families of Ontario's soldiers.

Four million of these dollars must be secured from individual subscriptions. If there is no Branch of the Fund in your town or county send your subscription direct to the Head Office, Canadian Patriotic Fund, Victoria street, Ottawa. 13

TO INVESTORS

THOSE WHO, FROM TIME TO TIME, HAVE FUNDS REQUIRING INVESTMENT MAY PURCHASE AT PAR

DOMINION OF CANADA DEBENTURE STOCK

IN SUMS OF $500, OR ANY MULTIPLE THEREOF

Principal repayable 1st October, 1915.

Interest payable half-yearly, 1st April and 1st October by cheque (free of exchange at any chartered Bank in Canada) at the rate of five per cent per annum from the date of purchase.

Holders of this stock will have the privilege of surrendering at par and accrued interest, as the equivalent of cash, in payment of any allotment made under any future war loan issue in Canada other than an issue of Treasury Bills or other like short date security.

Proceeds of this stock are for war purposes only.

A commission of one-quarter of one per cent will be allowed to recognized bond and stock brokers on allotments made in respect of applications for this stock which bear their stamp.

For application forms apply to the Deputy Minister of Finance, Ottawa.

DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE, OTTAWA
OCTOBER 7th, 1916.

The Habit of Reading Advertisements

NEWSPAPERS would be less more enjoyable, instructive and valuable than they are if they contained no advertisements. Many persons read the advertisements quite as thoroughly as they read the news matter. This is just as it should be.

The more advertising, the more buying. The more buying, the greater the consumption of the goods or service advertised.

More business would be done by the merchants of Madoc if they advertise more, and if more of them advertised. Much business goes to the big city mail-order houses because they advertise. These houses would cease to draw business from the community if they ceased to advertise.

To The Merchants of Madoc

Advertise more, and more of you advertise, and the big city mail-order houses will get less business from this community, and you will get more.

Advertisement-Reading is Worth While

The Review Small Ads.

Put an advertisement in the columns of THE REVIEW and get quick results. If you have for sale anything that the people want—or want to buy anything that somebody else may have for sale, a small ad. in this paper will bring quick response.

THE REVIEW reaches the responsible, steady-going people of a wide community, and they are the buyers. There are more of them who read the review today than ever They take it and like it for its tone and responsibility.

Our Early Presidents.

The roads leading to the homes of our early Virginia presidents were filled with admirers, who arrived, according to the custom of the south, by coach and chariot, bringing their horses and their servants and staying sometimes for days to cumber the stables and empty the larder. Washington, one of the richest Americans of his generation, escaped bankruptcy, having the fortune to die within three years of laying down the presidency. The others all suffered. Jefferson paid the penalty of fame by being literally eaten out of house and home, and his biographer's idyllic statement that "no hard work was done at Monticello" scarcely tallies with the assertion of his daughter that she and her household servants were sometimes called upon to provide beds for fifty people. Monroe said of his visitors that "some were bounties and some were taxes." On the whole he thought that there were enough of the former to offset the latter, but, in his opinion, pensions for former presidents were a necessity, since under our republican plan they could not shut their doors and refuse hospitality to this sentimental horde without discredit to the country.—Helen Nicolay in Century Magazine.

More Than Gratuitous.

Apropos of the custom of some hostesses to invite professional artists to their homes in the expectation that they will amuse their guests free of charge, a story is told of Mme. Berthe Bady, the famous Parisian artist, who was invited to a social gathering and asked by the hostess to recite. She consented, and then, in order that there might be no mistake about the matter, the hostess said:

"How kind it is of you to work for us in this friendly manner!"

The emphasis on the word "friendly" was so marked as to show clearly enough that the service was to be gratuitious. After the recitation was over Mme. Bady took a silver card tray from a footman, and, imitating the musicians in the cafes chantants, she made a tour of the drawing room and collected whatever contributions were offered, and they were substantial ones. Then she handed them to her hostess and left the house.

Sardinia's Great Festival.

Each "paese" or village of Sardinia has its annual festival to celebrate the birthday of its own particular saint or some other church feast. The most renowned of these is the "festa" of St. Efisio, the national feast of the island. The ceremony is in the form of a procession from Cagliari, the chief city, to Pula, a village nine miles away, with the return to Cagliari. The saint was an official in the army of Diocletian and for his conversion to Christianity was beheaded at Pula.

At midday of May 1 the procession leaves and returns on the evening of May 4. It is composed of a cavalcade of horsemen, all in the costume of the ancient Sardinian militia, escorting the image of the saint, which is preceded by musicians playing the launeddas, an instrument made of three or four reeds of different lengths and resembling the pipe of ancient times.—National Geographic Magazine.

Hymeneal

A very pretty event took place on Wednesday, January 3rd, at 11 o'clock a. m. at the home of Mr. and Mrs John Downey, Crookston, when their eldest daughter, Lily Mae, became the bride of Samuel Jr Kilpatrick, Rev. J. R. Bick officiating.

The bride, leaning on the arm of her father, entered the drawing room and took her place beneath a white floral bell and an arch of evergreens.

The bride looked charming in a gown of sky blue crepe de chene with trimmings of satin and lace. She also wore the traditional veil with a wreath of orange blossoms and carried a bouquet of white chrysanthemums. The couple were unattended.

The wedding march was played by Miss Martha Downey, sister of the bride.

After congratulations the guests, numbering 80, repaired to the dining room, which was tastefully decorated with carnations and evergreens, where a sumptuous wedding repast was served.

The bride was the recipient of a large number of costly and useful presents. The groom's gift to the bride was a sum of money and to the organist a brooch set with amethysts.

When It Was a Sandy Desert With a Tropical Climate.

The geology of mountain regions is generally more difficult to master than that of plains, because the rocks have been more broken and tilted about, but the geology of certain parts of Mississippi is almost as difficult as that of a mountainous region, because certain widely distributed formations bear few definite identification marks, particularly remains and impressions of plants and animals that lived at the time the deposits were formed.

A peculiar sandstone, which geologists have called the Catahoula sandstone, has been studied with care by G. C. Matson and E. W. Berry of the United States geological survey, department of the interior, who have been able to identify and follow the sandstone by means of the remains of plants.

Among the plants found were pines, ferns, leaves of date palms, tropical myrtles, figs, and a tree closely related to the present day Mexican and Central American sapota, from which most of the material for chewing gum is obtained. These fossil plants show that at the time the sandstone was formed—perhaps 5,000,000 years ago—the climate of this region was tropical, and bones of camels found by other geologists in the region and the similarity of the sand composing the sandstone to certain tropical desert sands have a similar implication.

This Week's Toronto Markets

Hogs, fed and watered	$13.50
Cattle	10.35
Spring Lambs	14.50
Barley	1.16
Wheat	1.80
Oats	70
Butter	38
Eggs	50
Potatoes, per bag	$2.00
Turkeys	lb. 22
Old fowl	lb. 17
Geese	lb. 16
Ducks	lb. 17
Bran	ton $32
Shorts	ton $37



General Luigi Cadorna,

The Idol of Italy's Army,

Proved Military Genius

In a long and enthusiastic article in The Corriere della Sera of Milan the author thus sketches the chief commander of the Italian army:

The great spirit of General Luigi Cadorna is really the moral fulcrum of our army. His person, bony but square of build, solid, full of a vigor that seems to belie his age, quickly reveals his energy and simplicity. None of the trappings of pomp supports his prestige. One who has never seen Cadorna and who enters his office for the first time has no conception of the modest appearance of the old gentleman soldier who awaits him, erect, dressed in the rough uniform of the field, on which glistens the insignia of his rank. The frank cordiality of his salutation, his courteous gesture of invitation, his open smile, the bright expression of his proud, thin, tormented, genial face immediately dispel the slight disquietude of one who approaches a personage in power, which is perhaps merely a putting



GENERAL LUIGI CADORNA

one's self on guard. And before speaking you have a certain ineffable sense of confidence that opens the way to your fullest sincerity.

His thick moustache is white, his sparse, straight hair rises from a forehead lined by thought, his whole face has the wrinkles that the cares of life print, but a verdant youth looks out of his clear eyes. They flash, they laugh, those eyes of his, and from them shines the freshness of a spirit that is unalterable because it is perhaps the freshness of a whole soldierly race descended to him with an atavistic confidence in war.

Cadorna understood that to wait meant getting a trench war in our own country; he felt the absolute necessity of using every disposable means at once for a bold attack, even if a dangerous one—both to carry the struggle out of Italy at one blow and to push the front out and have its roots enter as deeply as possible, correcting the most dangerous weaknesses of the frontiers, taking away from the enemy the passes that threatened us the most. He made his demands, and when Cadorna demands he is inflexible, because he does not get the strength of his reasonins from the consensus of other men's opinion. He is sure. He has in himself all the elements of certainty. No objection can move him, for he has made them all to himself already. His will draws things along just through the intuition that every one has of his logic. When he does not draw, he overturns.

Thus the sparse covering troops went outside their limits and little by little became an army, they knit together during the offensive action, broadening out gradually through the arrival of the mobilized forces that were coming from the articles of the country.

Behind the field of military operations which are burning, tangible, there went on for a long time an intense work of creation, of formation, of strengthening — obscure, vast, marvelous. Let us not forget that when Italy felt the need of its army there was no army. Political evils had reduced it to an appearance. In nine months it was called up out of nothing. During that long vigil of waiting, while Europe was on fire, Cadorna improvised the work of decades with an activity that would seem superhuman if one were not acquainted with the iron calm of this man, who knows with precision and order what is to be done, and who knows it without knowing fatigue. He deserves the name of the Father of the Army. But even performing miracles, the preparation could only be maintained by a constant effort equal to that demanded by events. And necessity made ever greater demands. The instrument of the struggle had to continue renewing itself right through the struggle. This work of Cadorna's, necessarily the least known, is not the least splendid. It was constantly and urgently his task to face the peril of disproportion between his needs and his means. All the organisms were brought to the extreme of efficiency, were raised to the maximum of their yield, by a veritable wave of energy and will, of enthusiasm and faith that came down from the General in Chief.

New Advertisements.

Advertisements under this head, one inch space,—50c first insertion, 25c. each subsequent insertion 15c per month after first month

For Sale

In Tweed, a new 7-room hollow-wall cement house, bathroom, 4 clothes-closets, cloak room off downstairs hall, large pantry, laundry in basement. Apply to

MRS. A. J. FITZ-GERALD
Tweed, Ont.
3

Farm for Sale

Consisting of 180 acres, being lot 32, 1st concession south of Black River, South Marysburgh Tp., about 8 miles from Picton; good Spy orchard averaging 400 to 800 barrels per year; good brick house; new modern barn with all conveniences; plenty of water; good state of cultivation. Apply personally or by letter to owner on premises.

AYLSWORTH COLE,
Milford P.O.
3-2

Co. L.O.L. Meeting

The Annual Meeting of the County Orange Lodge of Central Hastings will be held in the Orange Hall, Madoc, on Tuesday, February 6th, 1917, at 10.30 o'clock a.m. All members of the County Lodge are requested to attend. 3-3

C. JOHN SMITH, Co. Master. ROBT. A. WOODS, Co. Sec.

Farm for Sale

150 acres, about 75 acres workland, balance wood and pasture, situated 4 miles east of Madoc village, in the County of Hastings, also 100 acres in the Township of Elzevir, known as the property of the late Walter Montgomery. Also 200 acres in the Township of Elzevir, 6 miles east of Madoc village, known as the property of the late Joseph Montgomery. Terms to suit purchasers and would sell any part. If not sold by March 15th will rent. For further particulars apply to

A. D. CAMPBELL,
Administrator of the above named estates
3tf Hillier P.O., R. R. No. 1, P. E. Co

ARE YOU IN NEED OF A MONUMENT?

If you are, we are prepared to fill your order promptly from our new and well equipped shop, formerly of Tweed, now under the same management but a new name. We will give you good stock and workmanship, prompt delivery and perfect satisfaction. Call and see us or ask for quotations.

The McCallum Granite Co., Ltd.
397 Princess St., Kingston.

Lost

A yearling bull, black and white. Tag in left ear when last seen. Any particulars regarding his whereabouts will be thankfully received. Address

JAMES MURRAY,
Marmora, R. R. No. 2.

Notice

Notice is hereby given that the Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders of Brown & Robinson, Limited, will be held at the Head Office of the Company, at Madoc, on Wednesday, the 10th day of February, 1917, at the hour of 3 o'clock, p. m., for the purpose of receiving the report of the Directors, the election of Directors for the ensuing year, and for such other business as may properly come before the meeting.

Dated this ninth day of January, 1917

W. J. BROWN,
Managing Director

Executors'

Notice to Creditors

In the matter of the estate of William Mackintosh, late of the Village of Madoc, in the County of Hastings, formerly Inspector of Public Schools, deceased.

Notice is hereby given pursuant to R.S.O. 1914, chapter 121 and Amending Acts that all persons having claims as creditors or otherwise against the estate of William Mackintosh late of the Village of Madoc in the County of Hastings, formerly Public School Inspector, deceased, who died on or about the 11th day of December, 1916, are required to send by post prepaid to the undersigned Solicitor for the Toronto General Trusts Corporation Executors of the said estate on or before the 15th day of February, 1917 their names addresses and descriptions and a full statement of the particulars of their claims duly verified by affidavit and the nature of the security if any held by them

And take notice that after the said date the said Executors will proceed to distribute the assets of the said estate having regard only to the claims of which they shall then have had notice and the said Executors will not be liable for the said assets or any part thereof so distributed to any person or persons of whose claim or claims they shall not have had notice at the time of the distribution thereof.

Dated at Madoc this 8th day of January, A.D. 1917.

WILLIAM CROSS, Madoc, Ont.,
Solicitor for the Toronto General Trusts Corporation Executors of the said Estate

Farm for Rent

The undersigned offers to rent the following property consisting of 150 acres and being the north east quarter of lot No. 9 and the south east quarter of lot No. 8 in the 9th concession of Madoc township in the County of Hastings and is situated 2½ miles north east of Madoc village. There are about 90 acres under cultivation. The remainder is pasture with plenty of running water and all the buildings are in good repair. Apply to

DR. A. A. McKENTY
76 George st. Peterboro

PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED

In all countries. Ask for our INVENTOR'S ADVISER, which will be sent free.
MARION & MARION,
364 University St., Montreal.

Tenders

Tenders will be received by the undersigned until February 1st, 1917, for a contract for hauling ore from the Henderson talc mine to Geo. H. Gillespie & Co., Ltd., mill and to the G.T.R. station, Madoc, to be loaded upon cars, for 12 months commencing April 4th, 1917. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

Dated at Madoc January 2, 1917.

1-4 CROSS & WELLINGTON

Farm and Chattels for Sale

In Prince Edward County, 300 acres—soil principally clay loam, an excellent stock, dairy and grain farm, well fenced, and with exceptional water privileges, 50 acres timbered, mostly maple, 200 acres suitable for machinery, 65 acres now seeded down, 90 acres under cultivation, 75 acres in pasture, 12 acres of young orchard, all best varieties of fruit, 26 acres of fall grain sown. Ample modern buildings all in good repair. A large stock of good horses, high-grade Holstein cattle and pigs. Every kind of machinery required, practically new and in working order, and there is much more than is usually found on a farm but all very useful; county road; rural mail, telephone also canning factories, cheese factory, church and school conveniently close by. The general situation and furnishing of this farm would be hard to beat anywhere in the whole Province of Ontario and can be bought, together with the chattels, at a very reasonable price and on easy terms. Address

W. H. WILLIAMSON,
1-8 Picton, Ont.

FRALECK & ABBOTT
Barristers, etc.
Offices—Robertson Block, Front Street, Belleville, East side.
E. B. Fraleck. A. Abbott.

Executor's

Notice to Creditors

In the matter of the estate of Thomas Green, late of the Township of Huntingdon, in the County of Hastings, yeoman, deceased.

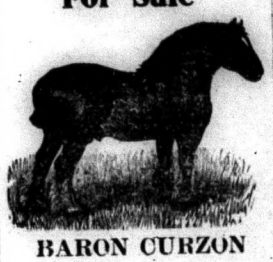
Notice is hereby given pursuant to R.S.O. 1914, chapter 121 and amending acts that all persons having claims as creditors or otherwise against the estate of Thomas Green, late of the Township of Huntingdon, in the County of Hastings, yeoman deceased, who died on or about the 25th day of December, 1916, are required to send by post, prepaid, to the undersigned solicitor for the executor of the said estate on or before the 15th day of February 1917, their names, addresses and descriptions and a full statement of the particulars of their claims (duly verified by affidavit) and the nature of the security, if any, held by them.

And take notice that after the said date the said Executor will proceed to distribute the assets of the said estate having regard only to the claims of which he shall then have had notice and the said Executor will not be liable for the said assets or any part thereof so distributed to any person or persons of whose claim or claims he shall not have had notice at the time of the distribution thereof.

Dated at Madoc 8th day of January, A.D. 1917.

WILLIAM CROSS, Madoc, Ont.,
Solicitor for Wm. T. Allen, Executor of said estate
3-4

For Sale



BARON CURZON

The undersigned offers for sale the famous Pure Bred (Imp.) Clydesdale Stallion Sired by Baron Pride. For particulars address

R. C. WRIGHT,
Holloway R. R. No. 1
Ont.
2-2

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To the Public

We Sell Parisian Sage, and we Know the Guarantee is Genuine

PARISIAN SAGE, the quick-acting hair restorer, is guaranteed—

To stop falling hair,
To cure dandruff,
To cure itching of the scalp,
To put life into faded hair,
To make harsh hair soft and luxuriant
To make hair grow, or money back.

It is the most delightful hair dressing made, and is a great favorite with ladies who desire beautiful and luxuriant hair. Large bottle only 50 cents.

Rierdon's Red Cross Drug Store

A. B. COLLINS
Barrister, Solicitor, Notary, etc.
Solicitor for Bank of Montreal
TWEED : : ONTARIO
Will visit Madoc Court days.

G. FRASER, D.D.S., L.D.S.
Graduate of Toronto University, Licentiate of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons of Ontario.
Plates, Crowns and Bridges a specialty

MIKEL, STEWART & BAALIM
Barristers, Solicitors, etc.
Offices: Belleville, Madoc and Tweed
W. C. Mikel, K.C. D.E.K. Stewart
Frank Baalim.

DR. HARRISON
Physician, Surgeon, Etc
Graduate of Queen's University, Licentiate of the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Ontario.
Special attention given to diseases of Women and Children.
Office—Opposite Methodist Church

DR. EAGLESON
Physician, Surgeon, and Accoucheur
Graduate of Trinity Medical College, Post Graduate of Moorefield's Eye Hospital London, Eng., and Central London Throat and Throat Hospital.
Special attention given to diseases of Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat and fitting Eye Glasses.
Phone 32.

DR. W. J. GARDINER
Coroner For Hastings County.
Graduate of Toronto University, late a resident Physician and Surgeon Toronto General Hospital.
Special attention given to the diseases of women and children.
Eldorado, Phone 50 R.

DENIS GILLEN
Notary Public
Conveyancing, Fire Insurance.
Money to loan on farm property
No commission, no valuation fee.
Office—One door south of Masonic Hall
MADOC — ONT.

Veterinary Surgeon
MADOC
J. WARING, V.S.
Graduate of Ontario Veterinary College, Toronto; twenty-three years experience as a practitioner.
Charges moderate. Terms—Cash.
Special attention to Veterinary dentistry.
Office—Elgin street, near Whyte's store. Phone No. 34

WILLIAM CROSS, LL.B.
Barrister and Solicitor
Notary Public, Conveyancer
Appraiser at Madoc for The Canada Permanent and Western Canada Mortgage Corporation
Money to loan at 5 per cent. on good security. No commission. No valuation fee.
Office—Wood Block, Madoc.

T. W. HAMILTON
Licensed Auctioneer for County of Hastings
Terms—Moderate.
Telephone messages promptly attended to.
MADOC — ONT.

J. ARCHER & SON
Engineers and Contractors
All kinds of Building and Construction Work.
Plans and Estimates Furnished
DELORO — —

HENRY WALLACE
Licensed Auctioneer
County of Hastings.
Terms Moderate. Satisfaction guaranteed.
Special attention given to Sales of Stock and Implements.
Phone 88R21, Stirling, at my expense
Post Office Address—Ivanhoe

Madoc Lodge, No. 179, I.O.O.F.
Meetsin Oddfellows' Hall, Wilson Block, every Saturday evening at the hour of 8 o'clock. Visiting brethren will always be cordially welcomed.
W. A. Reid, Rec.-Sec. G. C. Moon, Noble Grand
W. H. Kelly, Fin.-Sec.
Oakdale Rebekah Lodge, No. 134, meets 2nd and Third Friday at 8 o'clock in the Oddfellows Hall.

String Instruments Wind Instruments

WM. SCRUTTON
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS
Of All Kinds.
Sheet Music of Every Description
MADOC — ONT.

E. C. TUFT
Licensed Auctioneer
For Hastings County.
Terms moderate.
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Barristers and Notaries Public, etc.
Robertson Block, East Front St., Belleville, Ont.
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Solicitors for Union Bank.

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This label shows to what date your paper is paid. Subscribers who wish to secure the $1.50 rate must pay for their paper in advance.

North Hastings Review.

$1.50 a Year "PARTY IS THE MADNESS OF MANY FOR THE GAIN OF A FEW" $1.50 a year

39TH YEAR—NO. 4 **Madoc, Hastings County, Ontario, Thursday, January 25, 1917** POSTAGE PREPAID

Events of The War in Brief

Comparative quiet still prevails on the several war fronts. There are occasional raids and bursts of artillery fire with continuous sniping on the west front: on the Italian front there appears to be nothing doing, and in Roumania a slow German advance is about offset by a slow British advance on the Tigris. But it is merely the calm before the storm. From all quarters come indications that all parties are preparing for slaughter on the most stupendous scale the world has ever witnessed as soon as spring opens.

Quebec gives $1,000,000

The grant of one million dollars to the Canadian Patriotic Fund for 1917 by the Quebec Legislature is a most cheering indication of the Fund by the Government of Sir Lomer Gouin, and may be taken as an evidence also of a growing realization in the province of what demands the war is making on its wealth in money. The Ontario Legislature is making a grant of the same size, and there is a tendency on the part of all the provincial Governments to aid this meritorious work. Quebec raised more money in 1916 than was needed to make provision for their own families, and the surplus was devoted to the Western Provinces, where enlistments were above the average. It is probable that a similar condition will arise in 1917.

Queensboro

A number from here attended the social given at Mr. Herb Palmer['s] Harts, on Monday night, all report having a fine time.

Miss N. Howe of Calabogie is at her home here.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan Gunsolus of [Belle]ville were guests of Mr. and Mrs. [Ja]mes Love last weeek.

Mrs. T. Moore has returned after spending a few days in Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Leslie intend leaving this week, for their home in Grande Prairie.

The young people of this place met at the home of Mr. C. Sagers on January 10th and presented Mrs Leslie with a handsome linen shower.

Mr. and Mrs. Beckwith's neighbors took them by surprise at their home on January 8th. Rev. Merrick asked Mr and Mrs Beckwith to come forward when Mrs Herberson read an address and Mrs Tokley and Mrs. Merrick presented the gifts. Mr and Mrs Beckwith were very much affected but replied in splended form. The [company] immediately burst forth [with] 'For they are jolly good fel[lows].' Lunch was then served.

In Great Britian, so in Canada, [the] poor have given of their poverty and have ended by giving themselves; the men of educated and direct[ing cl]asses have not done badly: but [there] still remains a mass of interven[ing cl]asses so commercialized as still [to take] a commercial view of the war than a Canadian view. For these [a]ll to registration is a direct ap[peal to] conscience.

Tudor & Cashel Council

Town Hall, Millbridge, Jan. 8, 1917.

Council met at 11 a.m. for organization. All the members present, and subscribed to the declaration of qualification and office.

Mr. Sprackett introduced by-laws to appoint auditors and local Board of Health, also valuators of sheep killed by dogs; said by-laws were passed, signed, sealed and numbered 1, 2, 3.

Sprackett—McEwen—that Reeve be authorized to have lot 17, con. 7, Cashel, transferred to J. B. Flint on condition that he pays all arrears of taxes.

Sprackett—Norman—that this council grant $15 to the Hospital for Sick Children.

Walker—Norman—that the Collector's time be extended until next meeting.

McEwen — Sprackett — that clerk send for 6 copies of Municipal World.

Sprackett—Walker—that following accounts be paid:—Dominion Bank, Deb S S No 1, Tudor, $150.63; Municipal World, election supplies, $6.57; Municipal World $6; E Tapp, D R Officer, Div No 1, $11; Arthur Wilson, D R O, No 2, $17.50; J Loveless, D R O, No 3, $19; Hospital for Sick Children $15; H Walker, cutting trees, $1; J A Gunter, redemption of lot No 7, con 5, Tudor, arrears, $4.30.

Norman—Sprackett — that Council adjourn until 14th of February.

Wm. Glennie, Clerk.

Madoc Township Council

Town Hall, Jan. 8th, 1917.

The Council elect met for organization. Reeve S. Fox, Deputy Reeve, Councillors, H. Rollins, J. Miller and H. Jones. Each subscribed to the declaration of qualification and office as the law directs.

Kells-Miller, that the communication from the Sick Children's Hospital be filed.

Jones-Rollins, that the caretaker of hall receive $6.25 as caretaker and $4 for wood.

Kells-Rollins, that the council go into a committee of the whole on by-laws, Mr. Kells in the chair when a by-law to appoint township officers was read a first time. Said by-law was read a second time and finally passed, signed, sealed and numbered with the following names filled in for the different offices: Auditors, Lester O'Hara and W. A. Blair. Assessors, Angus Nicolson and Geo. Love. Truant officer, John C. Moore. Fence viewers, Dis. No. 1, J. McCaffery, F. Murphy, R. Wood. Div. No. 2, S. Rollins, J. Cassidy, G. Smith. Div. No. 3, R. Doughty, Wm. Empy, H. McMechan. Div. No. 4, J. Bird, B. Miller and J. Lewis.

Kells-Jones, that Reynold Brownson receive 75c per yard for gravel on grant made at previous meeting and that 100 yards be banked on Jarvis Settlement road.

Kells-Rollins, that the Tweed News account $16.00 and Dafoe's salary and expenses $16.50 be paid.

Council adjourned to Feb. 12th.

W. T. ALLEN, Clerk.

Lost

A yearling bull, black and white. Tag in left ear when last seen. Any particulars regarding his whereabouts will be thankfully received. Address

JAMES MURRAY, Marmora, R. R. No. 2.

Obituary

ARMOUR WEIR

Madoc lost a very useful and highly esteemed citizen on Thursday last when Mr. Armour Weir was called by death. The late Mr. Weir was born at Hazzard's Corners 67 years ago, and with the exception of a few years spent in Bruce county, his life was spent in or near Madoc. He took a very intelligent interest in public affairs. For several years he was a member of the Municipal Council, taking a special interest in streets and sidewalks. He was a member of the A.O.U.W., and was highly esteemed by his brethren in that fraternity. In religion he was a Presbyterian and for some years served on the Board of Management in St. Peter's church. Four years ago his health began to decline and about a year ago he found it necessary to retire from business. His long illness he bore with Christian fortitude. He leaves behind him to mourn his loss a widow and a large family: Mrs. Butcher, Peterboro; Mrs. G. Foote, Madoc; Mrs. Sutton, Norwood; Mrs. Booth, Syracuse; Mrs. Williamson, Lethbridge; John, Norwood; William, serving with a Canadian Battalion overseas; Lela, at home; Ida, Norwood.

JAMES A. NICKLE

On Thursday, January 11, 1917, at 8 p.m. there passed from time into eternity a highly respected citizen of the township of Marmora in the person of James A. Nickle. Deceased had a strong constitution and as far as is known had not required medical attention since a child. He was in his usual health until Friday afternoon, January 5th, and engaged at his ordinary work. On arrival of his mail at 3 p.m. he sat down to read the war news in which he was greatly interested. In a short time he remarked to his wife that he felt sick and soon became very ill. He went to bed and all that medical skill and nursing could do was done. Pneumonia rapidly developed and Thursday evening he passed away.

He was the eldest son of the late John Nickle, of Madoc. About the year 1891 he purchased the farm on which he has since lived. In the year 1896 he married Miss Annie Bailey, who died about two years later when their only son, Fred, was born. In 1900 he married Miss Victoria Hamilton who survives and mourns the loss of a kind husband.

As evidence that he enjoyed the esteem and confidence of the community he was chosen to fill a number of the important official positions, among others that of township councillor for seven or eight years. He was an ardent supporter of the temperance cause and rejoiced in the passing of the Ontario Temperance Act. He took an active part in every movement for the good of his community. He was a member of the Orange Order, a Conservative in politics and a member of the Methodist church being converted early in life. Assisted by the industry and faithfulness of his sorrowing widow he leaves one of the best equipped farms in the community. He was notably charitable and kind to the poor. He loved children and tried to make them feel happy in his presence. They also loved him in return. He adopted a boy of nine years and called him Geo. A Nickle.

During his illness he gave expression to his readiness to meet his God. Shortly before his death he prayed for his devoted wife and dear son, his friends and the boys in the trenches, especially mentioning his nephew, Lieut. Geo. M. Nickle, who is now wounded in hospital, also his adopted son now in the trenches. He prayed for the British Empire and expressed confidence that we would win in the great conflict.

His end came suddenly and was peaceful, "Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep." The funeral service was held in the Methodist church, Marmora, conducted by his pastor, Rev. Mr. Lovelace, assisted by Rev. Harris. He was laid to rest in Marmora cemetery.

His sorrowing widow and son, Fred, have the sympathy of the whole community. Five brothers and one sister survive, namely: Nathaniel and John Q., of Sask.; Rev. George, of Myrtle; Thomas L., of Madoc; Capt. M. A., in England; and Mrs. J. S. Davis, of Smithville, Ont.

Rebekah Installation

At Oakdale Rebekah Lodge on Friday, January 19th, the following officers were installed by the President, Mrs. May Ralston, of Toronto, assisted by Mrs. Neat, District Deputy, and Mrs. Ormond, of Belleville, and Mrs. Swartzman, of Peterboro:

P.G.—Mrs A. Watson.
N.G.—Miss Jennie Holmes.
V.G.—Mrs. M. Kelly.
R.S.—Miss V. Embury.
F.S.—Miss Mary Kirk.
Treas.—Miss Lena Richmond.
Chap.—Mrs. G. Connor.
Warden—Mrs. Christie.
Con.—Mrs. Ockerman.
R.S.N.G.—Miss Annie Bassett.
L.S.N.G.—Miss Margaret Kerr.
R.S.V.G.—Miss Ethel Richmond.
L.S.V.G.—Miss Rachel Christie.
I.G.—Mrs. E. Moon.
O.G.—Mrs. Morrison.

After installation the Past Grand, Mrs. Watson, was presented with the Past Grand's Jewel and the President, Mrs. Ralston, was presented with a dainty scarf.

Liberal Meeting

A meeting of Liberals will be held on Friday evening at 8 o'clock, January 26th, 1917 in the Town Hall, Village of Madoc, for the purpose of forming a Liberal Club for the Township of Madoc, Village of Madoc and Township of Huntingdon.

Prominent speakers including C. M. Goddard of Ottawa and N. Parliament, M. P. P. will be present.

A large attendance is requested.

E. C. TUFTS, Convenor.

Springbrook

W. E. Bickford, aged 70, an ex-soldier of the American Civil war, now living in Rawdon, had to have his right leg amputated below the knee by Dr. Wellman assisted by Drs. Thompson and Crawford, of Marmora.

Mrs. Geo. Rombough died suddenly Sunday, 7th inst., and was buried on Tuesday in Mount Nebo cemetery.

Walter Heath and wife are home from the West.

John and Wm. Heath are visiting their old home.

Ella Linn is home after visiting back north.

Royal Scarlet Knights

On Friday evening the Royal Scarlet Chapter met in the lodge-room after an adjourned meeting on Thursday for the election of officers and transaction of general business. On examination of the books and vouchers of the Chapters it was found to be in flourishing condition both in finance and in numbers. The election of officers resulted in the old officers for 1916 being re-elected. It was decided to grant the Women's Institute $20 for patriotic purposes. Refreshments were served and the Companions enjoyed a most profitable and pleasant time together.

I.O.O.F. Installation

The following officers of Madoc Lodge, No. 179, I.O.O.F., were installed by D. D. G. M. Bradshaw at Tweed on Monday, January 22nd:

N.G.—S. Embury.
V.G.—R. A. A. McConnell.
R.S.—W. A. Reid.
F.S.—W. H. Kelly.
R S.N.G.—J. Ockerman.
L.S.N.G.—J. Belcher.
R.S.V.G.—J. Smith.
L.S.V.G.—B. M. Richmond.
Warden—Dr. G. Fraser.
Conductor—L. Phillips.
R.S.S.—W. Blair.
L.S.S.—A. Ketcheson.
I.G.—E. Morrison.

It is inevitable that even in this country the example of the States in looking at this great war only from the dollar angle has had some influence: some Canadians are still reaping only war profits, not a sence of responsibility from the continuance of the war. It strange that it should be so. In one poor home in Toronto, as some of us have read lately, two of the three sons of the home had been killed at the front: the news had just arrived, "Mo her," said the third and last son, a child of ten, "can I go now?" Some of us, it seems, can learn our duty out of the mouths of babes.

Smart Sayings.

Lord Palmerston's reply to the illiterate member who asked him, "Are there two hens in 'Oniton'?" is a specimen of his rather boisterous chaff. "No. Only one. That's why heggs are so scarce there."

Mr. Disraeli's comment upon a portrait of himself, "Is it not hideous—and so like?" exhibited a discernment not common with unflattered sitters.—"Twenty Years In Parliament."

Between Girls.

"She sits out on the front porch a good deal, but she always has her nose in a book."

"She knows her bit. In addition to getting a reputation for being literary, she shows off to better advantage that way. Her hair is her good feature, not her nose."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Jerusalem Artichokes.

Jerusalem artichokes have no connection either with Jerusalem or artichokes, but are a kind of sunflower. The name "Jerusalem" is a corruption of the Italian "girasole," derived from a fancy that the flowers keep turning to the sun.—London Chronicle.

What Did She Mean?

Saleswoman (to purchaser of widow's bonnet)—Would you like to try it on before the glass, madam? Customer—No, thank you, miss. It ain't for me. I wish it was.—Stray Stories.

When the ship is sunk every one knows how she might have been saved.

Prices to Aug. 1, 1917

The following prices for Ford cars will be effective

Chassis . . .	$450.00
Runabout . .	475.00
Touring Car .	495.00
Coupelet . .	695.00
Town Car . .	780.00
Sedan . . .	890.00

f. o. b. Ford, Ontario

These prices are positively guaranteed against any reduction before August 1st, 1917, but there is no guarantee against an advance in price at any time.

Frank Smith, Madoc.

THE DOMINION BANK

Established 1871

Farmers' Business

Special attention given to the business of Farmers and Dealers in Live Stock. Sale notes collected on favorable terms.

Savings Department

Deposits of $1.00 and upwards received.
Interest paid or added to accounts twice a year.
Efficient service assured to depositors.

MADOC BRANCH: G. P. LYND, Manager.

Building Material

of All Kinds.

We are pleased to quote our prices and show goods.

The Houston Co. Ltd.

TWEED, ONT.

Madoc Sash & Door Factory

If you are thinking of building this spring be sure and get our estimates. We always carry a good stock of lumber of all description.

JOHN ROBERTSON

OWNERS OF

[G]asoline Engines

Be Sure to Get the Genuine

EVEREADY DRY SELLS

They cost no more than the ordinary kind.
Get them at

KINCAID'S STORE

JOHN BURITT.

[T]HE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

SIR EDMUND WALKER, C.V.O., LL.D., D.C.L., President
[JOHN] AIRD, General Manager. H. V. F. JONES, Ass't General Manager

[CAPI]TAL, $15,000,000 RESERVE FUND, $13,500,000

FARMERS' BUSINESS

[The] Canadian Bank of Commerce extends to Farmers every [facility] for the transaction of their banking business, including [the disc]ount and collection of sales notes. Blank sales notes [are su]pplied free of charge on application.

[Madoc] Branch A. Y. SNIDER, MANAGER

Parson Frake's Donation

And He Took the Bishop's Advice.

By CLARISSA MACKIE

When Arthur Frake was graduated from the theological seminary before taking his departure he called on the bishop to take leave of him and thank him for various acts of kindness the good old man had favored him with during his period of study.

"Well, my boy," said the bishop, "going out to service in the Lord's vineyard, eh? Sit down. I have a few words to say to you on one subject, and one subject only. You've got all the theology you need in the seminary. It isn't that which I wish to speak to you about. It isn't anything concerning the methods you should observe in your work. It is this:

"We clergymen are apt to be made or marred—as all men are—by the wives we choose. Now, look out whom you marry. Your field is not a worldly field, and if you marry a worldly woman it would be better for you that you tied a millstone about your neck. It doesn't matter where you find a wife, whether in the city or in the country. She should have a sympathetic nature, to feel for those whom it becomes your part to help. Indeed, she should make your work her work."

This was the bishop's advice. Mr. Frake was much impressed with it, but he had his doubts about finding a girl that would fill his adviser's conditions. He had always associated with the upper ten thousand and had not found much unselfishness among them. Instead of living for the world he had usually found them disposed to consider the world as especially created to administer to their comfort.

Nevertheless he shrank from taking a life partner except from the class to which he belonged. Would it not be better to be allied with a woman of fashion than with one whose unpolished manners would constantly put him to the blush? Then, too, his own family were to be considered. Naturally they would expect him to marry one whom they might receive as a social equal.

Mr. Frake's first call was to a village wherein dwelt only a few thousand people. His congregation was not at all like those of which he had been a member himself during his boyhood and youth. They were plain people, honest in their way, but as to spirituality, or, rather, humanity, he did not find them any better than those he had known in the city. One day soon after taking the pastorate while writing in his study, looking up from his sermon, he saw his housekeeper standing in the doorway.

"What is it, Mrs. Wells?" he asked patiently.

Mrs. Wells, fat and panting from a morning spent over the ironing board, wiped her forehead with a crisp white handkerchief.

"I wondered what would come next," she groaned. "First, there was the Tuttles making trouble over the distributing of the pews, then the quarrel in the choir, and I knew that there would be a third calamity!"

"You haven't told me what it is," smiled Arthur Frake.

"A donation, sir!"

"A donation," he repeated, aghast. "Dear me, I wish they wouldn't, Mrs. Wells. They mean well, but"—

"Oh, their intentions are all right," interrupted the housekeeper darkly, for she had served many ministers and many donation parties, "but they don't realize that by the time they've descended like a flock of locusts and eaten all the food they've brought and more, too, why, I'm left with a house to be cleaned from top to bottom and you're the richer by a jar of Beulah Humphrey's sour pickles and maybe a few bushels of potatoes that we didn't have time to cook for 'em."

Arthur Frake laughed heartily.

"There's a measure of truth in what you say, Mrs. Wells," he admitted. "Still, I suppose we must look at the motive underneath this invasion. They mean to be kind, and we must do the best we can to make it pleasant for them. When is it to be?"

"Tomorrow night and a complete surprise. I wouldn't have known a word of it if Betsy Haskell hadn't warned me. I'm glad to know, so's I can bake some beans and corn bread; then they needn't eat up all the layer cakes and salads they bring!"

She lumbered out of the room and left the minister to resume his sermon. This was his first charge, and he was sincerely desirous of being adviser and friend to his little flock. They were all plain village people, with a large percentage of prosperous families among them.

He had heard of donation parties, but he had believed that they were festivities of the past century. Still, Bayport clung to many traditions, and it was evident that a donation party for the new minister was a cherished institution.

So he submitted with good grace and the next afternoon picked all the chrysanthemums in the parsonage garden to bedeck the immaculately neat but rather severe rooms.

As he wandered about Arthur Frake was conscious that his home lacked the feminine touch. Mrs. Wells was an excellent cook and housekeeper, but she was not a home maker.

He thought rather ruefully that it might be many years before he had a wife. Certainly he had never met the girl of his dreams, and he was not likely to find her in this remote village.

There was not a speck of dust to be seen in the parsonage when the kerosene lamps were lighted. It would be an hour yet before the donation party would arrive, and some one was talking volubly to Mrs. Wells in the sitting room. Their voices reached the minister in his study. Mrs. Wells' wheezy tones were punctuated by another woman's shrill utterances.

"Millie Rhodes says it's the first time they've never been able to give five bushels of potatoes to the new minister, and I says to her, I says: 'Don't cry, Milly. Mr. Frake will understand how it is—your pa being sick so long and your ma dying, and all.' But she only said she wished she had something to give, because she had to stop putting anything into the plate at church. 'Seems to me, Mrs. Smith,' says she, 'seems to me poor folks are just squeezed tight to the wall. The Bible says not to place any value on money, and yet it's the only thing that seems to count in this world.'" The speaker drew a long breath.

"Poor child!" sobbed Mrs. Wells. "I hope she ain't going to stay home just because she can't bring anything."

"I told her she would have to come anyway. Ann Dent is going to stay with Mr. Rhodes for a spell."

The doorbell rang, and Mrs. Wells hurried into the hall. Arthur Frake heard her exclamation of pleasure.

"Why, Millie, child, I am glad to see you!" she cried. "Come right in and meet Mr. Frake. You've never met him, your pa being sick ever since Mr. Frake came. Oh, Mr. Frake, here's the first one, Miss Millie Rhodes, from the Hollow farm!"

In this disjointed fashion Arthur Frake met a parishioner whom he had never seen. Millie Rhodes was a tall, fair girl, with soft blue eyes and a sweet mouth. She was dressed in black, and he recollected that they had said she had lost her mother. Her arms were filled with flowers—chrysanthemums of every color, great branches of crimson dogwood berries, trailing lengths of orange and scarlet bittersweet and a bunch of pink geraniums with sweet smelling leaves.

"It was all I had to bring," she said a little wistfully as she dropped them on the study table.

"And a beautiful donation, Miss Rhodes. I thank you," said the minister sincerely as he took her hand. "Will you add another favor—arrange them about the rooms? No, only in this room," he added whimsically.

So Millie Rhodes stepped lightly to and fro, arranging vases and bowls of flowers on mantelpiece and tables, trailing the dogwood and bittersweet berries over pictures and mirrors and at the minister's request placing the bowl of pink geraniums on his desk.

"Rose geraniums are my favorite flowers," he said gravely. And they were from that instant.

Then came the sound of laughter and a loud ringing at the front door. The house was filled with a merry crowd of the minister's flock, all pushing forward to shake his hand and utter good wishes. Each one brought something—a bag or bundle or basket—and soon the kitchen tables were heaped with bushels of potatoes, apples, dried fruit, bags of flour, jars of preserves and pickles, toothsome layer cakes and pies and all the goodies that farmers' wives know how to manufacture.

Millie Rhodes sat quietly in a corner with a group of friends, and there was a quiet happiness in her face that no one save Mrs. Wells and Sarah Smith and, of course, the minister quite understood.

Millie's donation beautified the minister's own room, and unconsciously her fingers had given the deft womanly touches that the room needed.

By and by some asked her to sing, and she arose and, unaccompanied, sang in a sweet, flutelike voice many old ballads that brought tears to the eyes of the older people.

"I should like my wife to sing like that," thought Arthur Frake as he moved among his people.

This donation was not exactly like other donation parties. Even Emma Wells admitted that. To begin with, there was such an abundance of gifts that the company could not possibly dispose of them at the supper, which was served at 10 o'clock.

Then Mr. Frake was young, and youth creates a different atmosphere. The old parsonage had always been a gloomy place in the pastorate of the aged Mr. Walker, and tonight there was such a feeling of cheerfulness and good fellowship between young and old that the parish was united in stronger bonds of love than ever before.

"Good night," they called as they went away—"good night, Mr. Frake, and good luck."

And Arthur Frake, having blessed them a few moments before, fell on his knees in the fragrant little study and poured out his soul in thankfulness for the kindness that was showered upon him.

And he especially prayed for Millie Rhodes, who had given what she could out of her meager store.

There came a day in the following year, after Millie had been bereft of her remaining parent, that Arthur Frake lingered at the Hollow farm and asked Millie to come and make the parsonage a home for him.

"It will be a donation," he smiled down at her, "the best donation you can make to me and my people. We need you, Millie Rhodes."

And when they were married, why, of course the minister's people must make another donation, and this time the parsonage was cosy and homelike with a woman's touch, the same touch which had lighted the flame of love in the minister's heart.

STORY OF THE POTATO.

As a Food It Was at First Used Only For Pigs and Cattle.

The question of where the potato is indigenous and where introduced by man has never been strictly answered. It seems sure, however, that the potato is a native of the mountainous districts of tropical and subtropical America, from Chile to Mexico and even as far north as the southern part of Colorado.

Data concerning the known use of the potato for food are not very definite. It probably was first taken to Europe from Peru by Spaniards early in the sixteenth century and spread from Spain to Holland, Burgundy and Italy, though cultivated only as a curiosity in a few gardens and little known or thought of. In "The Complete Gardener," published in 1719, it is not mentioned.

As a food it was first used for pigs and cattle. Then, on account of its great yield, it was suggested that it might be useful for the poor and prevent famine, due to the failure of the grain crops.

As early as 1663 the Royal Society of London adopted measures to encourage its cultivation in England. It spread quickly in Ireland, but not until the middle of the eighteenth century did it acquire any real importance on the continent of Europe. Of its first cultivation as a crop in North America even less is known.

IN THE MILLENNIUM.

How This Old World Will Wag In the Good Days to Come.

"My gracious, how cheap everything is getting!"

"I understand there hasn't been a case of divorce in the last ten years."

"I think our national stability is greatly due to the patriotic spirit of our congress, don't you?"

"Aren't these modest fashions just too cute for anything? I'm so glad they will stay that way."

"It certainly is a pleasure to pick up a newspaper these days—always good news and plenty of it."

"Brown tells me his wife disobeyed him yesterday. Did you ever hear anything like it?"

"Yes, dear, I have to use my car all day long. I don't know what I'd ever do if gasoline wasn't free."

"I am a poor man; but, thank heaven, I still have the courts!"

"No, child, there won't be any more wars—the rulers of the world are all good men."

"How foolish we women were to clamor for the vote when all we wanted was the millennium!"

"Dear me, what a horrible nightmare I had last night! I dreamed I was living in the twentieth century!"—Edmund J. Kiefer in Life.

Hoaxed the Naturalist.

One of the most remarkable books ever published is the "Lithographia Wirceburgensis," written by a Wurzburg naturalist named Behringer in 1726. Probably very few copies are in existence, as the author destroyed all that he could get possession of soon after the book appeared. He had been victimized by some practical jokers, who had made a great variety of artificial "fossils" and hidden them in a quarry, to which they then enticed the professor. Behringer was overjoyed by so rich a find and had no suspicion of the trick, although many of the fossils were of a very grotesque character. He took his treasures home, made elaborate drawings of them and wrote a minute description of each, as well as an exhaustive commentary filled with ingenious and plausible theories. When he had published the book the jokers confessed, and then, of course, the professor did his utmost to suppress the work.

Mortified.

"I never was so mortified in my life."

"What's the matter now?"

"You know that little gown I bought for $16.50 that looked as though it must have cost four times that and was so becoming to me? I never dreamed any one would guess its price or where I bought it."

"Well, did any one?"

"Yes. I wore it for the first time last night at a dinner dance, and there were just sixteen other women there with gowns exactly like it."

Flattering to the Original

But Imitations Only Disappoint

There are many imitations of this great treatment for coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis and whooping cough. They usually have some sale on the merits of the original, but it should be remembered that they are like it in name only.



This is a facsimile of the package bearing portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D.

OUR INVENTIVE SOLDIERS.

Suggested Use of Tump-line for Carrying Munitions.

According to Frederick Palmer, the great war correspondent, it was the Canadians who invented trench raiding. Recently the inventive boys from the Dominion have introduced a new thing at the front. This time it is the "tump-line," which our prospectors use for carrying heavy loads over bad pieces of land in the north country. The soldiers have utilized the tump-lines for carrying heavy munitions over the broken ground during the spells of stormy weather. The men are able to get their munition into place much more quickly by making use of the simple back-woods device, and it has been mentioned in despatches.

Now it seems that the idea of making use of the tump-line was suggested by Captain Ed. Archibald, son of Chief Inspector Archibald of Toronto. Captain Archibald was well known in Canada a few years ago as one of the Dominion's best all-round athletes. He twice represented his country at the Olympic games. He was a prospector in the Sudbury district at one time, and had learned from experience the usefulness of the tump-line. He accordingly wrote asking the Sudbury people to provide as many 'lines' as possible in the shortest time. Mr. Phil Green canvassed the town and forwarded to Captain Archibald 435 tump-lines.

To give a proper idea of the efficiency of these 'lines,' it may be stated that previous to the introduction thereof, two men were detailed to carry one box of munitions, using a rope handle on each end of the box. Even for two men, and carried in such a manner, this box proved to be a most awkward load; many of us who have carried a trunk know all about it.

"Each box of munitions weighs 80 pounds. With the tump-line, properly adjusted, an ordinary man, experienced with the 'line,' can carry two such boxes with less expenditure of energy, and with infinitely greater comfort than the man carrying one-half the box by the former method. Captain Archibald can carry at least three of these boxes with ease, and there are several other men at the front who will carry a like number. If one man carries one box with the 'line,' one extra man can be saved. If he carries two boxes three extra are saved, and if he carries three boxes, five extra are saved, and so on. It will, therefore, readily be seen just what the introduction of the tump-line at the front means."

Captain Archibald recently wrote to his brother-in-law, Rev. C. W. Follett, of Sudbury, stating that the tump-lines used in the recent Canadian dash in the mud at Regina were those sent him from Sudbury. He further states that a school of instruction and practice in the use of the tump-line has been established near the front, and that shortly there will be added, to the many now proficient, hundreds of experts.

The request for the lines was received on July 6, 1916; shipped from Sudbury, July 28, 1916; received by Captain Archibald September 12th; acknowledged by Captain Archibald September 13, 1916.

Safety for the Birds.

Approval of the treaty for the protection of migratory birds recently ratified by the Governments of the United States and Canada has now been given by Great Britain. Nothing now remains to put it into effect save the formal exchange of ratified copies by the two countries involved. Therefore it may be said that the final step has been taken in what is probably the most important movement for the protection of birds ever instituted in this country or the United States. The treaty will be in force for fifteen years, and will automatically renew itself from year to year after that period, unless one of the contracting parties gives twelve months' notice of a desire to terminate it. It is not probable that such a contingency will ever arise.

The most vital provisions of this treaty are:

"That no bird important to agriculture because it is an insect destroyer shall be shot at any time.

"That no open season on any species of game birds shall extend for a longer period than three and one-half months.

"That both the United States and Canada shall so restrict open seasons on game birds as to prevent their being taken during the breeding season.

"That there shall be no shipment from one country to the other of birds which are taken contrary to law."

Under a treaty such as this it is apparent that not only will the many valuable species of game birds which journey annually across the border in their migratory flights be adequately protected, but also that the even more important insectivorous birds may go and come in entire safety. By the consequent service to the farmer this treaty may easily have a favorable influence on the cost of living in both countries.

Farm Women.

What four women have done to better conditions for the wives of farmers in British Columbia should be widely known. Under the sanction of the Canadian Government, four women were appointed an advisory board to the British Columbia Department of Agriculture. Women's agricultural institutes, to which farm women could carry their problems, were set on foot with results which have remedied many of the problems driving women off the farms and into the towns. Frequent conferences of the four women of the board with the women living on farms have led to such recommendations by the board to the government as have already made rural life more possible and have checked migrations to congested centres. It seems to have paid the Canadian Government to get the point of view of women in answering the problems of the rural regions in the provinces.

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A. H. WATSON, Madoc - - - „ Local Agent.

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A. H. Watson, Madoc, Local Agen



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Have you discovered the one scent, so light and ethereal that you have no desire to try another?
Most women try many perfumes once—but they never tire of the elusive fragrance of

CORSON'S IDEAL ORCHID

You should carry out your toilet harmoniously. Perfume, Talcum, Cold Cream and Toilet Water should not be of conflicting odors. Corson's delightful Orchid Line is designed expressly for the well-groomed woman.

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Do you, Mr. Merchant, realize the potency of advertising? It is like gunpowder. If it is your own it may open up a gold mine for you. If it is your competitor's, it may result disastrously to you, unless you have cut the fuse with the sharp scissors of your own publicity. If your competitor is advertising, you cannot afford to neglect it; if he is not, you have a beautiful opportunity of which you should take full advantage.

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ington and looked around he
ed the reason."
you still believe that you might
you went to Washington?"
I guess I do. Anyhow, I'd
me pretty pinted questions.
, I ain't lived here in Bay-
l my life, and I don't swaller
bait Heman heaves overboard."
n why don't you go?"
? Why don't I go? And leave
and"—
ly would be all right and per-
nafs. Georgianna thinks the
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I don't like to hear these people
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r and meant to shirk when the
ame for action. I know they're
ue. I knew it."
tain Cy was gratified, and his
ication showed in his voice.
ank you, Phoebe," he said. "I
uch obliged to you. But, you
don't take any interest in such
s any more. When I realize that
soon I've got to give up that
girl for good I can't bear to be
from her a minute hardly. I
like to leave her here alone with
rianna and"—
will keep an eye on her. You
me, don't you?"
you? By the big dipper,
bout the only one I can trust
I don't know how I'd
through this if you hadn't
You're diff'rent from Ase and
nd their kind, not meanin'
against them, either. But
broad minded and cool headed
d— Do you know, if I'd had
an like you to advise me all
ears and keep me from goin' off
urse I might have been some-
y now."
hink you're somebody as it is."
't talk that way. I own up I
hear you, but I'm 'fraid it ain't
You say I amount to somethin'.
what? I come back home here
me money in my pocket, think-
t was all that was necessary
e me a good deal of a feller.
d Cy Whittaker place, I said
self, was goin' to be a real Cy
her place again. And I'd be a
Whittaker, a man who should
for somethin', as my dad and
dad did afore me. The town
respect me, and I'd do things
ip it along And what's it all
to? Why, every young one on
treet is told to be good for fear
row up like me. Ain't that so?
it's so! I'm"
n shall not speek so. Do you
ine that you're not respected by
one whose respect counts for
thing? Yes, and by others too.
't you suppose Mr Atkins respects
down in his heart—if he has one?
n't your housekeeper, who sees
every day, respect and like you?
little Emily—doesn't she love you
e than she does all the rest of us
ther?"
Well, I guess Bos'n does care for
old man some, that's a fact. She
s she likes you next best, though.
you know that?"
ut Miss Dawes was indignant.
Captain Whittaker," she declared.
e would think you were a hundred
re old to hear you. You are always
ing yourself an old man. Does Mr.
kins call himself old? And he is
der than you."
"Well, I'm over fifty, Phoebe." In
lite of the habit for which he had
st been reproached, the captain
ound this a difficult statement to
make.
"I know. But you're younger than
most of us at thirty-five. You see, I'm
confessing, too," she added, with a
augh and a little blush.
Captain Cy made a mental calcula-
tion.
"Twenty years," he said musingly.
"Twenty years is a long time. No;
n—old. And, worse than that, I'm
old fool, I guess. If I hadn't been
I have stayed in South America in-
end of comin' here to be hooted out
the town I was born in."
The teacher stamped her foot.
"Oh, what shall I do with you?" she
claimed. "It is wicked for you to
y such things. Do you suppose that
r. Atkins would find it necessary to
ork as he is doing to beat a fool?
nd, besides, you're not complimen-
ary to me. Should I, do you think,
ake such an interest in one who was
imbecile?"
"Well, 'tis mighty good of you. Your
min' here so to help Bos'n's fight
ng is"—
"How do you know it is Bos'n alto-
ther? I"— She stopped suddenly,
d the color rushed to her face. She
se from the rocker. "I—really I
on't see how we came to be dis-
ussing such nonsense," she said—
our ages and that sort of thing!
Captain Cyrus, I wish you would go
Washington. I think you ought to
o."
But the captain's thoughts were far
rom Washington at that moment. His
own face was alight, and his eyes
shone.
"Phoebe," he faltered unbelievingly,
"what was you goin' to say? Do you
mean that—that"—
The side door of the house opened.
The next instant Mr. Tidditt, a drip-
ping umbrella in his hand, entered the
sitting room.
"Hello, Whit!" he hailed. "Just run
in for a minute to say howdy." Then
he noticed the schoolmistress, and his
expression changed. "Oh! How be
you, Miss Dawes?" he said. "I didn't
see you fust off. Don't run away on
my account."
"I was just going," said Phoebe, but-
toning her jacket. Captain Cy accom-
panied her to the door.
"Goodby," she said. "There was
something else I meant to say, but I
think it is best to wait. I hope to
have some good news for you soon, something that will send you to Washington with a light heart. Perhaps I shall hear tomorrow. If so I will call after school and tell you."
"Yes, do," urged the captain eagerly. "You'll find me here waitin'. Good news or not, do come. I—I ain't said all I wanted to myself."
He returned to the sitting room. The town clerk was standing by the stove. He looked troubled.
"What's the row, Ase?" asked Cy cheerily. He was overflowing with good nature.
"Oh, nothin' special," replied Mr. Tidditt. "You look joyful enough for two of us. Had good company, ain't you?"
"Why, yes; 'bout as good as there is. What makes you look so glum?"
Asaph hesitated.
"Phoebe was here yesterday, too, wan't she?" he asked.
"Yup. What of it?"
"And the day afore that?"
"No, not for three days afore that. But what of it, I ask you?"
"Well, now, Cy, you mustn't get mad. I'm a friend of yours, and friends ought to be able to say most anything to each other. If—if I was you I wouldn't let Phoebe come so often—not here, you know, at your house. Course I know she comes with Bos'n and all, but"—
"Out with it!" The captain's tone was ominous. "What are you drivin' at?"
The caller fidgeted.
"Well, Whit," he stammered, "there's consider'ble talkin' goin' on, that's all."
"Talkin'? What kind of talkin'?"
"Well, you know the kind.' This town does a good deal of it, specially after church and prayer meetin'. Seem's if they thought 'twas a sort of proper place. I don't myself. I kind of like to keep my charity and brotherly love spread out through the week, but"—
"Ase, are the folks in this town sayin' a word against Phoebe Dawes because she comes here to see—Bos'n?"
"Don't—don't get mad, Whit. Don't look at me like that. I ain't said nothin'. Why, a spell ago at the boardin' house I"—
He told of the meal at the perfect boarding house, where Miss Dawes championed his friend's cause; also of the conversation which followed and his own part in it. Captain Cy paced the floor.
"I wouldn't have her come so often, Cy," pleaded Asaph, "honest I wouldn't. Course you and me know they're mean, miser'ble liars, but it's her I'm thinkin' of. She's a young woman and single, and you're a good many years older'n she is. And so, of course, you and she ain't ever goin' to get married. And have you thought what effect it might have on her keepin' her teacher's place? The committee's a majority against her as 'tis. And—you know I don't think so, but a good many folks do—you ain't got the best name just now. Darn it all, I ain't puttin' this the way I'd ought to, but you know what I mean, don't you, Cy?"
Captain Cy was leaning against the window frame, his head upon his arm. He was not looking out, because the shade was drawn. Tidditt waited anxiously for him to answer. At last he turned.
"Ase," he said, "I'm much obliged to you. You've pounded it in pretty hard, but I cal'late I'd ought to have had it done to me. I'm a fool—an old fool, just as I said awhile back—and nothin' nor nobody ought to have made me forget it. For a minute or so I— But there; don't you fret. That young woman shan't risk her job nor her reputation on account of me—nor of Bos'n, either. I'll see to that. And, see here," he added fiercely, "I can't stop women's tongues, even when they're as bad as some of the tongues in this town, but if you hear a man say one word against Phoebe Dawes, only one word, you tell me his name. You hear, Ase? You tell me his name. Now run along, will you? I ain't safe company just now."
Asaph, frightened at the effect of his words, hurriedly departed. Captain Cy paced the room for the next fifteen minutes; then he opened the kitchen door.
"Bos'n," he called, "come in and set in my lap awhile. Don't you want to? I'm—I'm sort of lonesome, little girl."
The next afternoon, when the schoolmistress, who had been delayed by the inevitable examination papers, stopped at the Cy Whittaker place she was met by Georgianna. Emily, who stood behind the housekeeper in the doorway, was crying.
"Cap'n Cy has gone away, to Washin'ton," declared Georgianna, "though what he's gone there for's more'n I know. He said he'd send his hotel address soon's he got there. He went on the 3 o'clock train."
Phoebe was astonished.
"Gone?" she repeated. "So soon! Why, he told me he should certainly be here to hear some news I expected today. Didn't he leave any message for me?"
The housekeeper turned red.
"Miss Phoebe," she said, "he told me to tell you somethin', and it's so dreadful I don't hardly dast to say it. I think his troubles have driven him crazy. He said to tell you that you'd better not come to this house any more."

CHAPTER XVIII.

IN the old days, the great days of sailing ships and merchant fleets, Bayport was a community of travelers. Every ambitious man went to sea and eventually, if he lived, became a captain. Then he took his wife and, in most cases, his children with him on long voyages. To the stay at homes came letters with odd foreign stamps and postmarks. Our whatnots and parlor mantels were filled with carved bits of ivory, gorgeous shells, alabaster candlesticks and plaster miniatures of the leaning tower at Pisa or the Coliseum at Rome. We usually began a conversation with, "When my husband and I were at Hongkong the last time" —or, "I remember at Mauritius they always"— New Orleans and Frisco were the nearest domestic ports the mention of which was considered worth while.
But this is so no longer. A trip to Boston is, of course, no novelty to the most of us, but when we visit New York we take care to advertise it beforehand. And the few who avail themselves of the spring "cut rates" and go on excursions to Washington plan definite programmes for each day at the capital and discuss them with envious friends for weeks in advance. And if the prearranged program is not scrupulously carried out we feel that we have been defrauded. It was the regret of Aunt Sophronia Hallett's life that on her Washington excursion she had not seen the "diplomatic corpse." She saw the president and the monument and congress and "the relics in the Smithsonian institution," but the "corpse" was not on view. Aunt Sophronia never quite got over the disappointment.
Probably no other Bayporter in recent years has started for Washington on such short notice or with so ill defined a program as Captain Cy. He went because he felt that he must go somewhere. After the conversation with Asaph he simply could not remain at home. If Phoebe Dawes called he knew that he must see her, and if he saw her what should he say to her? He could not tell her that she must not visit the Cy Whittaker place again. If he did she would insist upon the reason. If he told her of the "town talk" he felt sure, knowing her, that she would indignantly refuse to heed the malicious gossip. And he was firmly resolved not to permit her to compromise her life and her future by friendship with a social outcast like himself. As for anything deeper and more sacred than friendship, that was ridiculous. If for a moment a remark of hers had led him to dream of such a thing it was because he was, as he had so often declared, an "old fool."
So Captain Cy had resolved upon flight, and he fled to Washington because the business of the "committee of one" offered a legitimate excuse for going there. The blunt message he had intrusted to Georgianna would, he believed, arouse Phoebe's indignation. She would not call again. And when he returned to Bos'n it would be to take up the child's fight alone. If he lost that fight, or when he lost it, he would close the Cy Whittaker place and leave Bayport for good.
He had been in Washington once before, years ago, when he was first mate of a ship and had a few weeks' shore leave. Then he went there on a pleasure trip with some seagoing friends and had a jolly time. But there was precious little jollity in the present visit. He had never felt so thoroughly miserable. In order to forget he made up his mind to work his hardest to discover why the harbor appropriation was not to be given to Bayport.
The city had changed greatly. He would scarcely have known it. He went to the hotel where he had stayed before and found a big modern building in its place. The clerk was inclined to be rather curt and perfunctory at first, but when he learned that the captain was not anxious concerning the price of accommodations, but merely wanted a "comf'table berth somewheres on the saloon deck" and appeared to have plenty of money he grew polite. Captain Cy was shown to his room, where he left his valise. Then he went down to dinner.
After the meal was over he seated himself in one of the big leather chairs in the hotel lobby, smoked and thought. In the summer, before Bos'n came and before her father had arisen to upset every calculation and wreck all his plans, the captain had given serious thought to what he should do if Congressman Atkins failed, as even then he seemed likely to do, in securing that appropriation. The obvious thing, of course, would have been to hunt up Mr Atkins and question him. But this was altogether too obvious. In the first place the strained relations between them would make the interview uncomfortable, and in the second if there was anything underhand in Heman's backsliding on the appropriation Atkins was too wary a bird to be snared with questions.
But Captain Cy had another acquaintance in the city, the son of a still older acquaintance, who had been a wealthy shipping merchant and mine owner in California. The son was also a congressman from a coast state, and the captain had read of him in the papers. A sketch of his life had been printed, and this made his identity absolutely certain. Captain Cy's original idea had been to write to this congressman. Now he determined to find and interview him.
He inquired concerning him of the hotel clerk, who, like all Washington clerks, was a walking edition of "Who's Who at the Capital."
"Congressman Everdean?" repeated the all knowing gentleman. "Yes, he's in town. Has rooms at the Gloria, second hotel on the right as you go up the avenue—only a short walk. What can I do for you, sir?"
The Gloria was an even bigger hotel than the one where the captain had his "berth." An inquiry at the desk of another important clerk was answered with a brisk:
"Mr. Everdean? Yes, he rooms here. Don't know whether he's in or not.

(To be Continued)

OFFICE SUPPLIES
and
STATIONERY

A New Consignment of Office Supplies and Stationery has been opened up at the Review Office for your inspection. Our Stock consists of

Letter Files, Paper Fasteners Pen Nibs, Inks, Pencils, Envelopes and pads of every description, also Carbon paper.

Correspndence Social

Our papers, Pads and Envelopes are the best money can buy, and are sold at prices in reach of all. See our

HOLLAND LINEN
at 15 Cents Per Quire.

See this line before purchasing paper elsewhere

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In all its branches promptly attended to. If you are planning the printing of a booklet or Catalogue, give us a trial. Estimates cheerfully given.

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AT THE REVIEW OFFICE

THE MINISTER OF FINANCE
REQUESTS
THE PEOPLE OF CANADA TO
BEGIN NOW
TO SAVE MONEY FOR THE
NEXT WAR LOAN

JAN. 9, 1917

DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE
OTTAWA

Rubbers, Rubbers

and

More Rubbers

They have all advanced in price. We still have a large assortment at particularly low figures.

Women's Storm C, 60c per pair.

Men's regular extra fine, 75c per pair.

Only 1 Ladies' Coat, with fur collar size 38, at a snap.

2 Men's Furlined Coats, regular $85.00, to clear at $60.00.

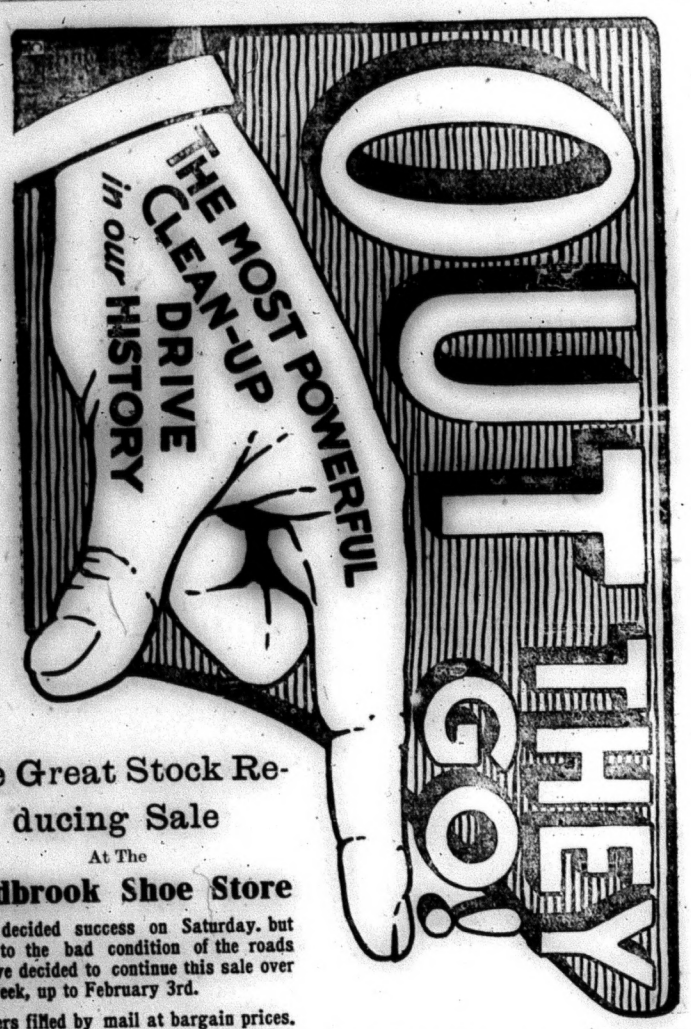
1 Blue Serge, tailor made suit, regular $30.00 to clear at $20.00.

Don't miss these Bargains.

A. Kincaid's THE BUSY CORNER

St. Peter's Annual

The congregation of St. Peter's was well represented at the annual meeting in the church on Wednesday. The chair was occupied by Rev. Dr. MacTavish and George West was elected Secretary. After devotional exercises had been conducted interesting reports were presented by the Sabbath School, Ladies' Aid, Mission Band, Ladies' Guild, Missionary Society, Board of Management and the Session. The Guild has made the last payment on a piano for the S.S. room; the Ladies' Aid have completed the decoration of the manse; the Mission Band forwarded $75 to the Treasurer and still retain a small balance; the W.M.S. raised $312 by direct contributions for missions; the Board of Management closed a year of heavy expenditure with a small balance on hand, the Session reported a net gain of 12 in membership. The total contributions amount to over $3,100 and of this almost $1,000 was given to missions and other benevolences. Messrs. James Whytock, W. Cross, J. Armstrong and R. A. Wood were elected managers. The newly-elected elders, Messrs. R. McGhee and J. R. Allen will be ordained and inducted on Feb. 11th. The congregational meeting was turned into a social gathering at which refreshments were served by the Ladies' Aid under the direction of Miss Cross.



The Great Stock Reducing Sale

At The

Ludbrook Shoe Store

was a decided success on Saturday, but owing to the bad condition of the roads we have decided to continue this sale over next week, up to February 3rd.

Orders filled by mail at bargain prices.

Two More Saturdays, Good Buying For You.

Upon investigating our stock before Stocktaking, we have discovered a surplus in certain sizes, these sizes must be cleared at once to make space for our spring stock, as you will see by the following quotations:

30 pairs Women's fine Patent Kid lace boots, worth $3.00, $3.50 and $4.00 going at	$1 98
Women's Pillow Sole lace boot, sizes 3-7, reg. $4.00, now	3 25
Women's low heel Rubbers; size 4, 4½, 5, reg. 70 and 75c, at	59c
Women's Dongola Blucher, common sense, low heel, size 3-8, reg. $1.75 at	1 49
Women's grain bal. coarse boots, reg. $2.85, at	2 35
Men's heavy Rubbers, snag proof, buckle and lace, sizes 7 and 9, reg. $2.40, now	1 98
Men's 9 inch high top snag proof Rubbers, size 7, reg. $4.00, now	2 98
" " " " " " 6-11, reg. $5.00, now	3 95
Men's 1 buckle felt overshoe, sizes 8 and 9, reg. $1.85, now	1 49
Men's horsehide Moccasons, size 6 and 9, reg. $2.50, at	1 95
Men's and Women's Moose Moccasins, size 5 and 8 only, reg. $1.70, at	1 35
Child's Moose Moccasins, 10 and 12 and 1, reg. $1.15 and $1.35, now	98c
Men's plain over Rubbers, Collegiate and Brunswick lasts, size 7 and 8 only, reg. 90c and $1 at	79c
Boy's Box Blucher Boots, fine quality, worth $3.00, going at	2 35
Boy's plain over rubbers, size 1, worth 75c, going at	59c
Boy's felt overshoes, one buckle, " $1.45, " at	1 10
1 28 inch trunk with straps, reg. $4.25, going at	3 50
1 30 inch trunk " " " $4.50 going at	3 75

Prices are advancing on these goods every day, and this is your opportunity to lay in a supply at these very low prices. Come early and avoid the rush.

The Ludbrook Shoe Store.

Letters from Our Soldiers

West Sandling, Kent, Eng., Dec. 26.

To MRS. GREER,
St. Ola.

DEAR MRS. GREER, — To-day just after I had finished my lunch I received a very pleasant surprise in the form of a parcel from yourself and several of the good ladies of St. Ola. I wish to convey to you and in fact all of the ladies my sincerest thanks. I have just finished eating one of those delicious candy cakes and while eating I let my memory wander back 4000 miles away to your little village and I know that if you could have read my thoughts of your kindness you would be amply repaid. Possibly you would like to know how I spent my Christmas day. I will try to describe it to you. In the morning there was church parade about 9.45 a.m. I was detailed to take the R. C. S. to church and returned about lunch time, 12 o'clock. That was what happened in the morning. In the afternoon one of my pals and I walked over to Hythe, a little town about two miles distant. It was a beautiful sunny day. The air was as warm and balmy as one of our May days. The grass is still green and sheep and cattle are all out in the fields. It is quite beautiful. Merrie old England with its well kept hedges, its crooked roads, its many-chimneyed houses and its air with the touch of the salt sea, but it was a disappointment to me and nothing can compare with a good old-fashioned Canadian Christmas, snow, sleigh-bells and skating. Well we arrived safely back from our walk in time for our Christmas dinner about 6.30 p.m. We had turkey, cranberry sauce, (not as good as mother used to make) and puddings; in fact, all those eatables that really make Christmas worth while. Then after dinner we had a Christmas tree, e.g.: every officer was supposed to give another a present and we had them all hung on a little green cedar tree. I got a doll. Handing out the presents was marked with much fun as our chief wit, a Major, did the honors. After this we sat around a big fire-place and talked about the homeland, so very dear to all of us. We had singing and when I sang the song, "Take me back to Canada." I think I meant it more than ever before. England is a very nice orderly commonplace country. People here have very funny ideas of Canada. Some think it is all woods and prairie. Some really do not know of the existence of our modern cities and the Canadian here is noted for his eternal irreverence. One of our boys going by Buckinghain Palace asked the sentry how George was, which nearly caused him to faint. I have visited London and have seen most of the historical places of interest, have also visited the world famous cathedral of Ely and Canterbury. They are all very fine in their own way but there seems to be too much depression about it all, and I guess I am too democratic to appreciate every old fogey any way. Knowing ladies' curiosity toward their own sex I will give you my impression of the English woman and one held by most Canadians. They nearly all have large feet but very wonderful rosy complexions. They are rarely neatly dressed and all love to smoke cigarettes. I have met all classes here and have met very few who do not smoke. Very rarely will one see an English lady with exceptionally good teeth. Are they pretty? Hardly. Still we have to take off our hats to them as they are doing wonderful war work such as street car conductors, munition workers, farm laborers, etc. I expect to go to France early in January, same address though. I would be glad to hear from any of you at any time. Kindest regards to all my friends.

LIEUT. D. MALLORY.

The two following letters were sent to the Queensboro Patriotic League in reply to the Christmas boxes sent:

Bramshott Camp, Dec. 23.

DEAR FRIEND,—

I am glad to have the opportunity to write an answer to you in return for your Christmas box as it was most acceptable. I must give you a hearty vote of thanks as it was in good shape when I got it. The cake, candy and other things were in good condition. I just got out of the hospital after being in four weeks with pneumonia and asthma. I couldn't eat anything and it certainly tasted like home to me. This is an awful wet country and damp and it is doing me up entirely, for a while any way. I was a machine gunner but I was turned down medically unfit for it as it is a heavy and responsible part to be in. I don't know whether they will let me go to France again or not. If I can go I will. It is up to the people of Madoc and other places for all the boys who can to enlist as their help is needed badly and will be for a long time as Rumania has lost heavily and and it will take a long time to get it under control again and a number of places in France as well.

The people in Madoc and Queensboro have been very kind to the boys with the gifts they have sent them. For my part I have received some lovely boxes in the last three weeks and all Canadian boys have here. It is far better than coin or silver to them. Hoping you will write and let me know how recruiting is going on in Canada. Wishing you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

GUNNER F. S. PRINGLE.

Munster, Westphalen, Germany, Oct. 21

DEAR FRIEND,—I got your letter today and was pleased to hear that the members of the Q. P. L. are so kind as to send me parcels. You will have to excuse this bad writing, but I am at Ponshent in the hospital with one of my fingers off. I am getting on fine but it is hard for me to write as my hand is so weak. Can't hold the pencil in my thumb and finger, ha! ha! Have it tied to my hand and around the bandage. How I wish you could just see me. I hope you will be able to read this letter. It is an awful looking lot of scratching. Had a card from Mrs. Geo. Keene and a parcel from Miss A. Thompson. Please inform them and give them my best regards and thanks for their kindness. I will be able to tell more when I come home and hope it will not be

(Continued on page 6)

SAVE

For two weeks starting Jan. 27th until Feb. 10th I will give

20 Per Cent. Discount

on all Men's Fine Boots.

With the price of boots still going higher here is a chance to put your supply in for the summer.

All Boots sold at this price are strictly cash.

G. C. MOON



New Fall Samples Are Here

Make your selection now while range is complete.

Garments can be delivered later if you wish.

Service—

We practise it more than we preach it.

ART CLOTHES
UPON BROS. & ALLEN LIMITED

Big Savings in Men's Overalls

50 pairs men's Black Overalls part with bib and elastic brace and part without bib, sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44. Regular price $1.25 to $1.50

On Sale 95 Cents

2 only black Fur-Lined Coats sizes 38 and 40. Regular $20. 00.

On Sale $15.75

1 only black Dog Skin Coat, size 42. Regular price $25.00.

On Sale *$19.75*

Geo. West

SHEET MUSIC

We'll Never Let The Old Flag Fall,	25 Cents
There's a Fight Going on, Are You In It?	25 "
Good Luck to The Boys of The Allies	25 "
When Your Boy Comes Back to You	25 "
I Love You Canada	25 "
Till Daddy Comes Home	40 "
Somewhere in France	40 "
Fall In	50 "

Vince's Popular Drug Store

SPECIAL

ROYALITE COAL OIL

We offer a limited quantity of this famous brand "Royalite" Coal Oil at

SPECIAL PRICES

in quantities of twenty-five gallons or more

13 1-2c per gallon

Delivery to be taken from Madoc, up to the 1st of March. Book your orders now or bring your cans and have the filled.

M.W. Connor & Son

Hardware Merchants,

Phone 8, Madoc.

—Men's Working Gloves and Mitts at G. A. Rollins.'

—BUTTER PAPER Vegetable Parchment, in sizes for rolls or pound prints. THE REVIEW.

High School Report

The following is the result of the Christmas examinations in Madoc High School. Names are in order in merit :

Form V—F Danford.

Form IV—H Cross, H Empey, A Bateman, J Harris, M Minns, B Ellis, B Browne, E Collins, L Sharpe, J Gay, G Kells, K Kelly, M Watson.

Form III—M O'Hara, K Laffan, J Browne, M McGhee, B McCoy, M McBeath, M Comerford.

Form II—G Danford, A Harston, C Tumelty, O Wickware, K Connor, J Barrons, H Bullied, B Gunter, A Howe.

Form I—G Blue, H Rimington, O Ockerman, M Tong, F Allen, M Moorcroft, L Vandervoort, N Wallbridge, W Duggan, E Morgan, E Jenkins, M Demille, T Rupert, W Burkitt, J Caskey, E Harris, R Connor.

—Wanted—Lands carrying minerals. J. C. Fowle, Mining Engineer, Madoc.

—Waxed paper for wrapping parcels to soldiers and Christmas gifts can be had at the Review office for 7c. a package.

Cleaning, Pressing, Repairing

The undersigned is prepared to do French Dry Cleaning, Pressing and Remodelling of Ladies' and Gents' Garments at reasonable prices. Upstairs, one door north of Riordan's Drug Store.

MISS S. BAKER

As You Listen to the Band

in your own home, you realize that the New Edison Diamond Amberola is giving you music more perfect than can be heard in opera house, theatre or concert hall.

Remember that all *Edison Records* are made under ideal conditions—in a specially constructed concert room—far from the noises of the street, where there are no late comers and the inevitable chatter of the concert audience.

The NEW EDISON DIAMOND AMBEROLA

And such Bands as you may enjoy, too !

Highlanders Bagpipe Band
Artillery Band of Mexico
Sousa's Band
Police Band of Mexico
United States Marine Band
Garde Republicaine Band
National Military Band
New York Military Band
and Creatore's Band



The New Edison has the diamond reproducing point, unbreakable and long playing records, superior motors and construction, concealed horns, and the cabinets are made in true period styles, in perfect harmony with the finest furniture.

As usual, Edison owners have everything worth while in, the new melodies, the old favorites, selections from the classics, and the popular dance and song hits of the day. Come in and listen to the bands. Get the complete list of Edison Records and tell us just what you want to hear. We'll gladly play your favorite selections—and thank you for the opportunity of letting us demonstrate the manifold superiority of the New Edison. 57

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on the East side of Durham St., Madoc will be called upon by the

Madoc Women's Patriotic League

to contribute to a

HOME-COOKING SALE

to be held in

THE REVIEW OFFICE

on

Saturday, February 3rd,

from 10 a. m.

Proceeds for the Military Y. M. C. A.

HOME NEWS GOSSIP CHAT

—Royalite Oil, 20c gal. delivered to any part of town. G. A. Rollins.

Miss Helen Orr, of Toronto, is the guest of her mother in town.

Mrs. Hartley, of Petrolea, is the guest of her brother, P. A. Wickware.

Mrs. J. Davis, of Smithville, was the guest of her brother, Mr. T. Nickle, this week.

Miss Hilda McCormick, of Belleville, spent a few days tast week with her cousin, Mrs. W. Connor.

Mr. Peter McLaren, reeve of Tyendinaga, has been chosen as the Warden of Hastings County for this year.

—Doesn't matter what size or shape YOUR Flashlight case is there's ALWAYS a battery to fit it at Kincaid's Store. 4-3

Mr. Jas. Keene and daughter, Miss Eva, of Winnipeg, have been visiting at the homes of Messrs. W. Bailey and L. Keene.

—Paper napkins, 4 dozen for 10 cents at the Review Office.

Mr. B. R. Wickham, a Madoc boy, on the Canadian Bank of Commerce Staff, Belleville, has enlisted with the Cobourg Heavy Battery.

Rev. Thos. Wallace wishes to acknowledge the receipt of $10.75 from Cedar School forwarded by Miss A. H. Davis, to be sent for Red Cross purposes.

WANTED.—Citizens who can furnish accommodation for a couple of soldiers for the winter. Address Lieut. Duffin, Madoc.

Messrs. Wm. Blakely and Philip Greaves, of Madoc High School, left on Tuesday for home and on Friday will go to Toronto to attend the Dental College.

—Found.—On the street in Madoc about Dec. 22 a child's white Muff. Owner can have same by applying at this office and paying for this advt.

Owning to having a lengthy financial statement standing in which most of our capital letters are used up. We are compelled to leave the British Red Cross report over until next week.

—To Users of Dry Cells.—We sell the famous Everready Dry Cell, costs no more than the ordinary kind. Get them at Kincaid's store. J. Burkitt. 2 3

Port Hope, Ont.—The Hydro Electric Power Commission will construct a power line along the Cobourg road to supply 7 farms with power and light. Madoc farmers, wake up.

Notice.—All dogs running on the streets without being accompanied by their owners will be destroyed and their owners prosecuted. ROBERT MCGHEE, Village Constable. By order of the Board of Health.

The wedding took place at Coe Hill on January 17th of Miss Goldie Gunter only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Gunter to Lieut. W. T. Nugent, of the 254th Battalion, Rev. V. C. Boyle officiating.

Coal Oil Users.—We quote the Imperial Oil Co.'s famous Royalite Oil in quantities of 25 gallons or over at price of 13½c per gallon. Packages extra. Delivery must be taken on or before March 1st, 1917. Frank Dafoe, Madoc. 3-4

—Get photographed at Ludbrook's Studio while the reduced rates are on. Cabinet photos, reg. $4 per doz., now $2.98. Cabinet folders, reg. $4.75 doz. now $3.75; ½ cabinet plain, reg. $3 doz. now $1.99. These rates will take effect on Jan. 25 and continue for a few weeks. Come now while these rates are on.

—See the new stock of stationery at the Review Office.

Bishop Thoburn said, "During my early years in India, I spent several months in a village and gained only thirteen converts. I returned there two years later and found eight hundred converts. No missionary had been there since I left. Every christian had been a witness for Christ."

At the evening meeting of the S. S. Teachers' Convention on Friday in St. Peter's church the musical portion of the service will be assisted by Misses Aylsworth and Kerr, Mr. W. H. Scrutton and Lieut. Thompson at 7 p.m. Mr. Hocking, the organist of the church, will give a half hour recital previous to the meeting.

—The great stock reducing Sale at the Ludbrook Shoe Store was a decided success on Saturday and owing to the bad condition of the roads we have decided to continue this sale over next week, namely Feb. 3rd. Orders filled by mail at bargain prices. See our big advt. for quotations on page 4. Two more Saturdays good buying for you.

M.W.P.L. Notes

The annual meeting of the Madoc Women's Patriotic League was held at the home of Mrs. W. Cross on Tuesday. There were 70 ladies present. Mrs. Jas. Whytock, President, occupied the chair. In the absence of Mrs. Harper, the Secretary read the Treasurer's report as follows :

Receipts to Jan. 18, 1916	$1115 09
Receipts Jan. 18, 1916, to Jan. 9, 1917	
Cash	$ 9 50
Red Cross market	127 70
Madoc bed fund	16 20
Yarn sold	69 75
Entertainments	902 58
Sale of tags, cards, etc.	34 95
Waste paper	78 82
Afternoon tea	45 15
Interest	3 85
	$1277 95
Balance on hand	343 15
Total	$1621 10
Expenses from Jan. 18, 1916, to Jan. 9, '17	
*Cash to 80th Batt.	$100 00
Cash to 155th Batt.	800 00
Secours Nat.	50 00
Barriefield Y.M.C.A.	250 00
Can. Red Cross	50 00
Queen's hospital beds	1 00
British Red Cross	8 00
Help	3 00
Piano tuning	345 10
Yarn bought	54 55
Comforts for wounded men	60 00
Bed Madoc upkeep	21 40
Sewing material	47 35
Printing and advt.	
Expenses of entertainments, carting waste paper, etc.	103 65
Total expense	$1444 05
Balance on hand	177 05

*$100 was set aside for 80th in 1915 but not checked out until Feb., 1916.

The Secretary's report was then read as follows :

Value of articles shipped and cash donated	$1104 25
Stock and cash on hand Jan. 18, 1916	397 25
Total	$1501 50
Socks knitted to date 1316	
Jan. 18, 1916, to Jan. 9, 1917	
Stock on hand.....$154 10	
Articles shipped	
100 prs socks to Madoc Platoon	$85 00
140 " "	
at Barriefield	140 00
444 prs socks Field Comforts C.	444 60
50 sleeping caps	25 00
65 hospital supplies	29 90
17 comfort bags to France, QHos	59 50
10 parcels to wounded Madocmen	25 00
Cash donated to 155th Batt.	300 00
Cash to Nat. Secours	50 00
" Barriefield Y.M.C.A.	50 00
" Bed Madoc	60 00
" Can Red Cross	250 00
" beds; Miss A. Cross and Mrs. M. Bowen	50 00
	$1568 40
Stock and cash on hand	302 50
Total	$1870 90

The following officers were elected for 1917 :

Hon. Pres—Mrs. J. Whytock.
Pres—Mrs. E. Bristol.
Vice Pres—Mrs. S. Wellington.
Sec—Mrs. W. Cross.
Treas—Mrs. Eagleson.
Asst Sec—Miss B. Cox
Exec Com—The above officers and Mrs. Moraison and Mrs. Simmons.
Auditor—Mr. W. McBain.

A standing vote of thanks was tendered the Secretary for her untiring and successful efforts during the past year. Special mention ought also to be made of the fact that Miss A. Cross had knitted since Jan., 1915, 204 pairs of socks. The proceeds from the silver collection at this meeting amounted to $36.45 and are to be sent to the military Y.M.C.A. and it was decided to augment this amount by holding two home-cooking sales. The first will be held on Sat., Feb. 3rd, at the Review office. An energetic canvas will be made for funds for this purpose. Any person wishing to contribute to this fund may leave their contributions with Mrs. Eagleson. This military Y.M.C.A. is doing splendid work at the front for our soldiers and is most deserving and constantly in need of funds. After singing "God Save the King," refreshments were served and a very congenial hour spent. The next meeting will be held at the home of Mrs. Jas. Whytock on Tuesday, Feb. 6, at 3 o'clock. Mrs. Tummonds will give an address at this meeting on her experiences as a nurse in the military hospitals in England.

PAINTING

I am prepaired to paint Automobiles, Carriages and all kinds of vehicles.

Second block west of the Dominion Bank.

ALEX. ROBERTSON

For Coughs and Colds

try Nyal's Syrup of Tar and Cod Liver Oil Compound.

A valuable remedy for Coughs and Colds Bronchitis and all imflamed and irritatec conditions of the throat and bronchial tubes

W. R. Rierdon, Druggist, Madoc

PHONE 73

Up-to-Date Machine Shop

Having one of the most complete and up-to-date Machine Shops in Hastings County, I am now prepared to do machine work of all description, such as repairing Sawing Machines, Gasoline Engines, Threshing Outfits, Threading Bolts, Pipes, etc., and in fact anything that needs expert workmanship and up-to-the-minute machinery.

Give Us A Call And Be Convinced

We also cater to the Autoists and have a full line of Auto Accessories on hand. Our Bowser Gasoline Tank is always ready to supply your wants.

AGENCY FOR THE McLAUGHLIN MOTOR CAR

P. H. NAYLER

Machine Shop and Garage Phone 88 Opposite Blue's Hotel, Madoc

Make Our Store Headquarters for Cold Weather Requirements

A good stock of men's heavy rubbers, heavy Sox and leggings at reasonable prices.

We also have a good stock of Felts for men and a few pairs left for women

Moccasins for men, women and children.

Men's all wool sweater coats at $1.50 and up.

A few sheepskin coats for boys at a bargain.

1 only lady's fur lined coat at cost.

We are open to buy fresh pork and beef and all kinds of farm produce at market prices.

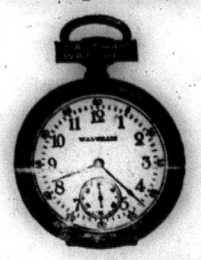
We respectfully request all those who have not already settled their fall accounts to do so at once.

Vandervoort Bros.

M. VANDERVOORT, Mgr.

Eldorado, Ont.

Watches Low in Price Yet Dependable.



These watches are reliable and correct timekeepers and guaranteed to give satisfaction.

7 Jewel Movement in Nickle Case $5.50, in Gold Filled Case $9.50

Special Priced Watches, Waltham Movement in Gold Filled Case $10.00

15 Jeweled Waltham in Gold Filled Case, $12.00.

See our line of Wrist Watches prices from $5.50 to $13.00.

Geo. F. Maybee

The Whitewear Sale.



In the Mid-Winter Sale of Whitewear these marvelous values in Women's Underskirts, Aprons, Nightgowns, Etc.

Women's Nightgowns 89c

Made of lovely soft cotton in dainty styles nicely embroidered, sizes 54 to 60.

This Week 89c.

$2.25 Underskirts of Nainsook $1.49.

Made in a neat gored style, some with deep flounces of embroidery and others with deep flounce formed of rows of insertion and lace protected with underlay of nainsook, sizes 36 to 42.

This Week $1.49c.

Aprons

Made in all the popular cover-all styles of lovely qualities striped and figured prints and checked gingham in light and dark shades.

Prices 25c, 49c, 97c.

Clearance of Linette Blouses, 59c.

McINTOSH BROS.

The Gate To Clothes Economy

D. W. RUTLEDGE

The Gent's Furnisher.

For the men who dress well and dress economically are the ones who are the most particular to have their

Clothes Cleaned and Pressed

when they need it.

Try Our Cleaning and Pressing Department.



Safety First

Nothing is more important to the Fur Shipper than doing business with an Honest—Reliable—Responsible—Safe Fur House.

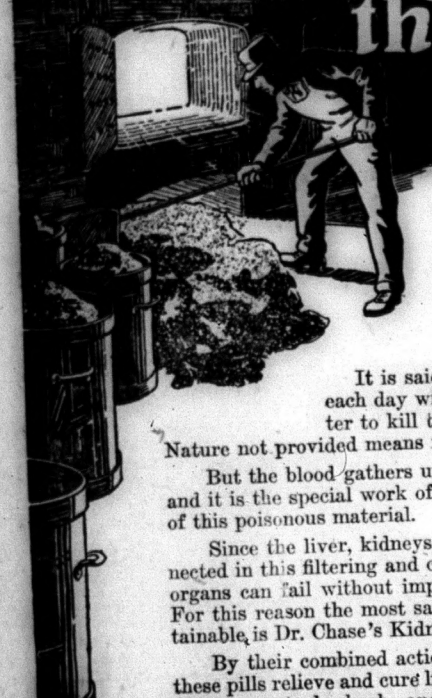
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the largest house in the World dealing exclusively in American Raw Furs, where you will always receive an Accurate and Liberal Assortment, the Highest Market Prices and the usual "Shubert" Efficient, Speedy, Courteous service.

Write for the latest edition of "The Shubert Shipper" containing valuable Market information you must have.

A. B. SHUBERT, Inc. 25-27 WEST AUSTIN AVE. Dept. C145, CHICAGO, U.S.A.

Getting Rid of the Ashes



The fire in the human body is not unlike that in the furnace.

You cannot get a bright, hot fire until the ashes are removed. Neither can the vital organs of the body perform their functions while poisonous, waste matter remains in the system.

It is said that the human body generates each day within itself enough poisonous matter to kill the individual ten times over, had Nature not provided means for its prompt removal.

But the blood gathers up the waste matter—the ashes—and it is the special work of the kidneys to cleanse the blood of this poisonous material.

Since the liver, kidneys and bowels are intimately connected in this filtering and cleansing process, no one of these organs can fail without impairing the action of the others. For this reason the most satisfactory corrective treatment obtainable is Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

By their combined action on the liver, kidneys and bowels these pills relieve and cure liver complaint, biliousness, kidney derangements, backache and constipation. By awakening the activity of these organs you remove the cause of headaches and indigestion, the blood is purified and you feel fine.

One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited Toronto.

Do not be talked into accepting a substitute. Imitations disappoint.

Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

Letters from Soldiers

(Continued from page 4)

long.—You say there is money being sent for bread. I get 2 loaves a week from the Red Cross in England and it is a big thing to have it. I would like to think I could be back for the Christmas trees but I think I will have mine here. I am looking on the bright side of things so I should not worry. I look fine and feel fit, failed a few pounds but will soon put that on again. This pencil is getting the best of me so will soon have to stop. We are to write two letters and four cards a month. Give my best regards to all and tell Mrs. Moore I am fine. Remember me to all and with best wishes soon to return. I will close thanking you all for your kindness. I hope I will be able to pay it all back to the people of Queensboro. I feel proud, I am thought of so much and I do not feel worthy of it but will return thanks when I come back. I send regards to all the boys and girls. Can't write any more this time as my hand is starting to jump.

PTE. GEO. MCKIE.

France, Dec. 27, 1916.

TO MRS. JOHN KEATING.

DEAR MOTHER,—I suprose by the time this epist e reaches you Christmas and the holiday season will be nearly forgotten but as you can see I am just over it and had a very good time too. I received your box o. k. two days before Christmas and got one from Toronto the day before Christmas so was well supplied. That tin box with the lid soldered on was fine, everything in A I condition. We are still in the Rest Camp and as our billet was not very satisfactory four of us rented a room and we had a Christmas dinner of our own. We got a roast of beef and had the lady of the house cook it for us. One of the boys had a pudding sent from home and, believe me, we had some dinner. It would not do to eat as much every day as we did then. The battery had a dinner at 4 p.m. so we just nicely recovered from one and tackled another so it is not everyone who killed two Christmas dinners in one day. I received a letter from you on Christmas day and you said you were sending a box with mitts and gloves, so very likely I will get it in a day or so. Be sure and let me know how Fred Miller gets on, also if you have any word from Clifford.

GUNNER J. E. KEATING.

In the field, Nov. 22, 1916.

MR. T. L. NICKLE,
Madoc, Ont.

DEAR SIR,—I regret to have to write and confirm the news which doubtless you have already received of the death of your son, Pte. Leslie W. Nickle, No. 219117, 75th Batt. He was killed in action in a brilliant charge in which the battalion was highly successful. Among the many casualties which occurred I am not able to give you any further particulars as to your son's death. I doubt if any words of mine can at all lessen the sorrow which you feel, but may I point out that your son gave his life and thereby made the supreme sacrifice while doing his duty for King and country in their great need. Surely this cruel relentless war with all the awful sorrow and suffering and sacrifice which it involves must be the working out of some great plan in the mind of the All-Father, the full purpose and meaning of which we are not able to understand at present. On behalf of the officers, N.C.O.s and men of the battalion I offer you our sincere sympathy. And with the prayer that the consolation which our Christian faith affords us may be yours in your great sorrow, I remain,

Truly yours,
W. L. BAYNES-REED,
Major, Chaplain 75th Battalion.

London, Dec. 7th, 1916.

MRS. T. L. NICKLE.

DEAR MADAM,—Being a very close friend of your son and also a batman with him I am sending a small book I took from his pocket before laying him to rest. I can assure you, Mrs. Nickle, it was as much to me as if it had been my own brother as he and I were so chummy. He was awfully well liked by all officers and men and you have the sympathy of them all. I can assure you he fell doing his duty bravely and stuck by his officer all the way until a few feet from the trench we captured. I went out the next day and found him there. I got this little token and I buried him myself, put a small cross at his head and put his rifle and helmet on his grave. He was not marked in any way but looked very natural. You may rest assured your son was well looked after. He has gone to a better world where people do not fight and kill, where he will suffer no hardship but where peace reigns always. It was God's will, Mrs. Nickle, and we cannot break his will. Some day I may go back and can give you more particulars, although I think I have given you all the details. I might say he never suffered a moment. With this letter I send my deepest sympathy to the mother of my lost friend.

W. J. O'BRIEN.

France, Dec. 24, 1916.

To-day, the day before Christmas, I am thousands of miles from home, in a foreign land and among strange faces. We have again moved and are now in the rest billets in the rear of the trenches. As you know our battalion has come to France in a number of drafts, the first draft, which I am in, going to 4th C.M.R.'s, the second to the 2nd and 21st battalions. So far as I know nearly one-half are still in England.

I believe we will spend some time here before we go in the trenches. I have not received any box. For three weeks our mail has been coming here before our arrival and with the rush of Christmas correspondence and parcels it is greatly mixed up. Some of the boys that I am with have received quite a few letters, others none at all. I have received four from Madoc and a very kind invitation from Mrs. Smart to spend Christmas in Bristol and to make her home mine while in England. Of course that is impossible now but I will [illegible] and thank her.

This is an ideal day, no rain, no snow and no frost. Were it not for the ruined villages, deserted home and the occasional crash of a shell I could imagine myself at home in September. Of course there are other things to indicate that there is a war on such as the soldiers mud-spattered from the trenches and the balloons and aeroplanes overhead. The ceaseless activity throughout France is a revelation to a Canadian. Canadians don't begin to realize that there is a war, nor its tremendous magnitude. There is nothing you need send me that I know of now. We don't want anything more than we need as we carry everything, even our rations. You might send me a pair of socks and a few handkerchiefs every two weeks in about a month. I have plenty for the present. Any boxes, of course, are welcome whenever received.

Perhaps the experience of one of the boys in buying some bread night before last would be interesting. We had just got off the train and some of us had rations and some had not. I went with one to buy some bread. We went to one house and I told Ranger that "du pain" was some bread. He said to the woman "Have you any 'du pain'?"—Madame understood and told him "Non," followed by a volume of directions in French which we did not understand and we left. Next place Monsieur tried to direct us to the bakers. Failing in this he guided us there. To the enquiry 'du pain' one woman came in with 7 big loaves of rye bread and another with three. We selected one about three pounds in weight paying 8 pence for it. Thinking we would make some cocoa I tried to get some hot water. Showing my water bottle was taken as an inquiry for "vin" wine. However she soon saw it was hot water I wanted and washed the bottle out and handed it back. Again a long palaver in sign language and a second washing of the bottle. Finally we got the water. Before leaving I thought we would try and buy some apples "du pommes." Madame brought out a plate with four apples. She gave me three, the other was small. I offered her money but she refused it, exclaiming "souvenir." I had given her a couple of pennies for the water. Here the people speak a little English and there is no trouble. None of the Madoc boys I knew before I enlisted are with me now. However the rest of the boys are in nearly the same fix and it doesn't matter much. I am not lonesome or homesick. We are on a quiet part of the line and the trenches are comparatively dry, they say. I saw a cousin of Bateman Tanner's yesterday but forget his name. Ross Ketcheson was at the base when I was there. He had just recovered from a shrapnel wound and was quite well.

France, Dec. 25th.

To-day I am again writing you for I know that your thoughts will be of me. Shortly after I finished writing yesterday we were attached to the Battalion. Three Marmora boys, Alex. Moon and myself are in D Co. We are in another billet, an old loft. Last night, Christmas eve, there was a church parade. Church service was held in an old mill somewhat damaged by shell-fire. The stars could be seen overhead through the many holes in the roof. While the guns roared a few miles away and the planes illuminated the eastern horizon, the Chaplain preached on the text "Goodwill to Men," while the opening hymn was "Peace on earth, goodwill to men." It seemed strange in this faraway land amid the rigours of war to sing "Peace on earth, goodwill to men." Later we returned to our billets where the boys of the 4th C.M.R's. were engaging themselves. Next time they go in after rest I will be in with them. An amusing incident of the night—a goat strayed into the loft and caused some merriment among those still awake. Shortly after midnight a heavy shellfire far on our right was the British Christmas greeting to Fritz. Before morning rain began to fall and owing to the condition of the roof I got quite wet. Christmas morn dawned dark and windy. The paymaster came into the billet and paid us. I drew 20 francs. About noon the Colonel came in and wished us "A Merry Christmas." D. A. McKenzie, of the Toronto Star wished us the same. He said he had just been speaking to an officer high in the French command who had said, "We in France who are accustomed to brave men are astonished at the Canadians who are the bravest of the brave." This was the message he was cabling to the Star.

For dinner we had turkey and plum pudding so you see that it was a little bit like Christmas. This, I suppose, has been the average Christmas of the boys who have been fortunate enough to be in billets to-day. Those in the trenches will have had a some what different day of it although the Germans have been pretty quiet.

PTE. C. R. WATSON.

Business Men,
Professional Men,
School Teachers,
Clergymen, Etc.

Use Printed Stationery

It costs little more than the plain—gives taste to your business or profession. We have several qualities of Letter Heads, Note Heads and Envelopes, as well as a full line of Commercial Stationery.

Some Spring or Summer Announcement is wanted—a circular, booklet or dodger—perhaps some Billheads or Statements—Labels or Tags.

Your Printing is what we are asking for—and we can ask for it with good grace, for we do the kind of Printing that pleases fastidious people.

The Review
Job Department,
MADOC, ONT.

Let us Figure on Your Requirements

WANTED
CREAM

We have again advanced our prices for good quality Cream. We could use yours. It will be worth your while to write us.

TORONTO CREAMERY CO, Ltd,
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Groceries and
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MADOC — — ONTARIO



In Any Walk

of life our Classified Want Ads. will help you.

If you want a position, you can reach the best employers.

If you want help you can get the most efficient.

Money to loan or money to borrow Want Ads. cover the entire field.

ROSE FROM THE RANKS.

Splendid Record of Clever Nova Scotia Soldier.

A young man from Truro, N.S., has made rapid progress since the outbreak of war. P. H. Lawrence, who was a Canadian express messenger in 1914, and enlisted with the first Highland regiment to cross overseas, is now Lieut. P. H. Lawrence, R. E., technical assistant, T. W. R., ministry of munitions, London, and at last account was on a special mission to Petrograd.

In brief, this is the story of Lieut. Lawrence's progress: He was present at the first chlorine attack made by the Germans, and fell a victim to the fumes, but was dragged to the rear, and as he had only inhaled a small quantity he quickly recovered. Within a few days Lawrence, who had been promoted sergeant, and a chum, entered a German trench and secured a gas projector and incidentally added to the number of widows in Germany.

The sergeant was of an inventive turn of mind and after examining the German machine carefully he decided that he could go Fritz one better. He planned out his improvements and then went to his commanding officer and so impressed him that that dignitary said: "This is no place for you; report in London and see what they can do for you." The sergeant went to London. He got the ear of the War Office after much heart-breaking untangling of red tape, and the War Office was impressed and gave Sergeant Lawrence orders to remain in London. He remained in London week after week without hearing any news. In the meantime some officials at the War Office decided they could go ahead with Sergeant Lawrence's new device better than he could. They made a test machine and took it out for a trial. The machine was effective and one of the men was killed. After some further delay Sergeant Lawrence was sent for and told to go ahead in his own way. He did so and the test of his machine proved that he had a device which one man could easily carry, which could send out the most deadly gas for a half hour if necessary and which also could project a flame of such heat that barbed wire entanglements could quickly be burned up.

The War Office then issued to Sergeant Lawrence an order to prepare a number of these machines.

Early in the present year Sergt. Lawrence was given a commission and attached as a technical assistant at the office of the ministry of munitions. In May last he was sent on a special mission to Petrograd. Since entering the imperial service he has been engaged in work which requires the utmost secrecy and beyond an occasional brief note regarding his changing addresses, his relatives on this side of the Atlantic hear little regarding him.

Invented the Fog Horn.

The man who invented and installed the first steam fog horn died blind and in poverty despite his varied attainments and achievements in widely different fields. He was John Foulis, a Scotchman, who came to St. John, N.B., in the early years of the last century. An interesting description of this versatile Scot is given in a paper recently read before the St. John Historical Society by William Murdoch, C.E. Murdoch says of Foulis:

"He was a nephew of the brothers Robert and Andrew Foulis of Glasgow, printers and publishers, whose productions were the admiration of all their contemporaries, and whose edition of Horace, published in 1744, was hung up sheet by sheet, in Glasgow, and a reward offered for the discovery of a single error.

"This scion of an intelligent breed was a graduate of Glasgow University. After various experiences when a young man, even to serving as surgeon on a whaling ship, he finally settled in St. John and became a land surveyor, artist, analytical chemist, and a civil and mechanical engineer. His survey of the River St. John is still in vogue in the Crown Land Office of this Province. His chemical knowledge ranged from analyzed ores to making his own whiskey when overtaken by adversity.

"While operating as a mechanical engineer and owning a foundry he engined the first steam ferryboat to cross St. John Harbor, besides the first steam craft to ply the St. John River. Later on, when Mr. Foulis was the engineer of the Light and Signal Service of the Government of New Brunswick, his principal charge being Partrige Island (at the harbor's entrance), whereon was an automobile fog bell, he proposed a steam whistle, steam whistles being then new to the world.

"Later on his suggestion was acted upon. There was no patent law then and, though in his old age, blind and poor, he was given no compensation, and the inventor of the fog horn died in poverty."

The Peace Honors.

"For gallantry which, had it been displayed in the face of the enemy, would undoubtedly have won the V. C." one reads in explanation of the Albert Medal conferred upon Lance-Corporal George Broadhurst of the British Army, who at bombing practice heroically seized an exploding bomb and thus probably saved many lives. Still, there would have been a precedent for the bestowal of the V. C. in this case, had the authorities seen fit to follow it. It happened as long ago as 1866, when Private Timothy O'Hara, of the Rifle Brigade, when stationed in Canada, broke open the doors of a railway van laden with powder and ammunition, and put out a fire, which, had it reached the powder, would have caused an immense explosion. This did not occur even in wartime, but the action was accounted so immensely plucky that the supreme military decoration was awarded.—London Chronicle.

Wiser Now.

"Why did you ask Alice to sing?"
"I'd never heard her before."

HIS HEART BADLY AFFECTED

"Fruit-a-tives" Soon Relieved This Dangerous Condition

632 GERRARD ST. EAST, TORONTO.

"For two years, I was a victim of Acute Indigestion and Gas In The Stomach. It afterwards *attacked my Heart* and I had pains all over my body, so that I could hardly move around. I tried all kinds of Medicine but none of them did me any good. At last, I decided to try "Fruit-a-tives". I bought the first box last June, and now I am well, *after using only three boxes*. I recommend "Fruit-a-tives" to anyone suffering from Indigestion".

FRED J. CAVEEN.

50c. a box, 6 for $2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

History Made Palatable.

Joseph Salvador, the French historian, and Jules Sandeau, a novelist, made their meeting at a public reception the occasion for a dispute as to the respective places which they occupied in the world of letters.

"The reading of history is like a pill—it needs the sugar coating to make it palatable," argued the novelist.

"Ah, but it is the ingredient which cures, not the coating," remarked the historian.

"Then let us divide honors," said Sandeau, "for if it were not for my sugar coating your historical facts would dry on the shelves."

Discretion.

"I say, Dick, lend me another ten, will you?"

"Heavens! Why don't you go to work and earn money?"

"Don't dare to, my boy. People would think the governor had disinherited me, and that would ruin my credit."—Boston Transcript.

Bad Mixture.

"I like a man dat tells de truth," said Uncle Eben, "because I kin trust him. An' I don't mind a man dat tells a falsehood, 'cause I kin ketch him at it. But de man dat mixes up de two is terrible hard to keep up with."—Washington Star.

Her Affliction.

Niece — Katherine writes me that Mrs. Dasher has got the alimony. Aunt Selina—Dear, dear! I'm afraid it will go hard with her. She is a finely nervous creature.—Exchange.

A Smile.

A smile betrays a kind heart, a pleasant friend, an affectionate brother, a dutiful son, a happy husband. It adds a charm to beauty, and it beautifies the face of the deformed.

An Easy One For Henry.

Mrs. Owens (pausing in her writing)—Henry, what is the name for the people who come after us?

Owens—Collectors, my dear.—Boston Transcript.

Big Results.

First Farmer—Is Hank getting any results from his scientific farming?
Second Farmer—Gosh, yes! You could almost hear the mortgage growl—It's a change.

The best of us lack more'n wings to be angels.—Thomas B. Aldrich.

Why He Did Not Know.

"Papa, what is a bricklayer?" asked Harry.

"Now, what a silly question!" replied his father. "What makes you ask questions like that, son? Any boy would know."

"Yes; but, papa," said Harry, "I am a fool."

Individuality.

To each intellect belongs a specific power. We belong to ourselves. When we lose control of our own when we try to be some one else. The originality mind is a magnetic center for the attraction of other minds. But the loadstone loses nothing by attraction. It remains the same.

Rays and Raise.

"Everybody emits rays. An angry man emits violet rays; a contented person emits pinkish rays."

"Sounds interesting. I wonder if my boss would emit a ten dollar raise in salary?"—Exchange.

Opposites.

Wigg—I suppose we should all make our opposites. Wagg—Yes, but there is no reason why a man with a future should marry a woman with a past.—Philadelphia Record.

ANOTHER WOMAN TELLS

How Vinol Made Her Strong

Beallsville, Ohio.—"I wish all nervous, weak, run-down women could have Vinol. I was so run-down, weak and nervous I could not sleep. Everything I ate hurt me, and the medicine I had taken did me no good. I decided to try Vinol, and before long I could eat anything I wanted and could sleep all night. Now I am well and strong, and in better health than I have been for years.—Mrs. ANNA MILLISON, Beallsville, Ohio.

We guarantee Vinol for all run-down, weak and debilitated conditions.

J. Will Vince, Druggist, Madoc, also the best druggist in all Ontario [illegible]

TRIBUTE TO "THE GUNS."

Noted Writer Tells of Work of "Divisional Artillery."

An article from Charles G. D. Roberts, special correspondent, attached to the Canadian corps, is issued by the Canadian War Records Office. It is entitled, "Divisional Artillery: Red Rust Waste Wrought by the Canadian Guns." He writes in part:

"You have started out to cross the monstrous, stark-naked, shell-tortured expanse of red mud in which 'div. arty.' has dug his hidden lairs. Somewhere far ahead of you, in an undistinguished wrinkle of the mud, lies one of the most advanced of these lairs, to which you are bound. The warmest tributes to the all-round excellence of 'div. arty.,' to its professional thoroughness and its ready, daring initiative come not from Canadian, but from Imperial sources, from those units of the Imperial infantry whose achievements have been made possible by its support.

"A section of our front trench held by a thread of mud-caked, rain-drenched, shivering, sleep-starved bombers perceives an overwhelming wave of the enemy rolling down on it. Back over the telephone wires goes the S.O.S. call and buzzes softly into the ear of the nearest artillery brigade commander in his dugout the exact location of the peril. In almost as little time as it takes to tell about it every battery of the brigade is belching forth its response to the call and a curtain of unimaginable destruction descends along the front of the advancing wave. Those of the enemy who win through that curtain of death, backed as it is by our machine gun and rifle fire, are usually not in the best of form to meet our bayonets. In a word, it has become a commonplace of tactics that no serious advance is possible without the most intimate and sensitive co-operation between the infantry and the guns; and for every triumph the acclaim should be apportioned equally to the two branches of the service.

"The guns would be blind at the most critical emergency but for the work of the 'F. O. O.'s' (field observation officers) serving their positions in their solitary sell holes out in the forefront of the storm; but for the work of the linesmen in the sweptopen, calmly keeping their wires patched up beneath that hail of death."

White Pine Threatened.

Through the invasion of the "white pine blister rust," a virulent fungus disease imported from Germany about seven years ago, Canada is seriously threatened with the extermination of her white pine resources, probably the most valuable forest asset of Eastern Canada. This disease has destroyed the white pine in Europe, has made serious ravages in the pineries in the north-eastern states, and is spreading in Ontario and Quebec. Centres of invasion are scattered from Maine to Minnesota in the United States, and from South-Western Ontario to Southern Quebec in Canada, the Niagara peninsula being the most seriously infected district in the Dominion. For its full development and for transmission to the pine, the disease is dependent on the currant and gooseberry bushes. The fact that it cannot spread directly from one pine to another offers a means of control and no effort should be spared to combat the rust by exterminating the currant and gooseberry bushes in infected or exposed districts, or at least by prohibiting the shipment from these regions of all currant and gooseberry bushes and fruit and by placing an embargo on the importation of such stock. Unfortunately, the wild gooseberry is really dangerous as an intermediary in spreading the disease. Any loss entailed by even the total destruction of the whole currant family is insignificant compared to the value of the white pine in Canada. In 1914 the white pine production of Eastern Canada, including logs and sawn timber, totalled $16,160,000. The cutting and manufacture of this timber furnishes employment to thousands of men and supplies hundreds of industries with raw material for which no satisfactory substitute can be secured. The white pine is one of the most important tax-payers in Canada, and contributes no less than $50,000 to the total revenue of about $4,000,000 which the four Western provinces derive annually from their forests.

He Spoiled the Picture.

Heroine went out West to be a Princess. She had a beau in her hometown, but she wanted to marry a Westerner. She had been in the West only a few days when a great herd of cattle was driven down the street near the house where she was visiting. A mile away the outfit stopped in a pocket for dinner, and the woman at whose home Heroine was staying took her out to the camp. There she saw the men she had dreamed about, and the boots, the spurs, the gloves, and the hats were calculated to win the heart of any girl. It was a great picture, but only one thing marred it. There was a man who had on shoes and one spur. He wore a black hat and had no gloves. He was entirely out of place, and Heroine wished that he had not been there. Just as it began to spoil a moving picture of Indians on the warpath to have the public school building in the background, it spoiled the picture to have this ordinary looking fellow in the camp. Heroine couldn't see why any other men didn't drive him away, and she said to the woman who was with her:

"Who in the world is that man?"

The woman looked at him for a moment and then said:

"Why, he is the fellow who owns the herd."

8,000 Miles in Diameter.

The sun exceeds the earth in surface 11,750 times; in volume, 1,260,000 times, and in mass 326,300 times. The diameter of the earth is 7,918 miles; that of the sun 860,000 miles.

Japan's Part In the War

ONE of the first acts of the Japanese after the declaration of war was the capture of Tsingtau, and in an article in The Nineteenth Century and After on "Japan's Part in the War," Robert Machray says: "The moral effect of this victory was the great in the East. The victory was very pause to Germany. It also gave a and a check to German intriguing in China and elsewhere, and led many Eastern corners to question whether Germany was as powerful as she claimed to be.

Besides taking from Germany her naval base at Tsingtau and seizing her ships in the harbor, Japan's fleet was active in protecting the commerce of the Allies and making things generally unpleasant for the Germans.

From a naval point of view, the good results secured to the Allies by the action of the Japanese fleet are almost incalculable. During the first year of the war her warships protected the coasts of Australia, New Zealand, and British Columbia at a time when the German cruisers were active in the Pacific. This service was publicly acknowledged by the Legislature of British Columbia. Again, it was Japanese cruisers that assisted to convoy Australian and New Zealand troops to the isthmus of Suez.

While the main portion of the British fleet is necessarily in the North Sea and the French and Italian fleets in the Mediterranean, Japan is taking charge of the Eastern Seas and protecting the ocean routes of the Pacific and Indian Oceans. The Allies have also been helped greatly through Japan handing over to Russia two battleships and an armored cruiser, which had belonged to Russia but were sunk by Japan during the Russo-Japanese War. These Japan had raised, refitted, and re-armed.

Perhaps Japan's greatest contribution to the Allies is the manner in which Russia has been munitioned, and not Russia alone, as it is well known that Japan sent rifles to the British army, and what is not so well known, supplied guns to the British navy, and is still making them. Rifles made in Japan are equally as good as the American rifles, and about half the price.

Last year Japan supplied Russia with munitions of all kinds to the value of one hundred million dollars, consisting of about three-quarters of a million rifles, besides a large quantity of field artillery and heavy guns. Japan's help to Russia includes clothing, boots, and nearly everything necessary to the equipment of her soldiers. In 1915 her mills turned out eight million yards of cloth for the Russian armies, while the Japanese Government added two million yards from its military stores.

Besides giving valuable assistance with her navy and in supplying munitions of war, Japan has helped the Allies a great deal in the matter of finance. Japan had twelve million in gold in New York, which she transferred to Great Britain. She has bought five million pounds worth of Russian bonds, and has set aside five million sterling for the redemption of Japanese railway bonds, which had been placed in Paris before the war. She is the only one of the Allies which has not had a loan from Great Britain or anyone else. Japan's part in the present war has greatly strengthened and more firmly established her as one of the world's great powers.

Her position in regard to making a separate peace with the enemy was clearly stated by Japan's Prime Minister in January last, when he declared that Japan adhered and would continue to adhere to the pact of London, by which the Entente Powers covenanted not to make a separate peace with the enemy.

Subsidizing the Poet.

We seem to be as much at sea in this matter as they were about 120 A.D., when the critic cursed the town for keeping alive so many poets and cursed it again for starving so many of them: wanted to know how a man could behold the horses of the chariot of the sun if he had to grub for a living, and wanted to drive most poets back to grubbing for a living as soon as he observed for their manner of beholding the horses of the chariot of the sun: said you ought to fatten poets to make them sing, and became violently angry the moment a fat poet began singing: blamed a rich man for feeding a pet lion instead of subsidizing some author at much less expense, and was all for breeding the author to the lion on reading what he wrote. He wanted authors protected, but the literary choices made by the protector almost drove him mad.—The New Republic.

A Limited Belief.

That one of the professors at Princeton has had his domestic trials was recently evidenced when a young woman of rather serious turn endeavored to involve him in a theological discussion.

"Professor," she asked, "do you or do you not believe in infant damnation?"

"I believe in it," said the professor, "only at night."

Paper in Japan.

Paper making was one of the earliest industries in Japan. When Europeans were writing on the skins of animals and leaves of plants ancestors of modern Japanese were recording their thoughts on paper made from wood or vegetable fibre. Paper making in Japan was probably introduced from Korea about 610 A.D.

New Motor Ship.

The world's highest powered motor ship has been built in Italy for the Brazilian navy, its oil motor developing 5,400 horse-power.

ESCAPED FROM HUNS

TWO CANADIAN SOLDIERS HAD EXCITING ADVENTURES.

Pte. Peter Nelson Manages to Elude Teuton Bloodhounds by Throwing Snuff on His Trail—Both Men Tell Stories of Hardships and Brutal Treatment in the Prison Camps.

WHILE the habit of snuff-taking may be open to objection from the point of view of a temperance, social, and moral reform department, it undoubtedly helped Private Peter Nelson, of Vancouver, to elude Teuton bloodhounds, for when he skipped his camp in Germany, and heard the baying of the hounds, he threw pinches of snuff about. This, and the shelter of a friendly wood enabled him to cover up his traces, and within twelve hours he was well across the Dutch boundary. At Rotterdam in the British Consul's office, Nelson found a Montrealer, Sergeant Joseph Turcotte, of the 14th Royal Montreal Battalion. Both men had escaped from Muenster camp, in Westphalia, within two days of each other, and both of them found themselves back on English soil a few days ago. They are in excellent health, and Sergt. Turcotte shows enough avoirdupois to make a Hun exclaim, "See how well we look after our prisoners!" As a matter of fact, both men attribute their keeping well to the parcels of food sent regularly to them by the Canadian Red Cross and by private friends. The Red Cross parcels nearly always reached them, and this seems to have been due to the fact that they were properly packed, and perhaps also because it is an official organization. To have lived on the acorn coffee, war bread, and thin soup provided would have been impossible.

Sergt. Turcotte, who has been with his battalion from the start, lived at 346 Dufresne street, Montreal, and was a locomotive fireman in the employ of the C. P. R. On the 24th December last he was searching for a man in his company who had not come back from patrol duty. He found him lying wounded, close to the German lines, and at this point was himself spotted and taken prisoner. Passing through Lille, the clearing house for prisoners, he was sent to Muenster Camp, where he was in charge of men employed on stable work. In this camp Turcotte made two attempts to escape, as also did Nelson. "In fact," said the latter, "that was the one aim we always had, and it helped us to bear what we had to go through." These attempts were unsuccessful, and the punishment was 21 days in a dark cell, on a diet of bread and water. Peter Nelson was taken prisoner just a year ago, and found himself also at Munester Camp, though the two only met each other occasionally. After these attempts at escape they were sent to other camps of a rougher type: Turcotte was deported to one in Poland, near Riga, where he said men were flogged and ill-treated in a most brutal manner. As he showed unwillingness to play the bully with the men over whom he was put (being a sergeant) he was sent back to Muenster early this month. Quite undeterred by previous failures, and perhaps thinking of "third time lucky," Turcotte tried again, and on Friday evening, 10th November, he got out, and with him there also escaped a man from the Northumberland Fusiliers. Both men were fortunate in having been taken without being wounded, so that they were naturally agile and fleet-footed. During the next four days Turcotte nursed the darkness and fed upon turnips and anything else that he found in the fields. He was very cautious, because on a previous occasion he had been captured when only six miles from the Dutch frontier. The last lap towards the promised land was done in a swamp, but they got out, and although they recognized that they were now out of Germany, they forged ahead for two miles before they stopped to enquire. The enquiry was simply, "Holland—Deutschland?" And the answer of a farmer, "Holland," reassured them. The good-hearted Hollander gave them breakfast and took them down to the police, and the latter gave them food and shelter until their transfer to the British Consul was arranged.

Peter Nelson of the 29th Battalion, Vancouver, had been sent to another camp not far from Muenster where drainage operations were the staple work. On Sunday evening, November 12, he managed to elude the guards and got into a wood nearby, where he could hear the dogs barking and machine guns working. He threw snuff over his footsteps and made so rapid a journey that next morning at 6.30 he found himself over the frontier, the distance covered being about thirty miles. At one point he almost ran into a sentry, but managed to avoid him without attracting undue notice. Near the boundary there was a canal without a bridge. In civil life Nelson was engaged on survey parties for the British Columbia Government, and had learned to swim. Having, as he believed got into Holland, he enquired of a boy and found his surmise was correct. That supposition was at first suggested by the fact that two or three workmen were cycling to work, and that they were young men. In Germany there would be no young men not in uniform. Two mounted police came along and asked Nelson if he was an escaped prisoner, and within an hour he was before an inspector. This time, however, the role of the police was to liberate rather than jail their man, and further, they gave him the best meal he had had for over a year, together with money and a letter to take him to the Consul at Rotterdam. At this point the two men joined and were shipped over to London.

WHY DOES THE CANADIAN PATRIOTIC FUND REQUIRE SO MUCH MONEY?

This question is often asked, by persons and by municipal councils, when the matter of liberal giving to the Fund is brought before them.

They are entitled to the most complete answer, for the Fund is the people's. They created it, and it is they who must maintain it.

Now for the reasons. There are 149,230 of them.

The Fund asks for so much money because Canada has given her men so lavishly to the Great Cause. Between 300,000 and 400,000 have volunteered. If their families need help, this Fund provides it. In October 53,693 families did need it. These families comprised 149,230 persons, nearly all either mothers, wives or children. Is it any wonder that so Great a Need requires so Great a Fund?

HOW GREAT IS THE NEED OF MONEY?

The sum expended in October, 1916, was	$891,814.00
The average payment to each family was	16.29
The average payment to each person was	5.73
The cost of administration was	15,464.00

(In above averages, sums paid for broken periods not included.)

Pay special attention to the figures concerning cost of administration—including expense of campaigns for raising money. It is the ambition of the managers of the Fund to keep the cost of raising and disbursing it below that of any voluntary fund ever created in Canada. Their aim is to hand to the soldiers' families as nearly as possible one hundred cents for every dollar subscribed. They succeed in handing 99½ cents. The sum received in October as interest on moneys in banks was about $11,500. Take this from the cost of administration. The remainder is $4,000. And that, therefore, is all that had to be deducted from sums paid in.

That is to say, of every $100 paid by generous givers, $99.46 reached the families.

Is not that economy which should give confidence to every subscriber?

Does the magnitude of the Fund, as well as its importance, begin to impress you, Mr. Citizen-who-is-being-asked-to-subscribe-$100, or you, Gentlemen of the Municipal Council, who are being urged to vote $100,000 for 1917? Does the REQUEST look as large as it did now that you know something more of the NEED?

Since the war began the people of Canada have subscribed to this Fund	$16,495,000
For 1917 they will be asked to give—and will give	12,500,000
Of this sum Ontario is being asked to guarantee—and will guarantee—at least	6,000,000

This is one million more than in 1916, but every dollar will be required for Ontario's families. Not much chance for individuals or counties to economize by cutting down their contributions, is there? On the contrary, the giving must be on a scale more generous than ever. And why not? If we can't FIGHT, isn't it a Privilege rather than an Obligation to PAY?

ONE WORD MORE:

No man should ignore his personal responsibility towards the families of those who are fighting for him, simply because his Municipal Council is taxing him slightly for the same object. He owes these people far more. Perhaps he is too poor to pay more. If not, it is up to him to give a generous cheque to his local Patriotic Fund Committee, or mail it to

THE CANADIAN PATRIOTIC FUND, VITTORIA STREET, OTTAWA



SOME OF THE 149,230 REASONS WHY THE FUND NEEDS SO MUCH MONEY

The Habit of Reading Advertisements

NEWSPAPERS would be less more enjoyable, instructive and valuable than they are if they contained no advertisements. Many persons read the advertisements quite as thoroughly as they read the news matter. This is just as it should be.

The more advertising, the more buying. The more buying, the greater the consumption of the goods or service advertised.

More business would be done by the merchants of Madoc if they advertise more, and if more of them advertised. Much business goes to the big city mail-order houses because they advertise. These houses would cease to draw business from the community if they ceased to advertise.

To The Merchants of Madoc

Advertise more, and more of you advertise, and the big city mail-order houses will get less business from this community and you will get more.

Advertisement-Reading is Worth While

The Review Small Ads.

Put an advertisement in the columns of THE REVIEW and get quick results. If you have for sale anything that the people want—or want to buy anything that somebody else may have for sale, a small ad. in this paper will bring quick response.

THE REVIEW reaches the responsible, steady-going people of a wide community, and they are the buyers. There are more of them who read the review today than ever. They take it and like it for its tone and responsibility.

THE PASSING OF SIGNS.

Even the Wooden Indian Has Passed Into the Discard.

During the middle ages and at an earlier period a green bush was the sign of a wineroom, and alehouse, or the saloon of those times, and from that fact arose the saying that "good wine needs no bush." Duly interpreted, the phrase meant that good wine needed no public announcement; that it was its own recommendation. And another thought to be entertained because of that familiar phrase is that even in those "good old days" some bad liquors were dispensed in places where a bush stood at the door, or sometimes above the door. Sometimes the bush was green and sometimes its green age had passed, and the tavern or taproom symbol was but a piece of dry bush. It is said that a dry bush of pine or other evergreens hangs even to this day over the doors of Italian wineshops.

In the years before reading and writing came to be almost universal accomplishments nearly every branch of business had its peculiar symbol as a sign of what line of trade was carried on within. Most of these devices have passed away, but nearly everybody remembers when the drug store, or the "apothecary shop" was announced by a gilded pestle and mortar and by globes of red and green fluid in the windows; when the shop of the pawnbroker or money lender was announced by three gilded balls, and when no barber shop would attempt to do business without a red and white striped pole, because when the barbers by common consent, adopted that symbol they were also surgeons or blood letters, and the red stripes symbolized blood and the white stripe the bandage. In olden times the barber poles stood on or in a bowl-shaped piece of wood, which represented the basin.

It is only recently that the wooden Indian, the sign of the tobacconist's shop, has passed into the discard, and even to-day a few of these time-worn Indians linger on their posts. A wooden horse often stood in front of the harness maker's shop and a gigantic boot made of wood usually stood in front of the bootmaker's shop or the cobbler's shop. No watchmaker would think of doing business without a golden watch hanging above his door, and even now jewelers and watchmakers insist on having a clock in front of their places of business.

After the passing of many of the symbols of business, merchants began to paint signs and to hang signs in such a way as to disfigure and even obstruct the highways. Then there set in an opposition to some forms of street signs, especially overhanging signs which blew down and injured pedestrians or imperiled firemen while fighting flames. The symbols passed away and the street signs came in. Some persons profess to see a tendency on the part of the signs to pass away, and at least a system of regulation, varying in different places, has set in. A recent writer, expressing the current popular attitude toward street signs, said that "signs that encroach upon the streets are a nuisance that ought not to be tolerated, and while disfiguring the streets over which they hang they introduce a distinct element of danger at times of storm or fire."

This Week's Toronto Markets

Hogs, fed and watered	$13.50
Cattle	10.3
Spring Lambs	14.0
Barley	1.16
Wheat	1.8
Oats	7
Butter	38
Eggs	5
Potatoes, per bag	$2 6
Turkeys	lb. 2
Old fowl	lb. 17
Geese	lb. 16
Ducks	lb. 17
Bran	ton $33
Shorts	ton $35

Douglas Jerrold In School.

Douglas Jerrold wrote "Black Eyed Susan" when he was twenty-one and contributed to Punch the immensely popular "Candle Lectures" not long afterward. But at nine years of age young Jerrold had been scarcely able to read, and it was not until he was apprenticed to a printer after serving for some time as a midshipman at sea that he showed either desire or capacity for intellectual improvement.

Clock-Watchers.

Said a Boston business man the other day, "If there is one thing I hate more than another it is to see one of my employees watching the clock."

"Yes, sir," said the young man who had been called on the carpet. "I'll call the timekeeper's attention to what you said, sir."

He Named It.

"Who can name a word with an 'I' in it?" queried the teacher of the juvenile class.

"Needle!" exclaimed a bright little miss.—Kansas City Star.

Up Against It.

"After all, it's no crime to be poor."

"Maybe not, but no poor man can afford to hire a lawyer to prove that he isn't guilty."—San Francisco Chronicle.

Still Paying.

"Oh," said Mrs. Longwed, "you men are all alike. Before marriage you are forever paying compliments, but after marriage"—

"We are forever paying bills—quite right, my dear."—Stray Stories.

Spoiling It.

Wife—What a darling you are to admit that you are in the wrong! Hubby—Yes; my mother taught me that it was easier in the long run to give in to a woman than to argue.—Toledo Blade.

Cheaper.

"So you wish to marry an actress?"

"Yes. I fell in love with her voice after hearing it in a phonograph."

"Better go slow. You can buy the record for 50 cents."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Heartless Husband.

"Want to go to the theater tonight?"

"I have nothing to wear," said the wife pointedly.

"Then we'll go to one of those moving picture shows where it's dark."

BUY HIGH CLASS BONDS.

The Safety First Idea in the Investment of Money.

The bond buyer never fails. The speculator often does. The reason is that the bond buyer is an investor and the speculator a gambler. This is not to say that money is not made in speculation, for the records prove to the contrary.

No country in the world offers better or safer opportunities for investment in well secured, first class negotiable bonds — always commanding a ready market—than the United States.

Bond sales aggregating vast amounts occur daily on the Stock Exchange in railway, industrial and public utility obligations of the highest class. Leading bankers and financial institutions are daily dealing in bonds equally high class and gilt edged that are not listed on the exchange. These include farm mortgages, public utilities, industrial and railroad obligations.

The great life insurance companies and savings banks and trustees of estates are all heavy purchasers of securities of this character, for they are not permitted to engage in speculation and are in most instances limited very strictly to investments of the safest type.

The enormous transactions in these securities have given to bankers and brokers of the highest rank an established business and a large clientele, and it is to the interest of dealers in such securities to sell no other bonds than those which are dependable.

Bonds of this character in most instances give a better yield than can be had from the savings banks with equal stability. And when these securities are recommended to the investor by banks and bankers of unquestioned integrity nothing better can be found for the person who seeks safety first.—Leslie's Weekly.

DIRT KILLS OYSTERS.

These Bivalves Are the Cleanest of All Our Sea Foods.

The following facts about oysters are given by a member of a family that has been connected with the oyster trade for 300 years:

The average oyster before suitable for consumption is between three and four years of age. They are undoubtedly the cleanest as well as the most nutritious of fish, for it is a fact that if anything in the way of dirt gets into the shell of any oyster it immediately dies.

The embryo oyster when it is about twelve months old is planted in the most suitable waters. The young oysters are taken out in flat bottomed boats, shoveled overboard in likely spots and allowed to remain there till they are sizable and ready for catching. This is done by means of dredges, which go over the oyster beds with a large rake arrangement dragging from ropes on the bottom of the sea, the oysters being thus forced from the bed into the large nets fastened to the inside of the rake.

The breeding powers of oysters are simply amazing, and it has been computed that 1,000 full grown parents produce 440,000,000 embryos in the course of a year. But of these it is estimated that only 421 individuals reach maturity, for the mortality is enormous, millions being washed away and devoured by hungry fishes.

Dutchess County.

Dutchess county in New York was named for the Duchess of York when the colonial assembly in 1683 divided the province into twelve counties and shires. There was also a Duke county, named in honor of the Duke of York, but that name has since disappeared. There has been a good deal of discussion as to the presence of the "t" in the word, and it has been suggested that it has been retained because of some association with the Dutch settlers. But it should be remembered that the English word "duchess" was spelled with a "t" and a final "e" until the publication of Dr. Johnson's dictionary, in 1755, standardized its present spelling.

New Advertisements.

Advertisements under this head, one inch page,—50c. first insertion, 25c. each subsequent insertion 75c. per month after first month

For Sale

In Tweed a new 7-room hollow-wall cement house, bathroom, 4 clothes-closets, cloak room off downstairs hall, large pantry, laundry in basement. Apply to

MRS. A. J. FITZ-GERALD
Tweed, Ont.

Farm for Sale

Consisting of 150 acres, being lot 22, 1st concession south of Black River, South Marysburgh, Tp., about 8 miles from Picton, good Spy orchard averaging 400 to 500 barrels per year; good brick house, new modern barn with all conveniences, plenty of water; good state of cultivation. Apply personally or by letter to owner on premises.

AYLSWORTH COLE.
Milford P.O.
3-2

Co. L.O.L. Meeting

The Annual Meeting of the County Orange Lodge of Central Hastings will be held in the Orange Hall, Madoc, on Tuesday, February 6th 1917, at 10:30 o'clock a.m. All members of the County Lodge are requested to attend. 3-3

C. JOHN SMITH, Co. Master. ROBT. A. WOODS, Co. Sec.

Farm for Sale

150 acres, about 75 acres work land, balance wood and pasture, situated 4 miles east of Madoc village, in the County of Hastings, also 100 acres in the Township of Elzevir, known as the property of the late Walter Montgomery. Also 200 acres in the Township of Elzevir, 6 miles east of Madoc village, known as the property of the late Joseph Montgomery. Terms to suit purchasers and would sell any part. If not sold by March 15th will rent. For further particulars apply to

A. D. CAMPBELL,
Administrator of the above named estates
3tf Hillier P.O., R. R. No. 1, P.E.Co.

ARE YOU IN NEED OF A MONUMENT?

If you are, we are prepared to fill your order promptly from our new and well equipped shop, formerly of Tweed, now under the same management but a new name. We will give you good stock and workmanship, prompt delivery and perfect satisfaction. Call and see us or ask for quotations.

The McCallum Granite Co., Ltd.
397 Princess St., Kingston.

Dog Lost

Strayed from the premises of the undersigned on January 9th, 1917, a young black dog with white breast and feet and bob tail, comes to the name of Dick. Anyone giving information leading to his whereabouts will be suitably rewarded.

GEO. KEENE,
R. R. No. 2
4-2 Phone 20 R 1-2 Madoc.

Notice

Notice is hereby given that the Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders of Brown & Robinson, Limited, will be held at the Head Office of the Company, at Madoc, on Wednesday, the 10th day of February, 1917, at the hour of 3 o'clock, p. m., for the purpose of receiving the report of the Directors, the election of Directors for the ensuing year, and for such other business as may properly come before the meeting.

Dated this ninth day of January, 1917.

W. J. BROWN,
Managing Director.

Executors'

Notice to Creditors

In the matter of the estate of William Mackintosh, late of the Village of Madoc, in the County of Hastings, formerly Inspector of Public Schools, deceased.

Notice is hereby given pursuant to R.S.O., 1914, chapter 121 and Amending Acts that all persons having claims as creditors or otherwise against the estate of William Mackintosh, late of the Village of Madoc, in the County of Hastings, formerly Public School Inspector, deceased, who died on or about the 11th day of December, 1916, are required to send by post, prepaid, to the undersigned Solicitor for the Toronto General Trusts Corporation, Executors of the said estate, on or before the 15th day of February, 1917, their names, addresses and descriptions and a full statement of the particulars of their claims, duly verified by affidavit, and the nature of the security, if any, held by them.

And take notice that after the said date the said Executors will proceed to distribute the assets of the said estate having regard only to the claims of which they shall then have had notice and the said Executors will not be liable for the said assets or any part thereof so distributed to any person or persons of whose claim or claims they shall not have had notice at the time of the distribution thereof.

Dated at Madoc this 8th day of January, A. D. 1917.

WILLIAM CROSS, Madoc, Ont.,
2-4 Solicitor for the Toronto General Trusts Corporation, Executors of the said Estate.

Farm for Rent

The undersigned offers for rent the following property, consisting of 150 acres and being the north-east quarter of lot No. 6 and the south-east quarter of lot No. 7 in the 7th concession of Madoc township in the County of Hastings, and is situated 2½ miles north-east of Madoc village. There are about 90 acres under cultivation. The remainder is pasture with plenty of running water and all the buildings are in good repair. Apply to

DR. A. A. McKENTY,
1-8 370 George st., Peterboro.

PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED

In all countries. Ask for our INVENTOR'S ADVISER, which will be sent free.
MARION & MARION,
364 University St., Montreal.

Tenders

Tenders will be received by the undersigned until February 1st, 1917, for a contract for hauling ore from the Henderson talc mine to Geo. H. Gillespie & Co., Ltd., mill and to the G.T.R. station, Madoc, to be loaded upon cars, for 12 months commencing April 4th, 1917. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

Dated at Madoc January 2, 1917.

1-4 CROSS & WELLINGTON

Farm and Chattels for Sale

In Prince Edward County, 300 acres—soil principally clay loam an excellent stock, dairy and grain farm well fenced and with exceptional water privileges, 50 acres timbered mostly maple, 200 acres suitable for machinery, 65 acres now seeded down, 90 acres under cultivation, 75 acres in pasture, 12 acres of young orchard, all best varieties of fruit, 26 acres of fall grain sown. Ample modern buildings all in good repair. A large stock of good horses, high-grade Holstein cattle and pigs. Every kind of machinery required, practically new and in working order, and there is much more than is usually found on a farm but all very useful. county road, rural mail, telephone also canning factories, cheese factory, church and school conveniently close by. The general situation and furnishing of this farm would be hard to beat anywhere in the whole Province of Ontario and can be bought, together with the chattels, at a very reasonable price and on easy terms. Address

W. H. WILLIAMSON,
1-8 Picton, Ont.

FRALECK & ABBOTT
Barristers, etc.

Offices—Robertson Block, Front Street, Belleville, East side.

E. B. Fraleck. A. Abbott.

Executor's

Notice to Creditors

In the matter of the estate of Thomas Green, late of the Township of Huntingdon, in the County of Hastings, yeoman, deceased.

Notice is hereby given pursuant to R.S.O. 1914, chapter 121 and amending acts that all persons having claims as creditors or otherwise against the estate of Thomas Green, late of the Township of Huntingdon, in the County of Hastings, yeoman, deceased, who died on or about the 25th day of December, 1916, are required to send by post, prepaid, to the undersigned solicitor for the executor of the said estate on or before the 15th day of February, 1917, their names, addresses and descriptions and a full statement of the particulars of their claims (duly verified by affidavit) and the nature of the security, if any, held by them.

And take notice that after the said date the said Executor will proceed to distribute the assets of the said estate having regard only to the claims of which he shall then have had notice and the said Executor will not be liable for the said assets or any part thereof so distributed to any person or persons of whose claim or claims he shall not have had notice at the time of the distribution thereof.

Dated at Madoc 8th day of January, A.D. 1917.

WILLIAM CROSS, Madoc, Ont.,
2-4 Solicitor for Wm. T. Allen, Executor of said estate

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SOME GOOD ADVICE

If you have dandruff, get rid of it by killing the germs.

If your hair is falling out, stop it.

There is one sure cure that will remedy these misfortunes, and aid you to remain young.

PARISIAN SAGE, the great hair restorer, is guaranteed to permanently remove dandruff in two weeks, or we will give you your money back.

PARISIAN SAGE stops falling hair—it prevents the hair from fading.

It is the best beautifier for ladies' hair, as it makes harsh, lifeless hair fluffy, soft and beautiful.

PARISIAN SAGE is rigidly guaranteed. 50 cents a large bottle.

Bierdon's Red Cross Drug Store

Rates of Clubbing Offers

THE NORTH HASTINGS REVIEW will be sent for one year, to any address in Canada, to new, or paid-in-advance subscribers, at the following rates:—

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Weekly Mail and Empire	$2.25
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Money to loan on farm property.
No commission, no valuation fee.
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Charges moderate. Terms—30 days.
Special attention to Veterinary Dentistry.
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Madoc Lodge, No. 179, I.O.O.F.
Meetsin Oddfellow's Hall, Wilson Block, every Monday evening at the hour of 8 o'clock. Visiting brethren will always be cordially welcomed.
W. A. REID, Rec.-Sec. G. C. MOON, Noble Grand
W. H. KELLY, Fin.-Sec.
Oakdale Rebekah Lodge, No. 134, meets First and Third Friday at 8 o'clock in the Oddfellows' Hall

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IN SUMS OF $500, OR AS ... THEREOF

Principal repayable 1st October, 1919.

Interest payable half yearly, ... by cheque (free of exchange at any ... Canada) at the rate of five per cent per ... purchase.

Holders of this stock will ... ordering at par and accrued interest ... in payment of any allotment ... in Canada other than an issue of ... the short date security.

Proceeds of this issue ...

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For application forms apply to the Deputy Minister of Finance, Ottawa.

DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE, OTTAWA
OCTOBER 7th, 1916.